MARCH 11, 1944 10c

Liberty

BOOK: THE PACIFIC

IS MY BEAT

A Reporter in Action

ARGENTINA'S BAD NEIGHBOR POLICY

BY CARL CROW

GENERAL HENRY H. (HAP) ARNOLD, Commander U.S. Army Air Forces

LIKE SUNNY MORNING IN YOUR GLASS

HOLD a drink of SCHENLEY Reserve up to the light — watch it wink and sparkle . . . just like a breeze-swept country morning. Now *taste* it — and you'll find a bit of sunny morning in your glass! Golden and mellow, *smooth as sunrise*, SCHENLEY Reserve is the result of *real genius* in *blending*. It's America's first choice whiskey — because we made it America's finest! Try it . . . in a highball or mixed drink.

The whiskies in Schenley Reserve are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

Mellow and light as a perfect morning!

SCHENLEY

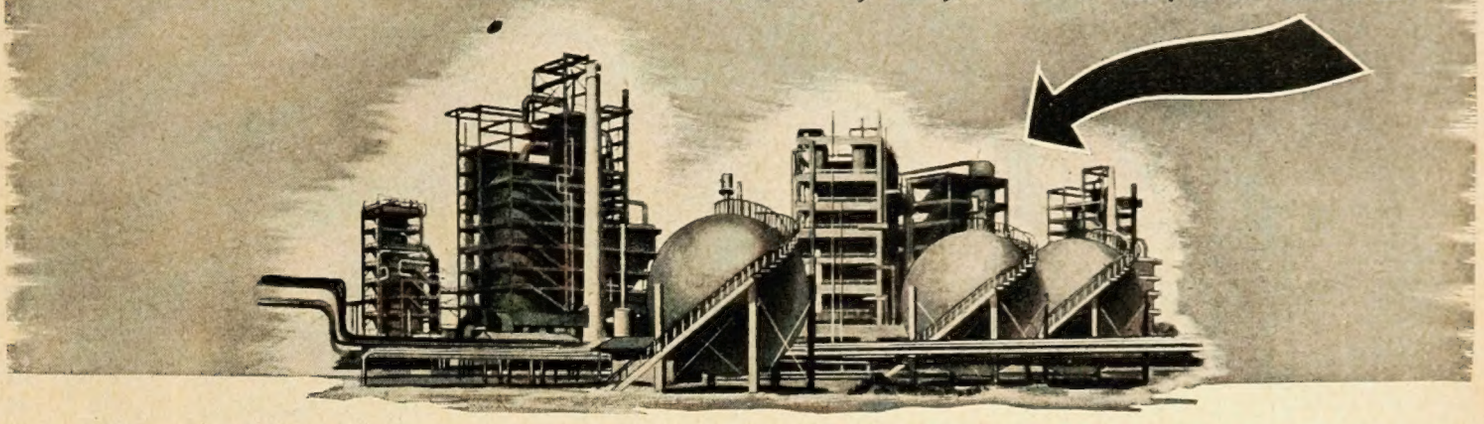
Reserve

BLENDED WHISKEY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent Neutral Spirits Distilled From Fruit and Grains.

Don't look now, but that's a Rubber Plantation, 1944 Model



THE sprawling plantations of the equatorial Far East which in peacetime supplied our crude rubber needs now are fenced off from us by a ring of enemy steel.

But plans go indomitably forward to produce in America this year as near as can be to 30,000,000 tires for civilians, from synthetic rubber plants not in existence 24 months ago.

It took the best that science, the rubber industry and government could give, to make that come true, but it is true, and it cancels a deadly threat to the pace of the nation's war program.

How fruitfully it has come true is perhaps nowhere more vividly illustrated than in the stalwart Goodyear synthetic rubber tires pictured here, now being built for sale to eligible drivers.

These big, tough, springy tires really had their origin in Goodyear research long ago, almost two decades before that research was housed in the million-dollar laboratory which shelters it today.

They are greatly advantaged by Goodyear's long experience in handling synthetic rubber, a knowledge that dates back beyond the granting of our first synthetic patents in 1927.

Direct descendants of America's first all-synthetic rubber tire, produced by Goodyear in 1937, they benefit from our work in building for the Army the first tires wholly made from synthetic rubber produced in the new government plants.

We are confident you will find them to be the best tires being built today, representative of that standard which for years has made "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

Let's all **Back the Attack with War Bonds**

NO OTHER SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE OFFERS YOU THESE ADVANTAGES

1—Twenty years' experience with synthetic rubber

2—Tough, sturdy carcass of low stretch Supertwist cord, built to prewar quality

3—Tested non-skid safety from time-proved Goodyear tread design

4—Maximum wear from scientific Goodyear design that keeps tread under compression

5—Greater "know-how" evidenced by Goodyear's record in building more than 350,000,000 pneumatic tires — millions more than any other manufacturer

A PRODUCT OF GOODYEAR RESEARCH

Supertwist—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Listen to Goodyear's **"HOOK 'N' LADDER FOLLIES"**
NBC SATURDAY MORNINGS
See your local paper for time and station

Another reason for choosing Goodyears

Next to quality, competent service counts most in getting full performance from tires. Goodyear dealers comprise the largest, most efficient, veteran tire service group in the world.

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

HOSPITAL and DOCTOR BILLS PAID!

HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

POLICY PAYS Hospital and Doctor Bills up to:

$6.00 Each Day **HOSPITAL** $540 Room and Board for Adults up to 90 days

$25 Each Week **LOSS of TIME** $300 from work up to 12 weeks

DOCTOR Expenses $135

LOSS of LIFE $1000 Many other liberal benefits. All plainly stated in Policy.

3¢ costs about A DAY

Don't go into debt when Sickness or Accident strikes. Be prepared—protect yourself NOW! This dependable Hospital and Doctor Expense Policy PAYS YOUR BILLS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY exactly as provided. Any recognized Hospital and any Doctor may be selected. Policy issued to Individual or Family. No red tape—no medical examination—no agents. Write today! **George Rogers Clark Casualty Co., Rockford, Ill. Dept. 4014**

MAIL COUPON NOW!

George Rogers Clark Casualty Co. Dept. 4014
Rockford, Illinois

Please rush FREE information about Hospital and Doctor Expense Policy.

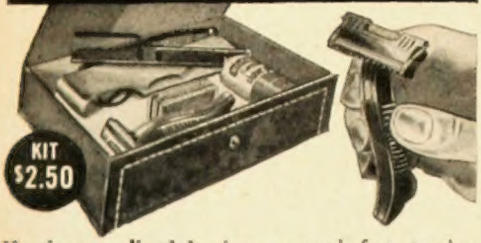
Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

FOR
DRY SCALP
AND
DULL HAIR
USE
JERIS HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

SWITCH to ENDERS for SIMPLER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving... smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave.

Mail $2.50 today. Supply limited. No C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER
Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Edward Hutchings, Jr., *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
E. A. Piller, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood Rep.*

Staff: Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Virginia Eiseman • Harriet Gould • Otto Kurth
William B. O'Brian • William E. Rae • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler

★ ARTICLES

Argentina's Bad Neighbor Policy, *Carl Crow* 13
Leaks in the Veins of America, *Helen Weigel Brown* 16
Jet-Propulsion—And Now What? *Waldemar Kaempffert* 18
Boss of the Army Air Forces, *Keith Ayling* 22
Lady in the Dark 28

★ FICTION

The Heart Needs Home, *Hamlen Hunt* 14
Brass Hats Are Strange Guys—Short Short, *Ernest Lehman* 20
No Money in Medals—Part II, *Oscar Schisgall* 24
The Hero of Hillcrest, *Harry Esty Dounce* 30

★ BOOK

The Pacific Is My Beat—War correspondent Keith Wheeler's vivid book—abridged to a reading time of one evening 31

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 10
Books in Review, *E. A. Piller* 46
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 52
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 63
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 66
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Harriet Gould* 70
Crossword Puzzle 73

★ EDITORIAL

We'll Have Time to Argue—Later! *Paul Hunter* 74

Cover: General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold,
Commander U. S. Army Air Forces
Painted by McClelland Barclay, U. S. N. R.

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, March 11, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 11. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you.

Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Which of these Current Best-Sellers do you want absolutely *Free* with Literary Guild Membership?

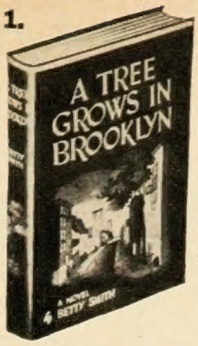
THIS is the most unusual offer ever made to new Literary Guild members! Just take your choice from the cream of the current best-sellers shown above—we'll send you FREE any one you name. And as an added privilege—as an example of how Guild membership works—you may choose any ONE of these books as your first selection, for only $2.00—a big saving from the higher retail price of the publisher's edition! Furthermore, any selection you purchase now will count towards one of the FREE Bonus Books which the Guild distributes to its members.

Guild Membership Is Free

The extraordinary savings which you make on new books alone make Literary Guild membership worth while. There are no dues or fees. You can add to your library many of the latest, most important books, both fiction and non-fiction, at a flat price of only $2.00 each, regardless of the higher price (from $2.50 to $4.00) at which these new books are sold at retail in the publisher's editions. The cash savings, plus bonus books given during the year, save you at least 50% on the selections you decide to purchase.

There is no obligation on your part to accept a book every month after you have joined. Your sole obligation as a Guild subscriber is to accept, at $2.00 each, four Guild selections in the course of a full year, and this means any four selected by you from the Guild list of more than a dozen best-seller selections. These selections are brand new books, full sized, cloth-bound new works by outstanding modern authors.

1.



A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN
by Betty Smith

The sensational best-seller about a gaudy, lovable Brooklyn family that is enchanting all America. "Delightful . . . swarms with living people." —*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

2.

HUNGRY HILL
By Daphne du Maurier

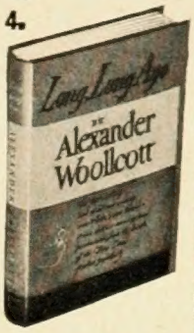
The powerful new novel by the author of REBECCA and FRENCHMAN'S CREEK. "A century of excitement, violence, drama and melodrama fills its 400 pages." —*Chicago Tribune.* The outstanding romantic best-seller of the year.

3.

CONGO SONG
by Stuart Cloete

The sensational new novel of nine men and a woman under an African sun — a story of love and intrigue in a land of savage beauty, where primitive emotions hold sway. "A double-barreled thriller!" said the *New York Times.*

4.



LONG, LONG AGO
by Alexander Woollcott

The newly published volume of stories and anecdotes, with all the wit and gossip and sentiment which made Woollcott famous. "He was one of the best story tellers of them all."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

5.

INDIGO
by Christine Weston

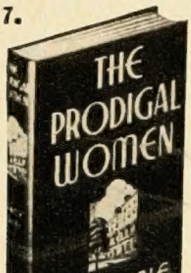
The best-selling new novel of three families living in India — English, French, and Indian — a story as filled with beauty and romance, greed and cruelty, as India herself. "One of the finest novels I have read for years in any language." — *Louis Bromfield, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

6.

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING
by Marguerite Steen

"To readers who enjoy a book whose story carries them into a world of romance and adventure, a treat. This tale of 18th century life holds love, passion, intrigue." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* 925 pages.

7.



THE PRODIGAL WOMEN
by Nancy Hale

The novel that bares the souls of three women in love. "Few present-day books are so packed with turbulent drama, with keen character analysis, and with the war between the sexes." —*Boston Post.*

8.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
by Franz Werfel

Over 500,000 people have bought this tender exciting masterpiece. In this dramatic story of love and faith there is a lesson for all mankind. "A singing book, compact of grace and light and ecstacy." — *Philadelphia Record.*

How Membership Saves You 50% on New Books You Want to Read!

EACH month's selection is chosen by our Editorial Staff from proofs submitted by the publishers long in advance of their publication date. Every selection is printed at the same time as the publisher's edition which is on sale simultaneously at retail for not less than $2.50 and often for as much as $4.00.

Every month the Guild manufactures for its subscribers such a large edition of the book chosen by the Editorial Staff that great savings in cost can be effected. The savings are passed on to subscribers in the form of lower prices, and in still another way: The Literary Guild gives each subscriber a FREE Bonus Book as soon as four Guild selections have been purchased at only $2.00 each. This FREE book is always a popular NEW title, selling at retail for $2.50 to $4.00.

Magazine "WINGS" Free

As a Guild member you receive FREE each month the famous Guild magazine "Wings," which contains illustrated articles about the current selection and its author and includes a special contribution by the author. "Wings" is sent to subscribers one month in advance so that it describes the book selected for the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely return the accompanying form, which notifies the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you let it come automatically for your approval.

"Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it keeps you informed of new publications by reviewing about 30 other new books.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

Guild service will start and your FREE book will be sent you immediately upon acceptance of your FREE MEMBERSHIP. Guild membership is your answer to "What's good to read?" and your guarantee of purchasing only NEW best-sellers of your choice at a saving of at least 50%. You are urged to mail the coupon at once—this offer is for a limited time only.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE:.....
(Write in the Book of Your Choice Above)

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 3L, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me absolutely FREE, in accordance with your offer, the book whose title I have written in above. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "Wings" and all other membership privileges. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publisher's editions) within a year.

If you wish, you may have as your first selection any one of the other books listed on this page for only $2.00. Just draw a circle around the number corresponding to the title:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

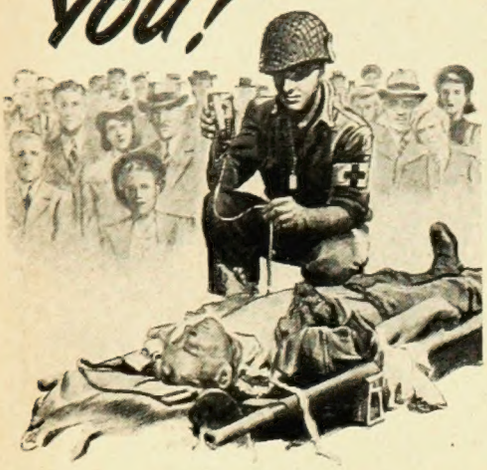
Street & No.

City Zone No. if any State

If under 21, Occupation Age please

If you live in Canada, write to the Literary Guild, 388 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

The Red Cross—is YOU!



YOU'D like to help the boy they just brought in to the dressing station, personally. The Red Cross is there instead.

You'd like, too, to give comfort to that prisoner of war in an enemy camp. The Red Cross can do it for you.

And the wife and children unexpectedly in need with the soldier-husband away at war—you'd like to help them. The Red Cross takes your place.

Cigarettes, food, bandages, blood—sympathy, comfort, hope, understanding—these the Red Cross dispenses freely—in *your* name, for the Red Cross is YOU. The Red Cross is the extension of YOU—everywhere there's need.

GIVE TO IT GENEROUSLY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush *and* Mel'O.

An Old Friend WITH A NEW IDEA

Wine cocktails with a dash of Abbott's.

Abbott's BITTERS SINCE 1872

JOIN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE

WAR OPPORTUNITIES IN ACCOUNTING

War needs call for many new bookkeepers and accountants. Taxes and governmental regulations demand many extra for government and for industry. Enlarged plants need more. Also, many present accountants are being called to armed services. This opens unusual opportunity to women and to men not subject to military call. This opportunity will persist after the war.

You can prepare for these opportunities in spare time, at home, at moderate cost. 34 years of training accountants—over 2,000 C.P.A.'s among our alumni—have developed condensed, practical, interesting training. Write—today—for free booklet, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
Dept. 331-H CHICAGO, ILL.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

WHAT'S IT WORTH TO YA?

CLEVELAND, OHIO—If you will pardon my frankness, your Liberty magazine isn't worth the price of 10 cents. The only good part is the Crossword Puzzle. I have enjoyed that.—*A. Tecchini.*

NORTH CAROLINA—After a triple-threat fifteen-hour day on K. P. you can rest assured that I was in no mood to stare feverishly at my favorite pin-up girl with any enthusiasm.

But I did find a very pleasant way to spend the remaining hours of that day. I read Liberty and, believe me, it's a better magazine than ever before. I have been an ardent reader for nine years and I still say it is a "dollar" magazine.—*Pvt. H. C. Hayley.*

THE "FRANK" TYPE

PORTLAND, IND.—If the American people didn't gripe, we wouldn't be Americans, and if the good Lord Himself was in the White House, we would still have the chronic gripers, most of whom are isolationists.

Our President, in my opinion, has accomplished a marvelous job, taking us from halfway down the deck to the top card.

Labor in particular should be grateful for his attitude toward their welfare, even if some of the racketeer leaders have now turned on him.

Don't forget, he has placed in influential positions men irrespective of their politics, who apparently have also turned on him in order to give the New Deal a black eye. After all, the New Deal has turned out a lot better than Hitler's New Order. That is one thing we must admit, even if it hurts some people to do so.

If there ever was a time when we shouldn't change Presidents, this is certainly the time. Consider some of the "screwball" politicians he has had to contend with. Some of the most intellectual men in this country couldn't have stood up under the strain.

May God bless and give him strength to get us out of this hole. No, he didn't get us into this, and any one thinking he did should read some of the books on this subject now being published: Under Cover, Sabotage, etc.—*Harry J. Lay.*

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR?

PASADENA, CALIF.—Under the emotionalism of war, billions are going to feed, finance, and reform Europe and the world—nonmilitary expense now and after the war.

Everybody favors war bonds (or should), but many millions of Americans oppose Santa Clausing the universe. Congress should require the Treasury to issue *war* bonds and *relief* bonds, so we will know which money backs the attack and which pays for the boondoggling peace.

No taxing, bonding, or rationing of Americans, lowering our standard of living, to give the last cannibal tribe lend-lease or "relief" and recondition Europe quickly for another war.—*William R. Scott.*

PROFITEERING

BALTIMORE, MD.—Referring to Liberty's January 15 editorial, Where's All the Sacrifice We Talk About?—I dare say we have some people in our midst who wouldn't care if this war lasted forever, so long as they get a fat salary

and everything else that they want.

Give them what they want, whenever they want it. And when the war is over, despite all the money they made during the war period, 95 per cent will be broke and out of a job.

Then, Mr. Paul Hunter, the real sacrifice will begin for the people who failed to sacrifice when it was essential.

It happened before, and just as sure as you're a foot high it's going to happen again.—*E. Ritt.*

YUH PAYS YER MONEY . . .

BELLEVILLE, N. J.—If C. B. Sturgeon (February 5 Vox Pop) doesn't like the way F. D. R. is running our country, he can just go to Germany and have Hitler cater to him. With three sons in the service C. B. S. should know that our

fighting men are behind our country and its leaders.

If he doesn't like the way his tax money is spent, why doesn't he buy more bonds? The war will end sooner and taxes will go down quicker.

I would like to see him run our swell country like F. D. R. does. We need money to win this war. Also he should be glad he is lucky enough to be able to talk the way he does. In Germany you can't.—*M. Lee Manning.*

VARIETY IS THE SPICE . . .

GREENSBURG, IND.—This is an answer to the lame-brain who suggested that Roosevelt remain President for the du-

METROPOLITAN MOMENTS . . . . . *by Peter Arno*

"And this is perhaps our most famous imprint — a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve"

MANY a beautiful friendship has been cemented when someone has suggested a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve. For this celebrated whiskey has an oh-so-delectable way of *blending with* —rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in a mixed drink. And its subtle "soft" flavor *caresses* the critical palate! Today, when fine whiskies are so scarce...when every precious drop of Calvert Reserve is drawn from a limited supply of rare, ever-diminishing stocks*, it is more than ever before..."*the choicest whiskey you can drink or serve*"!

**Calvert Reserve*

**Calvert has distilled only war alcohol since October 8, 1942*

Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86 8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits

LOOSE TALK COSTS LIVES

Speaking to all women of "Tampax Age"

Don't overlook this great advance in monthly sanitary protection

Mothers, daughters, rich, poor, East and West—don't think Tampax is just a new brand of sanitary protection with some slight changes in construction. Tampax is a *complete change in idea* from the regular outside pad-belt-and-pin harness. For Tampax is *worn internally!* A doctor designed it to *absorb* internally; therefore it can cause no odor, no chafing. You can change it more quickly and dispose of it easily. You can carry a month's supply in a purse. You can wear close-fitted clothes; Tampax brings no bulges or ridges. It can even be worn in tub or shower—no belts or pins. Just pure surgical cotton (very absorbent!) compressed in dainty applicator. Sold at drug stores and notion counters *in 3 absorbency-sizes.* Ask for it today. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

ration of the war and six months following.

Politics has always played an important part in our American way of living. Why discard the things the boys are fighting for?

I admire our President for some of the things he has accomplished, but to extend his Presidency for the duration might prolong the war indefinitely.—*Franklin Bishop.*

CURTAIN CALL!

LANSING, MICH.—I only wish there were more stories like My Fighting Congregation, by Chaplain William C. Taggart and Christopher Cross. (January 22 Liberty.)

It gives Americans a sense of security to know that our boys over in the battle areas have some one to talk to and confide in.—*Mrs. D. E. Arntz.*

APOLOGY

CHICAGO, ILL.—Liberty's January 29 cover of the dreamy soldier was most

clever, but the absence of the "must be ever present" dog tags was a mistake, wasn't it?—*Terry Rosenberg.*

An oversight on our part. Sorry!—VOX POP EDITOR.

IN THIS CORNER—A FRIEND!

KIMBALL, W. VA.—The Brummell Plan, by John D. Weaver (February 5 Liberty), is the best story I've read in years. The illustrations couldn't be beaten, either.—*J. W. Field.*

POLITICAL POETRY!

LOST!
Somewhere between Blue-Nose Republicanism
And Red-Eyed Democratism,
40,000,000 voters.
No reward is offered,
Because with one more period of
Third-Term Administration
Their ability to govern themselves
Will be *gone* forever!

—*Sam William Clutton,*
Great Falls, Mont.

"GILTY" OR NOT "GILTY"?

HOUSTON, TEX.—In the story Sea Duty (January 15 Liberty) the artist depicts the two Naval officers as wearing battle helmets. Yet the author says at the end of the story: "And Harbinson noticed suddenly a most amazing thing. The peak of the captain's *gilt-scrolled cap* was no longer square across his heavy brows," etc. Perhaps the captain was a quick-change artist, huh?—*Justin House.*

Sure he was a quick-change artist. The picture showed the captain on deck during a terrific battle scene. When the battle was over, he undoubtedly doffed the battle helmet and put on his cap. Hence the remark about his cap at the end of the story. O. K.?—VOX POP EDITOR.

NEXT WEEK

THE OLD BATTLE-AX
By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding
Liberty's Book Condensation

You wouldn't believe that a well-bred widow like Charlotte Herriott could ever be mixed up in anything sinister. But the night she met her sister who had just returned from France, she stumbled on a murder—and had to cope with police, a gigolo, stolen jewels, and another murder.

WE HANDLE HIROHITO GENTLY—WHY?
By Burnet Hershey

The Allies are tabbing war criminals for trial, but the Japanese emperor seems exempt. Americans ask bitterly "Why?" This ace reporter gives you the answer.

THE FELLOWS IN THE FOXHOLES
By Gary Cooper

Gary's been there. He's seen them. He knows what they're thinking—and what they want most. Let him tell you.

KEEP IT UP—YOU'RE DOING FINE!
By Chester Bowles, OPA Administrator

We're doing a swell job of keeping the lid on inflation—so far, at least—says OPA's head man. And he wants us to keep up the good work.

COMBAT PHOTOG ON TARAWA
By Corporal Obie Newcomb, Jr., U. S. M. C., as told to James D. Horan

In the first wave with a camera! But this man was a marine first—and he also packed a rifle. Here's how he used both.

SECRET MISSION OF THE MARS
By Lieutenant Leon W. Shloss, U. S. N. R.

The Navy gave the world's biggest airplane a chance to do her stuff. One of the officers who was aboard gives you the exclusive log of this record-smashing flight.

FIGHTING STEEL
By Morris Markey

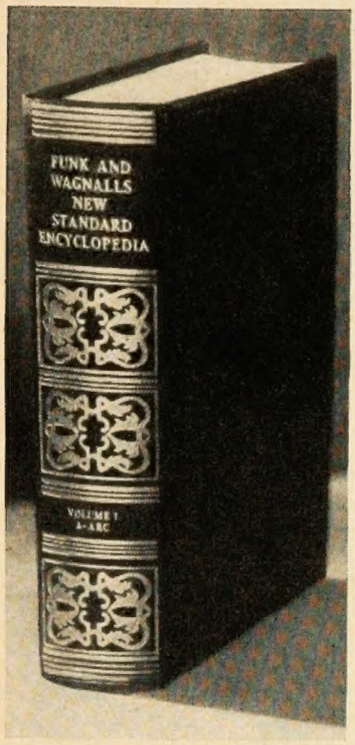
Our mighty steel industry answers war's demands by producing beyond "capacity." It also comes up with strange new mixtures on order—and fast.

NIGHT OF MARCH 15
By Stanley Disney

A rib-tickling story of death and taxes—in which Mr. Mimble discovers that boasting in public can lead to very strange adventures.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PROBLEM FOR US?

Why Can't We Give Away 1500 Copies of This Valuable 512-Page Book?



Yes, we are willing to give away this valuable book to the first 1500 readers who send in a dime to cover the cost of mailing it.

Sounds easy, doesn't it? You'd think we would be SWAMPED with applications, considering that over 1,000,000 people read this magazine every week . . . well, we actually made the offer in this very magazine only a few short weeks ago—and WE WEREN'T! . . . WHY?

DO YOU remember the story of the man who stood on a street corner trying to sell five-dollar gold pieces at a nickel each—and nobody would buy?

That's how we felt when we counted the requests that came in as the result of our first announcement. We just couldn't believe our eyes. Over 15,000,000 volumes of this world-famous encyclopedia have been SOLD to American families, who have been using them with pleasure and pride for a generation. Must we charge a big price for a book before people will take the trouble to send for it? Cannot we GIVE IT AWAY?

We *know* this offer should interest you. We *know* that if readers took the few minutes required to read this announcement in full, we would give away not fifteen hundred, but FIFTEEN THOUSAND BOOKS.

Judge for yourself. Here is the offer.

OUR INVITATION TO READERS

We are now on press with the new Winter 1944 Edition of the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Encyclopedia—in 25 beautiful volumes. We want you to become the owner of a set. To *enable you to become acquainted with the books before you decide to buy, we invite you to send for Volume I, which is yours FREE, with our compliments.* We ask you merely to send 10c to cover the cost of mailing the book to you—as evidence of your good faith, more than anything else.

That is our offer in a nutshell. We cannot write it more simply than that. There are no hidden tricks or catches. You send in 10¢, and in return you get a book worth $3.00 or more. At the same time we reserve the balance of a set in your name.

No, you are not obligated to buy the remaining volumes. If you don't want them after examining your free book, you merely drop us a line canceling your reservation and that is all. You keep the free volume anyway.

Why, then, aren't we flooded with requests? Maybe you can tell us. We'd certainly appreciate knowing the answer.

Here is what we have been thinking about what may have gone on in the reader's mind. None of it, however, satisfies us as being the right answer.

IS THIS THE TROUBLE?

Are you reluctant to send in 10c to cover the cost of mailing the book to you? That doesn't seem possible. The book is surely worth 10c, even if you decide against completing the set. But is that your reason? Then we withdraw the requirement. You can have the book without paying 10c. Just send in the coupon.

Do you think it possible that the remaining volumes of the set are not worth the small price we ask for them? Why worry about that now? You can decide that when you receive your free first volume. Look it over then and make up your mind. If you decide that you don't want the rest of the set, just tell us so and that will end the matter finally and completely.

Are you averse to sending away for anything by mail? Well, this is certainly one time you ought to break that rule. Because you aren't GAMBLING anything by sending in. You aren't buying merchandise sight unseen. You aren't involving yourself in a lot of red tape in returning unwanted merchandise. You merely send in the coupon. You get your free book. You decide then whether you want the rest of the set. You have the opportunity then to get a really fine encyclopedia at a ridiculously low price.

MORE OBJECTIONS

Perhaps you now own an encyclopedia and can see no reason for purchasing another. That may be good sense, depending on circumstances.

But have you ever considered whether your present encyclopedia fits your needs? We intend to send you with your free Volume I, a booklet entitled "Which Encyclopedia Shall I Buy?" In it, a recognized expert on encyclopedias surveys the field, and we compare the four most popular encyclopedias, feature by feature. Some of the facts given will amaze you. They are facts you ought to know, fascinating in themselves, and an education in encyclopedia buying. You'll want this booklet even if you have no present intention at all of getting an encyclopedia.

Perhaps you have some other objection to accepting our offer. We suggest you think it over, and send off the coupon anyway. Certainly you have everything to gain, and nothing whatever to lose. Maybe the gold-piece is only plated, but we still insist it's gold—and all we want is to give it to you *free.*

First be sure to read the panel at the left, which tells you something about the encyclopedia, and about our unique book-a-week plan. Then, print your name and address clearly on the coupon, indicate on it whether you want Regular or Deluxe Editions, and mail it off TODAY.

Some of the Amazing FACTS About the FUNK & WAGNALLS New Standard ENCYCLOPEDIA and the Unique Book-A-Week Plan . . .

THE new Winter 1944 Edition contains over 52,000 subjects, covered in separate articles. Compare this with any other encyclopedia in the world. You will find that it is at least 30% more than encyclopedias costing you up to six times as much as ours.

Each volume (comprising about 500 double-columned pages) contains over a quarter of a million words—over 7,000,000 words in all—which will give you some idea of the completeness of coverage of each subject.

Each volume is as up-to-date as human ingenuity can make it. In this edition the subjects have been revised to cover events of last Fall, and each volume, as it goes to press, is brought finally up-to-the-minute. Our unique book-a-week delivery plan, bringing you the volumes almost as they come off the presses, makes it the most up-to-date of encyclopedias.

Easy-Reading, Authoritative, Handy

Editor-in-Chief of the original edition was Frank H. Vizetelly, editor of the unexcelled Funk & Wagnalls New Standard (unabridged) Dictionary. Surrounded by a host of authorities in many fields, he brought this immense work into being.

But the books are **easy to read!** Your children in school can read them, use them with profit. Free of abstruse wording and dry-as-dust-research-specialist attitude — and free also of concise, fact-omitting brevity—this grand encyclopedia will be your rainy-evening companion for years to come.

And in spite of its enormous contents, each volume can be held in one hand! Gone is the old-fashioned, bulky format. Here is a new, streamlined, usable set that is attractive, interesting, and handy for daily reference.

Nor does the incredibly low price we have set on the remaining volumes indicate the quality of materials and labor that went into the printing and binding of the set. These are first quality books, as of course you will soon see for yourself.

Unique, Book-A-Week Plan

Our plan gives you the books as quickly as they come off the presses.

Volume I is delivered to you immediately. Two weeks later, unless you cancel your reservation after examining Volume I, the next two volumes are mailed. Two weeks after that the following two volumes are sent you, and so on. You thus receive your volumes, freshly off press, at the rate of a volume a week.

You do not pay for any books in advance—but only as you receive them. Considering the amazingly low price of the set, and the fact that you pay for it at the rate of only a book a week, our own pay-as-you-go plan therefore puts no strain at all on any pocketbook.

How much are the volumes? Here's the surprise. You pay the postman, as the books are received by you, only 89c per volume, plus 11c mailing cost. The complete set thus costs only a small fraction of what other high grade encyclopedias would cost.

DeLuxe Edition If You Prefer

For those who desire an especially attractive binding, we have prepared a deluxe edition that is especially handsome. The deluxe set is bound in dark blue, leather-grained material, stamped in red and gilt. Endpapers and frontispieces in full color and duotone are by a world-renowned artist, the frontispieces being a collection of wood-cut portraits of American Presidents.

Remember that the contents of both Regular and Deluxe Editions are exactly the same—only the binding is different. Although you may have free Volume I in your choice of editions, the balance of the volumes in Deluxe Edition will cost you somewhat more ($1.39 per volume, plus 11c mailing cost), since they cost more to make.

Copyright 1944, Unicorn Press

UNICORN PRESS, *Authorized Publishers,*
80 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn, New York.

I enclose 10c in coin or stamps, for which please send me Volume I of the Winter 1944 Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Encyclopedia in the edition checked below:

☐ REGULAR ☐ DELUXE

Please also reserve the balance of a set for me in the same edition.

If I decide to cancel the reservation after examining Volume 1, I will write you saying so, and there will be no further obligation; otherwise you may send me two more volumes every two weeks, and I will pay the postman for them as received, at the rate of 89c per volume plus 11c mailing cost for Regular Edition (or $1.39 per volume plus same mailing cost for Deluxe Edition)—and that is all! Volume 1 is mine to keep in any event.

Name .....

Adddress .....

City & State ..... KR

Note: If you wish, you may omit sending the 10c mentioned above.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

North American Aviation's AT-6 Texan combat trainer, in flying formation with the P-51 Mustang fighter, holds an unparalleled safe flying record.

A Perilous Undertaking

There has been a lot of speculation about how and from what directions our air warfare will be conducted against the mainland of Japan. To go direct to the feedbox, here is what General H. H. Arnold, commanding general of the Army Air Forces, said in his recent report to the Secretary of War:

"Our bombers have begun to make their presence felt in China, although in that theater we have not yet assumed the offensive. On the Asiatic mainland, time has, in one sense, been fighting on the side of the Celestial Empire. But time is a fickle ally. *Potentially, China remains our most effective base for aerial operations against Japan.*

"Supply is our problem in China. To supply our growing air strength in that country has been perhaps the greatest single challenge to the efficiency of the Air Forces. Every item of equipment necessary for the maintenance and operation of our Fourteenth Air Force must be flown into China from the outside. That is the primary, fundamental fact of our present strategy in Asia.

"It may throw some light to consider this fact in terms of gasoline alone. In the round-trip over the Hump between Assam, India, and Kunming, China, the C-87 transport now in use can deliver four tons of one-hundred-octane gasoline. To do so, the airplane must consume three and a half tons of the same precious commodity.

"The crews of a heavy bombardment group in China must ferry over their own gasoline, bombs, replacement parts and everything else in their own B-24s. [The C-87 is a converted B-24.] Before this bombardment group can go on one combat flight, it must make four trips over the Hump. To perform one extremely dangerous mission, these crews must make four separate flights over the most hazardous mountain terrain in the world.

"Until such time as we conquer the territory and build the road into China, and/or capture a seaport, we must follow this procedure whether it is for forty aircraft or four thousand."

It is a heartbreaking job, this matter of supplying our airmen in China. Supplies in small quantities must be shipped 10,000 miles by sea before they start over the perilous Hump. Seventeen-thousand-foot mountain peaks must be cleared by instrument flying, and if the men get off course they meet 22,000-foot peaks to the north. On the south are the Japs. If you get lost, your chances are very poor. Even at best it's no picnic.

The Air Transport Command

Airmen are the first to admit that armies cannot be supplied entirely by air. The task is too big and too costly for the airplane. It takes many cargo planes a great many trips to carry the tonnage of a single Liberty ship. But airmen also know that vital cargo flown swiftly to combat theaters can turn, and has turned the tide of battle.

On one recent day, the A. A. F. reports, 680,000 pounds, or 340 tons, of matériel, munitions and supplies, were delivered by air to one theater of operations. It happened that this 340 tons of vital war cargo was badly needed and there was no other way of getting it to the combat area while it was still useful except by air.

The air supply job is handled by the Air Transport Command which began in 1941 with only two officers and one clerk in a small room, and now has 85,000 officers and men and operates 110,000 miles of routes on regular schedules. The network extends all over the United States, to England, to Alaska, to Australia, to Africa, India, and as far as Chungking, China. Not only does it deliver supplies and ferry thousands of combat airplanes, but it is the passenger life line of the United States with various parts of the world. It's a super air line, the largest in history.

Higher Figures Needed Here!

Here are some up-to-date aircraft production figures gathered from official sources:

Production for 1943 was just under 86,000 airplanes.

Seven thousand planes have been sent to Soviet Russia under lend-lease.

One hundred and forty-five thousand planes are scheduled for completion in the next fifteen months.

The average air-frame weight of airplanes being produced now is twice as great as it was a year ago.

The weight of heavy bombers to be produced in the next eighteen months is scheduled to exceed that of all types of planes produced in our first year and a half of war.

A total of 26,900 planes has been exported to our allies by lend-lease or direct purchase. Most of them were flown overseas.

In 1938 there were four aircraft-engine and nine airplane factories building for the Army. In 1943 there were twenty-two engine and sixty-seven aircraft plants.

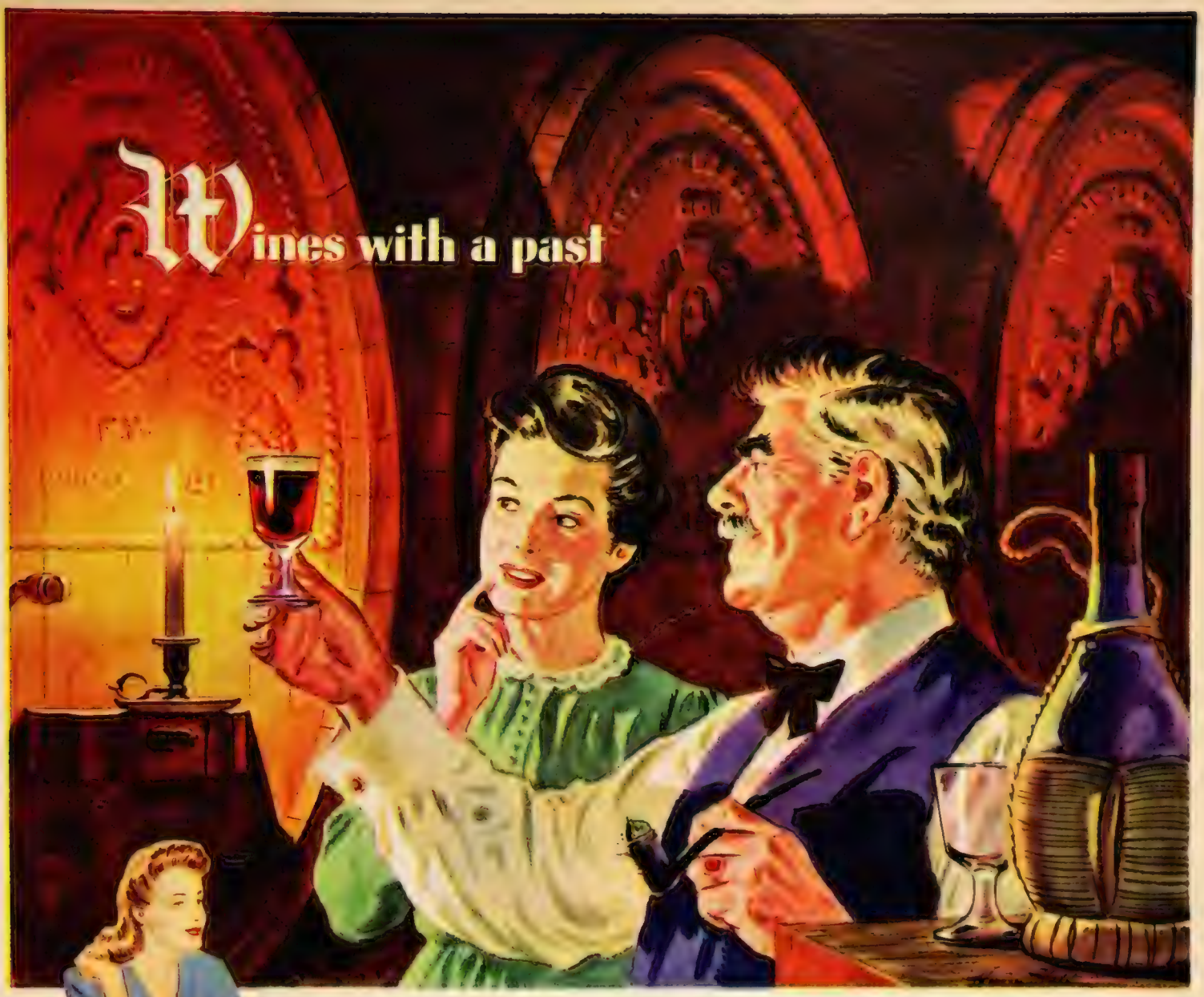
Not one of our Air Forces has the planes it should have. Every one could use double the number it now possesses. The A. A. F. needs more planes. Let's not have a lag in production!

The Perennial Ford

Now that Ford Motor Company has rolled well over 1,000 Liberator bombers off its Willow Run assembly lines, it is interesting to look back to an earlier day when Ford was building airplanes that set records around the world. Between 1926 and 1933, when Ford closed down all plane production, the company built 200 of an all-metal trimotored transport plane which was tops in its class at that time. Of those 200 hardy aerial war horses, at least ninety are still flying.

Many of the remaining Fords are carrying heavy loads of cargo in Central and South America. The TACA system in Central America has fifteen of these ships, chiefly for freight. The Avianca system in Colombia, and the Cubana system in Cuba, both operated by Pan American Airways, continue to use some of the Fords. Others are owned by oil companies, mining corporations, and plantations in various parts of the world.

A very few are left in the United States. The old trimotored was one of the best planes ever built. The Army would like to have a lot of them today for isolated areas, for they are easy to operate in and out of small airports, they carry heavy loads, and stand up under strain. Their one disadvantage in this day of plane production is their slow speed.



...for your pleasure today

HERE, half a century ago, a vintner of Italian Swiss Colony candles a wine in the dim, cool vaults at Asti. He tests its clarity in preparation for a great event . . . a wine-judging at an international exposition in Europe.

There, Italian Swiss Colony wines not only *competed* with European vintages, but *won a coveted gold medal* . . . one of *many* captured at world expositions by this unique wine-making Colony.

The vineyards of Italian Swiss Colony, first planted in 1881, still flourish. Today they are in the *heart* of California's fine-wine country, where grapes grow to perfection—*without irrigation*, as in famous old world wine-districts.

Today, in the quaint village of Asti, amidst the vineyards, descendants of the Colony's founders have carried on its wine-making traditions.

These traditions can mean much to you in wine-enjoyment. With dinner, serve the Colony's Tipo Red or White—or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. "Candle" it by holding it to the light to see its jewel-like clarity . . . then catch its subtle fragrance . . . taste its enchanting flavor. You will gladly grant this wine your "award of merit."

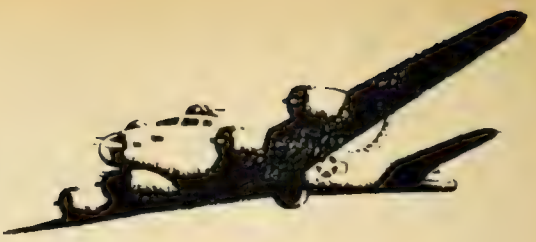
Equally fine and equally famous are the Colony's sweet dessert wines . . . such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel.

3 GENERATIONS OF WINE-MAKING SKILL AT ASTI, CALIFORNIA

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

COPYRIGHT 1944 ITALIAN SWISS COLONY, GENERAL OFFICES, SAN FRANCISCO

the Jewels



A WOMAN GIVES A MAN

MORE planes might be named Diamond Lil if pilots and crews knew what this woman knows—that bombers wear jewels!

This woman is one of a little group of war workers whose job is producing synthetic jewels for electric aircraft instruments. The jewels are tiny bearings for moving parts which must be as accurate, and are almost as small, as the parts of a fine watch. They are made from glass by a secret process at a mass production rate, but each jewel must pass an inspection as exacting as a jeweler's appraisal of a precious stone. These jewels, which women are giving men to fly by, are given in painstaking devotion to precision—in manufacture and inspection.

The development of these jewels is an example of the application of General Electric research and engineering to small things, as well as large. Before the war, and before G-E scientists developed a special process for making these jewels synthetically from glass, we used sapphires for these bearings—importing many of them. Think what it would mean, with America's thousands of planes requiring millions of instruments, if we were still dependent upon a foreign source!

Small things perhaps, these jewels a woman gives a man—but in war, as in love, there are no little things. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

This magnified glass jewel, one of several types, is actually smaller than a pin head. As one of the largest makers of aircraft instruments, and as a supplier of jewels to other instrument makers, General Electric is unofficial jeweler to many American planes.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

962-600C-211

192,000 employees of General Electric are on their jobs producing war goods and buying over a million dollars of War Bonds every week to hasten victory.

The Ramirez government (Ramirez, fifth from left) parading in Buenos Aires. Note the preponderance of military uniforms.

ARGENTINA'S BAD NEIGHBOR POLICY

What makes Argentina a Pan-American problem child? Why has she been out of step with the United Nations? Here's an article that gets to the roots

BY CARL CROW

THERE is one subject of conversation that may be introduced with perfect propriety in any circle in Argentina, and that is the greatness of Argentina—present and prospective. If you do not bring up the subject yourself, you may be sure some one else will. It is a subject of which the Argentine never tires. Nothing new can be said on it, so he says the same thing over and over, as if by repetition to convince himself. He may at times be puzzled by his own good fortune. His is one of ten South American countries, but he does not like to be called a South American or a Latin-American. He is an Argentine. That, he feels, is something different.

He has only to look about him at his neighbors to feel a warm glow of pride in his country and gratitude that he is not a Brazilian, a Chilean, a Peruvian, or any other kind of Latin-American. His mental attitude toward his neighbors is identical with that of the Germans toward other Europeans, and like that of the Japanese toward other Orientals. He *knows* that his country is destined to be the leader in the small family of South American states.

With that Argentine point of view in mind, it becomes much easier for us to understand this problem child of Pan-America, this country which believes it has a manifest destiny and is in a hurry to see it fulfilled. It also becomes easier to understand why Argentina was so late in severing relations with the Axis.

This feeling of superiority is in many ways justified—is completely justified in Argentine eyes. It is, they sincerely believe—and they are partly right—a superiority in material possessions, in purity of blood, in culture, in actual and potential political power. They think of their great city of Buenos Aires as the economic, political, and cultural center of the continent.

There can be no question about superior wealth. The land of Argentina is of greater value than that of any other South American country, though Brazil has a larger area. Argentina has more farm land than is to be found in all of Europe, exclusive of Russia. She has more cattle than all the rest of South America, and they are fatter and sell for higher prices. She has more money in the bank, more good investments in the form of land of undoubtedly great value. As a further index of wealth, she has more motorcars than all of her nine neighbors.

Buenos Aires, the pride of the country, is a city of ostentatious opulence, with skyscrapers higher, avenues broader, parks more numerous, exclusive clubs more luxurious than any other South American city. The opulence and wealth of the country are manifest even in the architecture of cities beyond its borders. Argentine embassy and legation buildings all over the world are conspicuously bigger than those of other Latin-American countries.

The traveler sees evidences of Argentine wealth before he sets foot inside the country. As Buenos Aires has no good bathing beach, thousands of Argentinians spend the hot season at the beach resorts of Montevideo, only an overnight steamer journey from Buenos Aires. Other nationals are content with modest seaside cottages, but not the Argentinians. Their seaside residences, which they occupy but a few months of each year, are the finest in all Montevideo.

(*Continued on page 50*)

AL SCHMIDT
YOUR HOME
is worth FIGH

THE HEART NEEDS HOME

The scars of childhood sorrow lie deep, and "home" was a word Dan hated until he met a girl and proved to be tough only on the surface

BY HAMLEN HUNT

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

IT wasn't Jessie's fault they had quarreled last night: it was the long-vanished Adele's and now, perhaps too late, he knew that. Just as he knew that he wasn't traveling to New York on the train with the rest of his outfit because not being met at the station, or not getting a letter, still gave him a slightly sick feeling, not unlike fright. Adele had taught him that, too. He had been afraid that one of the men would see his face and realize that Sergeant Casey wasn't as tough as he made out.

So he sat in the fly-speckled little diner in the small dull Southern town that was only about one tenth the size of the Army camp at its swampy outskirts. There was a triple-starred service flag hanging in the diner's window, and the walls no longer said, "In God We Trust—and That's as Far as It Goes," or "Cash Makes No Enemies." Instead there were posters about buying bonds and zipping your lip. One poster stared Dan in the face. It showed an immaculate white cottage on a neat green lawn and said, "Your Home Is Worth Fighting For."

"Yeah," said Dan, on a downgrade.

He didn't like the diner, but it was the only place near the station where you could get a cup of coffee, and he knew Jessie was working the night shift this week, so there wasn't much danger of meeting her.

He didn't like the poster about home, and he didn't like the two girls now behind the counter. They were busy mixing up orders, just the way they were trying to mix up some man enough so he couldn't get away. A guy had to be careful not to get caught.

He said, "Cup of coffee, and I asked for a hot dog, not a cheese on rye."

The fat girl sniffed. "Some people's boy friends are awful fussy, like some people."

Dan half got up to go in his annoyance, but then he settled down again, because he had a couple of hours to kill before his train left.

He had been waiting for Jessie to get through work last night, already annoyed because he had just learned that he wasn't heading straight for combat duty, and he had gone to have a few beers with some of the other fellows. A girl had picked him up, sort of pretty in an untidy way, with a too tight sweater and too much make-up. When she said her name was Francine Weston, he said, "Weston?"

"Yes," she said. "Maybe you know my older sister, Jessie. She works in the diner. Kind of different, aren't we?"

She laughed, and he laughed and said, "Boy, you sure are!"

She laughed again, sure it was a compliment. Later, still waiting around for Jessie, he'd walked home with Francine, and even now the memory of that house, slouched over in its untidy yard, full of broken boxes and unraked leaves, angered him. It was part of the reason he had quarreled with Jessie, as if she had deceived him.

He didn't want to be tied to any woman, nor to untidiness, and because he was permanently assigned to the camp here to train recruits, he had cut himself loose from Jessie with a ruthless quarrel. In a while he would get over this feeling that he had lost something of vital importance in losing Jessie.

"Hell," he said. "Tomorrow I'll be in New York."

He had good friends there, in what was as much his home town as any other place, and once he had walked through the station, unmet, the worst was over.

It was hot and airless in the diner, it was noisy with guys eating and talking and the juke box going, and a slow fan spinning around on the ceiling for the benefit of flies too lazy to cool themselves off somewhere else.

Then, almost suddenly, Jessie was behind the counter, and the whole atmosphere changed. Now the boys began to get whatever it was they had ordered, the tune changed for the better, and back in the undersized kitchen the oversized cook stopped swearing.

Why all this happened, it was a little hard to see.

Jessie was about twenty-six, a year older than Dan, and she wasn't pretty. She was lean and anxious, always a little tired and responsible-looking, and that was what Dan had liked. You could see that she liked doing things quickly and neatly and that she hated catsup spilled on the counter, and yet she was without the meanness so many tidy women have.

Jessie could take care of things, and when she gave some one his piece of pie, or when she rang up change, she always said, "Thanks, hon," or "Here you are, hon," with a hasty little smile and a nod. Yet she wasn't after the men, like the other two girls. It seemed as if she didn't expect a man to want her. For a while, she had lost that look, but now it was back.

"Glad to be going?" Jessie asked, as though the quarrel were forgotten. "On your way to New York tonight, aren't you, sarge?"

She was chopping up ice so it would be small enough to make the cokes really cold, the way they should be.

As far as Jessie knew, Dan was leaving for good today, not just for ten days, but she was determined not to be personal, and after last night he should have appreciated that.

"Learn a lot at boot camp?" Jessie asked.

"I found out plenty," Dan said, but what he had learned at camp was only incidental to what he had learned from Jessie. He wanted to tell her that, but it was too late now.

His feeling of worry was like a leaden lining in his chest as he asked:

"Shall we take in the show tonight, before I go?"

Jessie didn't raise her dark eyes to his, but she said, "Why not, sarge? I'm missing one piece from my set of china, anyway."

It was Thursday, and on Thursdays the movie theater gave away free pink china, and Jessie collected it. Dan used to kid her about it.

SUDDENLY he found himself thinking again of Adele, and again his anger at being at loose ends, even after he had cut them himself, but because of Adele, surged up in him. He waved at the white cottage on the poster, the American dream of home, neat, safe, paid for.

"My home!" he said. "Yeah! And I suppose your home's like that, too!"

He saw the slow painful flush on Jessie's face, and wondered if she was thinking about the house he had seen last night. She didn't know he had seen it, because she had never once let him take her all the way home.

"I'm fighting for my country. Don't get me wrong," Dan said. "But those poster guys get me sick—they don't seem to know sometimes people live in slums, or on a hill built out of tin cans and ashes! Home! It's a word you can get to hate, too!"

Some of the guys near by listened and looked puzzled. Jessie only said, "What's wrong with you, hon?"

He only said, "I'll see you later."

"I'm glad," she said, smiling, but not as though it was just what she felt like doing. "You had me worried. You look so—"

She was being personal. He stared at her with hard-shelled eyes, as he had learned to do. He saw that she wasn't the way he liked his women, which was young, pretty, easy to take and easy to

(Continued on page 64)

It was hot and noisy in the diner. Then suddenly Jessie was behind the counter.

The heart of the racket is the car owner. If he didn't purchase gas without legitimate coupons, there would be no black market.

LEAKS in the VEINS of AMERICA

Gasoline is the nation's lifeblood in this war. The black market is real gangster stuff. Here's the story of who's in it and why it must be smashed

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

RHODE ISLAND office reporting: "Two gangsters cornered as they try to sell more than 100,000 gallons' worth of stolen gas coupons."

Massachusetts office reporting: "Grand jury indicts two prominent business men in black-market conspiracy."

Connecticut office reporting: "Racketeers flooding Connecticut with phony gas coupons running into thousands of gallons weekly."

Pennsylvania office reporting: "Chief clerk of rationing board arrested on warrant charging her with issuing coupons to relatives and friends outside board's jurisdiction. Purse found to contain large numbers of shoe, gas, and sugar coupons and 32-caliber loaded revolver."

These are a sampling of a day's teletype reports to the OPA Enforcement Department. They read like a blood-and-thunder movie scenario. The characters are just as low in the scale of underworld racketeering as any you've ever seen on the screen or seen on the newspapers' front pages during the heyday of Al Capone.

These are some of the Joes, big and little, who rode and chuckled while you walked during the pleasure-driving bans and when A, B, and C coupons had to be cut. They are the racket specialists who have been lining their pockets with folding money while they drained off millions of barrels of vitally needed gasoline. Recently counterfeit racketeers did such a beautiful job of distribution in New England that gas stations in small towns along the old bootleg trail up the Connecticut Valley were turning in their suppliers sheets of stamps found to be 100 per cent phony. One gang had sold nearly a million dollars' worth in this booming market before it was caught.

The situation is gradually being brought under control. Hundreds of violators have been rounded up and many are cooling their heels in jail, but OPA's backlog of cases continues to pile up. The chief obstacle to speeding up the arrest and conviction of known violators is the ruling that forbids the OPA to use any part of its investigation budget to buy counterfeit or stolen coupons from suspects. "Test

buying" is standard practice for every police agency, for Secret Service, and for the F. B. I. But OPA officials, even when aided by Secret Service, have to take the roundabout way to gather evidence strong enough to convict. That means manpower, and OPA has exactly 2,800 enforcement officers to cover all forty-eight states and to check OPA rulings on everything from mattresses to canned beans.

Nearly half of this staff has been needed, on occasion, to scour the countryside night and day for suspects in the gasoline black market exclusively. So even the car owner who thinks he is putting one over on the bureaucrats when he gets some gas that doesn't belong to him is probably paying through the nose. Possibly he is forking up fifty dollars more than he should for a roomful of trappings from Bumpus' Furniture Emporium, all because overworked OPA investigators haven't had time to check on price ceilings.

THIS black market takes in a whole scale of society, from supposedly on-the-level business men down to mere kids. Recently the loudest critic of the rationing program in Rhode Island, and the most honored official of his city's petroleum dealers' association, surrendered on a warrant charging him with being the fence for leaders of that region's biggest black-market ring. An official of a printing corporation with government contracts to produce patriotic posters on rationing turned up as the mastermind of a counterfeit ring in New York.

Down a rung are experienced racketeers, some of them left over from prohibition years. Former bookies, dice experts, gyp-joint operators, numbers racket gangs, and plain bums are in it too, way up to here. Some unscrupulous gas-station owners have joined them to do a side business many times their legitimate income. Many taxi drivers have found it hugely profitable to act as distributors for stolen and counterfeit stamps. Drivers of bread, milk, and grocery trucks have been found doing a roaring house-to-house business. And, OPA officials report, even boys and girls from fifteen to seventeen are becoming involved in the racket of dealing in illegal coupons and robbing gas stations.

Thefts account for part of these "loose" coupons. To date, coupons worth 250,000,000 gallons of gasoline have been stolen from local boards, some by dishonest board volunteers; most of them by thieves breaking into the premises. The great bulk of them, however, are counterfeits. One ring alone had printed coupons for *one hundred million gallons of gas* before the law climbed through a window.

The biggest counterfeiting rings have been uncovered in Eastern cities. There, distribution points are close and easy to "work over" fast. Recently, counterfeit stamps were flooding the Philadelphia and New Jersey areas so fast it looked as if there would be no gas left for civilians with legitimate books. Their source was a complete mystery until a smooth-talking gent made the mistake of offering to sell some "perfectly legitimate" coupons to a Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania, gas-station operator and his wife. They said "No sale" and called the police.

The surprised salesman was picked up by a squad car just as he boarded a bus. The trail led from him to an "unknown stranger" who had supplied him, and to an "anonymous" telephone number. The number brought another salesman on the hotfoot, well larded with coupons A, B, and C. Next in the chain was a defense-plant worker who, when cornered, dared the officers to search his home. They did, and found cached in an attic air well enough A and B coupons to allow every car owner in the state a week-end of pleasure driving. Cards in his possession directed the hunt to a print shop displaying birthday greeting cards and corny calendars in its windows. Inside was found equipment for a land-office business in counterfeiting. Thousands of sheets of bogus stamps were ready for delivery in boxes labeled "Standard Wedding Invitations."

And here's how New York's best counterfeit business bloomed and wilted. At the bottom of it were a "girl friend" and the married "boy friend," vice-president of a respectable and well known printing concern. He went into the counterfeiting side line to finance his double life. The OPA started this round-up when a supplier reported that a gas station had been turning in counterfeit TT coupons. From the station the trail led the investigators to an "unknown" salesman who had bought the bogus stamps from "perfect strangers" under the impression that they were "legitimate stolen goods." The day after the first arrests, a couple of fishermen found reams of gas stamps floating on the surface of Jamaica Bay. Divers brought up a parcel of engraving plates for A, B, C, and TT coupons—enough solid copper evidence to put the ring of nine men in cold storage for a long time.

Contributing to this gigantic market are thousands of individual cases. Mamie, seventeen, hitched rides with cross-country truck drivers, drank with them and sometimes spent nights in auto camps. She found it easy to lift TT coupons from their pockets and sell them to restaurant operators and juke-joint customers. Her beat was between New York City and Miami, Florida. Now she's in a juvenile detention home.

Joe, Betty, Gus, and Bertha were old enough to know better. They worked out of Chicago. Joe and Gus had ways of getting thousands of stolen ration books at intervals. The four would rent a hotel room and tear off the book covers. Then Gus and Bertha were ready to set out for the West Coast, loaded to the gunwales for the selling job ahead. One morning Bertha packed up too hurriedly and left a thousand books behind. A hotel maid came upon them and notified the local rationing board. Joe, Betty, Gus, Bertha, and their sources of supply will have lots of time to think over that unfortunate slip where they are now.

SADDEST stories of all are those which involve children. A pair of operators got one fifteen-year-old boy an after-school job in a plant printing ration books. To men waiting in an alley outside he passed the "imperfects" which he was supposed to burn in an incinerator. Gang members offer boys and girls coupons so they can continue to drive their jaloppies, and they soon find themselves deep in the racket of distributing illegal stamps to their schoolmates with cars and to gas stations. Children are especially useful because they will work for small pay-offs, often just for extra stamps for their own use.

OPA's files bulge with such stories. A lot of individuals know what's going on but don't do much about it. One state, Rhode Island, got burned up enough to prove that something *can* be done. Christopher Del Sesto, state director of OPA, estimated that at least 20 per cent of the gas supply for that area was being siphoned off by racketeers. Ration-board break-ins were being reported night after night. Whole sheets of counterfeit stamps were showing up daily at gas suppliers' headquarters. Del Sesto convinced the governor that organized racketeers were up to their ears in the black market and that Rhode Island was the fall guy. It was not only an OPA problem, he said, but a challenge to the state's law-enforcement agencies and to their patriotism. He identified bookies and gambling houses as centers of distribution, and suggested that police squads be free to cross municipal boundaries to round up suspected hoodlums.

His suggestions were enthusiastically accepted and the chase was on. Provi-

(*Continued on page 68*)

Break-up of a counterfeit gas stamp ring. OPA men seized this press and paper.

JET-PROPULSION—And Now What?

What is this jet-propelled airplane? What is its future when civilians can rocket through the skies? Hop aboard—and hang on

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

ILLUSTRATED BY A. LEYDENFROST

IMAGINE a plane without propellers hissing through the air at fantastic speed. Well, we don't have to imagine it any more. It's here! That is what the recent joint announcement of the United States Army Air Forces and the British Royal Air Force means. A new type of fighter aircraft powered by jet-propulsion engines has been flown successfully in the United States and England, and will soon be in production, the announcement revealed.

This is not yet a true "rocket plane," but it is only one step removed. It indicates that the inventors who dreamed of visiting the moon, Mars, and Venus were anything but mad. This conception of a plane which would kick itself along like a Fourth-of-July skyrocket originated with them. War was far from their minds. Yet it took a war to bring jet propulsion to practical reality, and full rocket propulsion is bound to come.

Jet propulsion is easy to understand. You have seen gardens sprinkled by water shot from whirling nozzles. What makes the nozzles whirl? The backward kick of the water as it spurts out of the nozzles, and nothing more. When you fire a gun your shoulder receives a blow. Recoil is again at work. And so with the rocket that shoots up from the earth with a hiss and finally explodes in a burst of red or green fire.

The scientists explain all this by saying that action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions. In other words, hit a stone wall with a hammer, and the wall hits the hammer just as hard. Explode a charge in the chamber of a rocket ship, and the force exerted is equal in all directions. But the rear end of the chamber is open (the rocket tube). Pressure on this end is relieved but is still exerted against the forward end. Thus the ship is driven ahead.

Though this principle has been known for centuries, it has not been widely applied, chiefly because of the difficulty encountered. An explosive of some kind must be used. If the back pressure of the gases that are given off from a high explosive is very powerful the temperature is very high—so high that it will heat metal white-hot and even melt it. The temperature is lower if ordinary fuel is used in what engineers call reaction motors. Apparently some such motor is used by Group Captain Frank Whittle, the thirty-six-year-old R. A. F. officer who started his work on the jet-propulsion engine in 1933.

Only insiders know much about the actual construction of Whittle's jet-propulsion motor, but we may be sure that it bears not the slightest resemblance to the usual airplane power plant. There are no pistons, no crankshafts, no propellers. It comprises essentially a fuel reservoir, an explosive chamber, and nozzles out of which the gases of the explosion shoot at high speed. Nor do we know exactly what fuel is used. Since jet-propelled automobiles and airplanes were tested in Italy and Germany long before this war, it is likely that gasoline is still the fuel, probably enriched with oxygen to increase the explosive force. It's possibly a lower grade of fuel, such as kerosene, however.

The difference between the jet-propulsion motor and the true rocket motor is easily explained. The rocket motor uses fuel which burns without benefit of atmospheric oxygen. The jet-propulsion motor must still scoop in large gobs of air to support the combustion of its fuel. Thus it is still earth-bound in the sense that it cannot traverse regions where no oxygen is present, as in interplanetary spaces.

To me, however, there is no difference in principle between jet propulsion and rocket propulsion, the only distinction being in the character of the fuel and the manner in which it is used.

Group Captain Frank Whittle, inventor of a jet-propelled airplane engine now ready for mass production for the Allies.

The pilot who knows how to handle a plane driven by the usual gasoline engine will not have to learn to fly all over again. He will learn merely how to control an entirely new power plant. And this will be easy. There will be no propeller to start. There will be no need to warm up an engine. Start the explosion and the plane shoots up with a much shorter take-off.

This principle of jet propulsion has been used by Germany and Great Britain to help heavily loaded bombers off the ground. The backward kick of the exhaust gases is so directed that it pushes the plane up. Now the principle is applied to driving the whole plane.

Why is jet propulsion so desirable in a fighter plane? Speed is important, but not all-important. It is the simplicity of jet propulsion and the ease with which great heights are surmounted that make the inventors of every country at war think of a plane without cumbrous engines and whirling propellers.

All this does not mean that the propeller-driven airplane is doomed to extinction. So far as the evidence goes, jet propulsion will find its principal peacetime use in very fast air liners which will rise far higher into the stratosphere than has hitherto been practicable. The limit of speed for an airplane is set at about 750 miles an

An artist's conception of the jet-propulsion plane. Note absence of propellers.

hour, approximately the speed of sound. Why not install more powerful engines and go up to 1,000 miles an hour? Because, at the speed of sound, air piles up in front of the plane like snow in front of a shovel that is pushed along. Even better streamlining cannot help. If ever rocket planes are designed to travel at speeds higher than 1,000 miles an hour, they will be like torpedoes and they will travel high in the stratosphere. There will be no wings or rudders. Side nozzles will do the steering.

A propeller is simply a screw. When it turns, a steamship is screwed through water and a plane through air. The higher we go the less air we find. The propeller has nothing through which it can screw its way. Hence there is a limit to the height of even the most powerful airplane. Men now fight at 40,000 feet. This is not the limit, but fairly near it.

A jet-propulsion motor overcomes this propeller difficulty and a rocket is independent of air altogether. In fact, the less air the more efficient is the rocket. It can kick a craft along in a vacuum. That is why the rocketeers dreamed of space ships. Between the planets and the stars there is no air. Rocket propulsion gets better and better as speed and height increase. No one knows what will be the practical limit of speed when rocket propulsion is used—at least, in the upper atmosphere.

The idea of rocket propulsion goes back to 1865, when a Frenchman, Achille Eyraud, proposed that space be explored with a rocket ship. Ever since, the idea has fired the imagination of inventors. In 1903 the Russian K. E. Ziolkowsky showed on paper how such a ship could be built. A few years later Professor R. H. Goddard wrote a pamphlet, published by the Smithsonian Institution, in which he suggested that a rocket be propelled to the moon and that two pounds of flash powder be exploded on the surface of the moon, just for the scientific hell of it. Ever since, Goddard has been sending up rockets in Arizona, supported by a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation. Even in his early experiments he showed that, by properly shaping a nozzle, it was possible with an ordinary commercial smokeless powder to obtain a speed of 8,000 feet a second. More recent experiments indicate that 12,000 feet a second is possible. Compare this with the muzzle velocity of a rifle bullet—about 2,750 feet a second—and we begin to see new possibilities in jet propulsion.

THOUGH Goddard never talked or wrote about voyaging to the moon or Mars, there can be no doubt that the new plane is the direct outcome of the proposals made by romancers years ago. The first of these was not Jules Verne. The heroes of his From the Earth to the Moon had themselves shot away from the earth in a colossal cannon. They lived in a shell which was as luxurious as a rich man's seaside bungalow. It was the Frenchman Robert Esnaut-Pelterie, himself a successful designer of airplanes, who first mathematically worked out the possibilities of rocketing through space. He decided that only with the aid of atomic energy would it be possible to leave the earth. Experiments conducted in Germany long before the war indicate that a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen will do. For mere earthly transportation gasoline and oxygen are satisfactory.

What are the immediate prospects of the rocket plane? Great improvements will have to be made. At present the amount of fuel that can be carried is good only for short flights. But, after all, the first flight of the Wright brothers lasted only twelve seconds. There is every reason to suppose that this difficulty will be overcome. When it is overcome we may expect, within the next thirty years, planes that will streak across the ocean at heights of 60,000 feet and more. It will be possible to rush between New York and Chicago in little more than an hour. A flight from New York to London would be made in less than a forenoon. If the rocketeers' dreams are ever realized and heights of perhaps 350 miles are

(*Continued on page 48*)

BRASS HATS ARE STRANGE GUYS

The best bowler in the plant gets "drafted" for the bosses' team and discovers it is possible to bowl well but not too wisely

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

IT'S like this: I have nothing personal against Twin Springs, Texas. It's just that I was born in Brooklyn, raised on Coney Island hot dogs, hardened by the subway mobs, and taught to grow hysterical at the mention of the Dodgers. Madge is the same way, and wouldn't trade Prospect Park for every acre in the whole State of Texas. What's more, we figure Brooklyn and New York are O. K. stamping grounds for our three kids, too.

So naturally I turn a little pale around the gills when the brass hats in the front office down at the plant call me upstairs and dump their little bombshell in my grease-stained lap. As usual, they are all sitting behind empty-looking desks, trying very hard to appear busy enough to warrant even ten per cent of their salaries, and wearing the protective mask their conscience throws on whenever a pair of overalls walks in.

Mr. Gibbs beckons me over to his desk, while the other executives sit by like a silent jury. "Jennings," he says, giving me his Sunday smile, "you've been doing a man-sized job around here, and don't think we haven't been appreciating it. You've seen to it that production has hit new peaks every month, and you've done more than your share in making Engines one of the top departments in this plant."

"Thank you, sir," I mumble, instinctively bracing myself.

"As you know, Jennings, we are a little overstaffed here in the East," he goes on, "and we wondered whether you would mind transferring to our new plant down in Twin Springs."

Just like that. No mattress placed behind me to soften the fall. No injection beforehand to ease the shock. Would I like a cigarette? Would I move to Texas?

"The company, of course, will pay all expenses to ship you and your family and furniture," hastily adds Gibbs, misinterpreting the sudden pallor on my face. "What do you say?"

"I don't know," I stammer. "I like New York. The wife likes to be near her mother. The kids have a lot of friends. I like New York, Mr. Gibbs."

"Well, sleep on it awhile. Talk it over with the little woman," says Gibbs. "You know, Jennings, this company doesn't like to force its men to transfer." Then his Sunday smile turns to a Monday frown, and he adds," . . . unless it has to."

"Yes, sir," I whisper hoarsely, and I am not even out the door before Gibbs is back to boasting to Watkins, as usual, about the game he bowled the other night, and Watkins is explaining to Billings how he won a forty-dollar pot by drawing to an inside straight, and Billings is yapping to Lambertson about how many beers he once managed to get under his belt, and Lambertson is gassing on an outside wire. I am always happy to get out of that front office, and this time I am practically running.

"Well, what did you say?" Madge fairly screams when I tell her at the dinner table that night. "You did say no, Jim, didn't you? I hope you told them no!"

"I told them I like New York. They said I should sleep on it for awhile."

"Daddy," little Billy pipes up, "will we see real cowboys and Indians in Texas?"

"Billy," shouts Madge. "Stop talking so much and finish your vegetables!" She is worked up practically to tears, so I do the dishes for her afterwards.

OBVIOUSLY, there's no use sleeping on it. In the first place, just thinking about it keeps me up all night, and in the second place, Madge and I both feel the same way about it. So all I can do is go to work every day with a full lunch box and a set of crossed fingers. Days pass by and I don't hear anything further from the brass hats, but I notice that a quiet small-sized purge is taking place in various departments. Larry Keller, an assistant foreman in Tail Assembly, is shipped off to Butte, and when Chet O'Brien says no sirree to Portland, Oregon, they fire him on the spot. Then a couple of guys in Radio Installation get the ax for turning up their noses at the Texas deal, and I begin to get the feeling that maybe the brass hats have decided to let me be. But I cannot be certain, and I lie awake nights trying to figure a way to settle the thing favorably and get a little peace of mind back for Madge and me. Then, like a gift from the gods, what looks like a lifesaver is handed to me on a silver platter.

Harry Coogan gets stuck on the night shift for two months, and that leaves an opening on the Engines team in the company bowling league. Now, this bowling business is mighty important in our outfit. A government "E" pennant is the only award which is more sought after by each department than the annual silver cup, and there's blood riding on every ball that gets tossed down the alleys when the teams get together Wednesday nights at the Cameo.

Though there is no one with guts enough to come out and say it, it is generally believed that the only reason Engines never cops the cup is because four of the five guys on the team always turn out to be a certain quartet from Engines' front office by the name of Gibbs, Watkins, Billings, and Lambertson. They are bighearted enough to let one man from downstairs on the team, and this year it happens to be Harry Coogan, who doesn't mind licking a boot now and then. And when Harry can't make it, Gibbs calls me upstairs and asks me whether I would show up the next Wednesday night and fill it until they decide who the regular fifth man will be.

"You're built well, Jennings," says Gibbs. "I presume you know how to bowl."

"Sure, I've done a little bowling," I reply. "I'll be there." And I duck out

"Take care of that arm, Jim. It's the difference between Brooklyn and Texas."

before he gets a chance to bring up that Twin Springs business again.

Now, ordinarily I would go out of my way to avoid spending any time with the brass hats, either during hours or after hours. But this looks like a one-in-a-million opportunity that's almost too good to be true, and on the way home that night I'm actually humming East Side, West Side and telling myself what a lucky guy I am. After all, would the Yankees send a Joe Di Maggio to their St. Paul farm team if they should find themselves with a few too many outfielders? Would the Giants ship Carl Hubbell to Toledo? Would M-G-M sell Mickey Rooney to Ajax Pictures because they had no more dressing room left? Would the Engines' front office send me off to Texas after they found they couldn't lose a match with me on the team?

When I tell Madge the news, she breaks into the first big grin in two weeks, and before we go to bed she gives my right arm a vigorous rubdown with alcohol, like she used to when I bowled for the brewery.

"Take care of that arm, Jim," she warns me with mock solemnity. "It's the difference between Brooklyn and Texas."

She didn't know it—but she wasn't kidding.

TUESDAY night Madge gives me another rubdown and makes me turn in early, and so when I step up to the alley Wednesday night for the first practice shot, the ball is a mere marble in my hand and my right arm is packed with TNT. I can feel it. Engines is paired off against Wing Assembly, one of the best teams in the league, and as soon as we get going I can see that the brass hats all bowl alike. They make a big production out of every shot, get sore in the head on the ones they miss, and strut like peacocks when they get a strike or a spare. Gibbs is even more swaggering than the other three, and I gather from the conversation, of which I am always kept on the fringes, that he is used to being top man on the team. Well, the brass hats do between 140 and 165. I take it a little too easy and chalk up 192. So Wing Assembly takes the first game of the three-game match by twenty-nine pins, and I start seeing cactus plants and rattlesnakes and sandstorms.

That's enough to get me down to business, and I let go with a little of the old elbow grease and really start pulverizing the pins. Already I can see that the brass hats are taking notice that they have something rare and practically unbeatable in the person of Jim Jennings. They don't exactly congratulate me, or yell with amazement, like the fellows on Wing Assembly do, when I smack down strike after strike, but they cut out the big talk and the swaggering and Gibbs is trying so hard to keep up with me that he manages to roll 172. We snatch the second game out of the fire by a couple of pins, thanks to my 264.

The last game is the crucial one, so I uncork everything I have and I am pure dynamite. I bowl like I have never bowled before since the night Madge said she would marry me. I toss them straight in on a trolley wire. I show them hooks and outside curves. I roll them soft, and then I change my pace and flash my Canarsie Express shot. I make a spare on an impossible split and the pin boys are popeyed. In the ninth frame I say to myself, "Good-by, Texas!" and scatter the wood with a

The last game is the crucial one, so I uncork everything I have.

floater. In the tenth I whisper, "Hello, Flatbush!" and the pin boy jumps like a frightened rabbit as the pins explode in all directions.

When the smoke clears and the noise dies down, I have a sensational 287, Engines has the match, Wing Assembly has dejected faces, the brass hats are over at the bar trying to cure themselves of the shock, and I am hurrying home to Madge to knock open a couple of bottles of beer and tear into some cold chicken and hold a big celebration right there in the kitchen.

AND there you have it: a little thing like being a great bowler shapes a man's destiny. Because I bowl in the high two hundreds, I am here, instead of a couple of thousand miles from here. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that human nature is a strange thing—particularly the nature of humans like the brass hats. To one kind of guy, there is nothing more vital than having a winning team. To another kind of guy—a guy like Gibbs—the most important thing is to be the best man on the team, the top dog. I suppose some day I'll be able to figure it all out, if I think about it long enough, and Lord knows I have plenty of time for thinking. Thinking is about all there is to do down here in Twin Springs.

THE END

"There is only one thing that matters: did you kill him, or did he kill you?" General Arnold addresses cadets at San Antonio.

BOSS OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES

An intimate glimpse of General "Hap" Arnold, the man who built our army in the clouds into the world's biggest and most formidable fighting machine

BY KEITH AYLING

THE first time I saw him, he entered the room where I sat with one of his officers. I had a momentary impression of a white-haired, rotund, and fatherly-looking giant in shirt sleeves who put a paper on the table and said: "That's for you, Bill. Show it to George when you're through." Then he left as quietly and unobtrusively as he had entered.

I never suspected who he was. Certainly there was no hint of fanfare about him. Yet this was the man who has built the world's most formidable air force. He planned it and put it together, piece by piece. Without his vision in the dark of yesterday when air power was the Cinderella of democracy, victory might now be many years away—if the tide could ever have been turned in time.

The man, of course, is General Henry Harley "Hap" Arnold, the personification of American military aviation. He was one of the first three American soldiers to learn to fly with the Wright brothers. Today, as commanding general of the United States Army Air Forces, he is the first American flyer to wear the four stars of a full general.

When you think of the mighty fleets of U. S. bombers which are helping to knock the top off Hitler's Fortress Europa, you search feebly for the words to describe Hap Arnold's achievement. Stacked up against the words of a Winston Churchill, those of a Franklin Roosevelt, or a Joseph Stalin, they are as nothing. Yet the world knows that many owed so much to one man over so many years.

It will help to give you some idea of the accomplishments of this man and his staff to realize that in 1938 the U. S. Army Air Forces had about 1,300 officers and 18,000 men, and a reserve of 2,800 officers and 400 men. There were 1,600 planes available. The United States was seventh in air power among the nations of the world.

Today there are more than 2,300,000 men in the U. S. A. A. F., the biggest air force in the world. And it's largely Hap Arnold's baby. But you won't get him to say so. He's too modest for that. Here's how he put it in a report to Secretary of War Stimson:

"No man, no group of men, and no combination of groups could have possibly created the Army Air Forces. We have become a reality through the outpouring of the will and energy of an entire nation. In the most direct and personal sense, the building of what is now the world's largest air force involved one hundred and thirty million people."

Later, when I had an opportunity to study the man who has built our vertical front, I found my first impressions stood up. The air of fatherliness was no illusion. He is a human, friendly man. Contrasting with his white hair is a healthily pink complexion. There are lines in his face, but they are the lines of laughter rather than the furrows of worry. Cheerfulness is a habit with him, just as is the smile that reflects it. Good-humored, you'd say.

Then I watched him as he addressed a group of young fighter pilots who had just qualified for their silver wings. There is a change. The gentle expression is gone. The face is that of a hard man, a soldier, as tough as they make them. Eyes, jaw, and the big wide mouth are stern. The thick dark eyebrows suggest a pair of rigid wings. But the transformation isn't complete. Surprisingly, his voice is free from bark. He talks rather than speaks, and his tones are flavored with friendliness.

You sense his concern for these young men, your sons and brothers whom the Army Air Forces Training Command has molded into flying fighters. After hearing him speak you know why the men, from buck privates to generals, adore the "Old Man." You believe it, too, when they tell you later that the Old Man has a deep affection for the buck private, but that those who buck him don't do it twice.

He doesn't soft-soap the boys. "There is only one thing that matters: did you kill him, or did he kill you?" he told those Randolph Field fighter pilots. "There is no umpire in the air to blow the whistle when a German or a Jap clips you from behind. It is a grim struggle in which anything goes. I say to you, get the enemy in your sights and let him have it. It's your life or his. I want you to destroy them six to one or

eight to one or ten to one before we're through—and I believe you can do it."

On the other hand, he thinks of his men in terms of wives, mothers, and sweethearts. Winning the confidence of the family, he knows, is vital to morale. "Your parents will be interested to hear," he told cadets at the end of 1943, "that the records of the past year show that flying in the U. S. Army Air Forces is the safest military flying in any of the world's air forces. Some time ago it was recommended that reports of accidents be restricted. I said, 'No. The surest way to destroy parents' confidence, and to give the enemy a chance to start rumors, is to restrict such news. We will announce every accident.'"

He likes to talk to his cadets, to privates and sergeants. When he visits an air station, he'll pop into the kitchen to sample the men's food. If it's bad, he'll say so. He knows that some jobs in the Army are dull. "Always remember that in war no job is unimportant," he told a group of youngsters. "Whatever task falls to your lot will be an important one. It will help destroy our enemies as much as if you were in combat. Do your job well behind a desk or a gun."

The general has made it his life's work to practice what he preaches. His own military career began on June 14, 1907, when he was graduated from West Point and went to the Philippines. In 1911, back in the U. S., he was detailed to the Signal Corps as one of three officers assigned to fly the biplanes the Army had bought from the Wright Brothers for $25,000 apiece.

Upon his graduation he became a flight instructor, and in 1912 the young airman started to do things. He set a world altitude record by coaxing a 40-horsepower biplane with two chain-driven propellers to fly at 6,540 feet. Later he won the Mackay Trophy for a triangular reconnaissance flight from College Park, Maryland, to Washington, D. C., to Fort Myer, and back to Washington. The same year he became the first military airman to report artillery observation by radio.

THE first World War gave him his big chance to demonstrate his organizing ability. As assistant director of Military Aeronautics he supervised thirty flying schools, some 15,000 officers, and 125,000 men. In 1918 he made a trip to France to inspect U. S. aviation at work. He was then a temporary colonel.

After the war he reverted to his rank of captain and became one of the select band of military flyers who weathered the postwar slump in aviation. Those were dog days for young flyers with ideas and a flair for organization. The Air Corps had already conceived the idea of the big long-range bomber, but existing materials were too flimsy and engines too heavy for its realization.

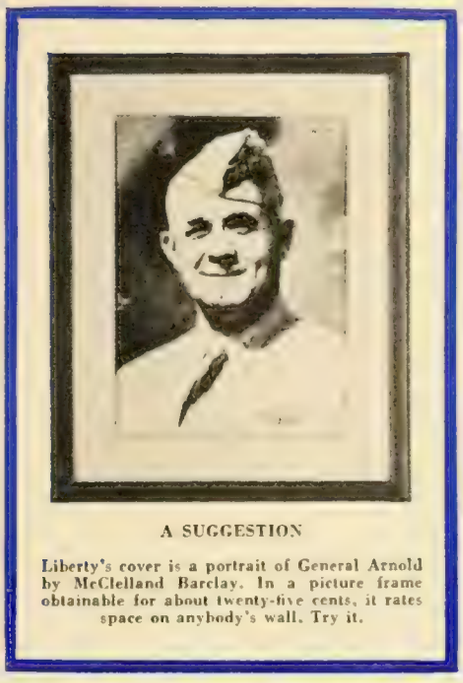
From January, 1919, to August, 1924, Arnold held four positions. The most fruitful was that of commanding officer of Rockwell Field, California, where he inaugurated Air Corps patrols to spot fires in forest areas, and sponsored mid-air refueling. Among the pilots making the experiments were Captain Ira Eaker and Major Carl Spaatz, both of whom are now lieutenant generals in Hap Arnold's family.

Life in the Air Corps in those days was full of headaches, and the doctrines of Billy Mitchell, crusader for American air power, accounted for many of them. Arnold believed in Mitchell's principles. He had testified before Congress that aerial bombing of a moving target averaged 24 per cent hits, as against the 4.1 per cent average of the naval gunners at Jutland. Then, in 1925, an officer in charge of information in the office of the Chief of Air Service, he quoted facts and figures to support Mitchell. He was considered an iconoclast.

Arnold's executive career really began when he was assigned to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. In 1931 he became commanding officer of March Field, and took the opportunity to demonstrate the vital need of air power to the U. S.

In July, 1934, he personally led a formation of ten bombers on a flight from Washington, D. C., to Fairbanks, Alaska, some 9,000 miles over difficult country, without loss or damage to man or machine. This first long-distance formation flight was the shadow of wings to come.

In 1936, in the temporary rank of brigadier general, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and appointed Assistant to the Chief of the Air Corps. He became Chief in 1938, and that was the year the present American air superiority was born. "Hap" Arnold and his staff demonstrated their astonishing longheadedness. Germany had not declared war; the British were ambling along under the Chamberlain umbrella.



A SUGGESTION

Liberty's cover is a portrait of General Arnold by McClelland Barclay. In a picture frame obtainable for about twenty-five cents, it rates space on anybody's wall. Try it.

General Arnold was thinking of an aerial umbrella for America, even though the enemy of mankind was 3,000 miles away in Europe. Two months after he took his chair in the War Department in Washington he called the aviation manufacturers together and told them in plain words to prepare for unprecedented expansion.

Then he set to work on a scheme to train pilots, to accelerate recruiting, and to build airfields. He flew thousands of miles to urge civilian schools to train pilots. He persuaded aircraft factories to take Army mechanics for training. He sent abroad experienced officers like Spaatz and George Kenney, now commander of General MacArthur's air forces, to see what the other fellow was doing.

When war burst forth in Europe the general knew that sooner or later America would have to fight the German and the Jap. He knew, too, that foreign purchasers could use American planes, and that experience was worth more than dollars. He made a deal with them. Whatever country bought American planes was to inform the U. S. of the latest combat developments, so that our planes in production could be kept up to date.

As he set to work building his air force, he kept these principles in mind: bombardment is the number one job of an air force; precision bombing by daylight is most efficient; an air force must work with the Army ground forces and with the Navy; American planes must function under all climatic conditions from the North Pole to the South. Above all, he had steadfast faith in high-altitude flight and in bigger bombers.

Arnold likes his information first-hand and he has done a lot of flying to get it. He flew to England in 1941 to consult with Sir Hugh Dowding, Air Chief Marshal of Britain's Fighter Command. Informed of the new British jet-propelled fighter plane, he arranged to have it manufactured in the United States.

He went again to visit General Eaker, then commander of the U. S. Eighth Air Force. Eaker was originally a fighter-plane man and so reminded his chief when Arnold told him he was to take over the bombers. "That's fine, Ira," snapped Hap. "What we want is more of the fighter spirit in Bomber Command."

WHILE he was in Britain he spent hours in the devastated areas to note the effect of German bombs on the British plants. He talked to workers in aircraft factories and sat up through the night in Bomber Command operations room. "One swell bloke," was the R. A. F. verdict.

In the fall of 1942 he flew to Australia, and hustled back in a Liberator from Brisbane to Bolling Field in the record flying time of seventy-seven hours and fourteen minutes. For that flight he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, although to him it was just a routine flight to keep in contact with his unit in battle. At Washington, he went straight to his desk to work.

In March, 1943, he was awarded the Air Medal "for engaging in continuous aerial missions for the purpose of supervising and inspecting the functioning of American aviation installations in all combat theaters."

Arnold's choice of commanders is based not on friendship but on personal knowledge of their achievements. Who better suited to lead the token raid on Tokyo than that dashing speed fiend Jimmy Doolittle, later to head the hard-hitting strategic air force in North Africa, and who will now command the U. S. Eighth Air Force in its relentless bombardment of Germany's war potential?

Outspoken red-headed Carl Spaatz, thoughtful, unconventional George Kenney, soft-spoken, tenacious Ira Eaker—all attest to Arnold's genius for picking the right man for a particular job.

"Do your job well behind a desk or a gun." Arnold puts as much enthusiasm into his work in his office overlooking the airport at Washington as he does in his flying. He is a driver. But at the age of fifty-seven he drives himself even harder than he does his officers and men. That first time I saw him it was eight o'clock in the morning, but the general had already been working for an hour. He is forever contriving to

(Continued on page 67)

NO MONEY IN MEDALS

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER eighteen months in the Southwest Pacific, Jeff Conley returned to Twin Buttes, Nevada, with some wounds and some medals, including the D. S. M. He was eager to see his home again, his mother, and even old Uncle Hoke, who could always find consolation in a jug when life became too complicated.

But more than all, Jeff wanted to see Ellie Carmichael, the girl he'd left behind him.

Avoiding the town so that precious time would not be lost in welcome from friends and neighbors, Jeff decided to walk home, but was glad to be offered a lift by Peggy Allenwood and Lila Ducane, the latter the daughter of Will Ducane, copper magnate and owner of twenty thousand acres around Twin Buttes and hungry for more. Lila told Jeff that her father had just been punched in the nose by Dan Carmichael, Ellie's father.

When the home greetings were over, Jeff went to the Carmichaels', and was met by Ellie and Tod Deever. Tod told Jeff that he (Tod) and Ellie were to be married in a few weeks.

Jeff felt that Ellie had thrown him over for greater financial security, as Tod was by all odds the most prosperous bachelor in the county. Filled with anger, he attacked Tod.

PART TWO

IT was stupid of me to go after Tod Deever like that. I had no business losing my head. Hitting him couldn't change anything, but I was too mad to see it. Ellie called my name in a high scared voice, and I didn't listen. I swung at Tod with all my strength. He stepped back, and I missed his face by an inch—and the wrench of my body sent a stab of pain through my hip. It felt as if somebody had shot a blowtorch into the flesh.

I stopped and stumbled. The pain made me squeeze my eyes shut. It brought sweat out all over my body. I had to lean against something quick, and the nearest thing was the side of the flivver. As I turned to it, Ellie caught me and held me up, and I hung on her shoulder. My knees seemed ready to cave in.

She cried, "Jeff! Jeff, what is it?"

I couldn't talk. I cussed myself for being such a fool. The doctors had warned me plenty about staying quiet.

"*Jeff!*"

Tod got an arm around me, too. He kept saying, "Steady, steady."

After a while, when the first spasm passed, I said in a hoarse voice, "I'll be all right. Just—just get me into the flivver. Let me go home."

Ellie said, "You're coming into the house to lie down!"

It was the last thing I wanted to do, but they were already pulling me toward the porch.

And just then, of all times, I wanted to laugh. It was funny. Me, hero. Me, trying to put up a fight for my girl. Knocking myself out with one wild swing. Yes, it was funny, all right.

In the Carmichael parlor there was a black leather couch. They stretched me on it, all the springs creaking under me. Because I'd put a hand to the pain in my hip, they took off my Army blouse and opened the shirt and pulled up the undershirt. When they'd uncovered the spot, Tod whispered:

"Gosh, looks like he's tore something open!"

I lifted my head to see for myself. There wasn't much blood—just a smear.

Still suffering from his wounds, Jeff ponders the mystery of Ducane as sudden ill luck strikes at Ellie's family

That wasn't where the Nip machine gun had got me, either, and it worried me. It was one of the spots where they'd dug out pieces of shrapnel.

"I'll get something," Ellie said in a quick tight way. She ran off, leaving Tod Deever to stand over me alone. He was nervous. He pushed back his rusty hair with fingers spread like a comb. I didn't feel like talking to him. I shut my eyes.

After a few seconds Tod said in a low voice, "I'm sorry about the way you feel over Ellie and me. But—it was one of those things that couldn't be helped."

"Never mind the explanations," I said.

"I'd sort of like you to understand how it happened."

"What's the matter? Conscience eating you?"

"Hell, no."

I looked up at him. He had a frown in his eyes. The collar of his dark blue shirt seemed too tight, so that his face was swollen and lumpy. The lips were set thin, with no color in them. I'd never liked the set of Tod's lips.

He said, as if we were arguing about it, "I've known Ellie as long as you have—since we were kids. And I been feeling this way about her long as I can remember."

"Why did you have to wait till I was gone to say so?"

"I never had much chance to be with Ellie while you were around."

I thought this over; it was true. But it didn't make things any better. "It's a hell of a thing to do to a man," I said.

"Can't help the way I feel."

"Why didn't Ellie *write* me the way it was? Why did she have to wait to rub it into my face like this?"

"She was going to write," Tod said. "Then she got the news you'd been shot up. She didn't want to give you anything more to feel bad about at such a time."

"Think this is a better way?"

"Well, she sort of hoped it would be—kinder."

Ellie came back, still looking pale. She carried a bottle and some cloths. The Carmichaels had a telephone—something we'd used a lot together, Ellie and I, in the old days—and she said, "I called Doc Frisbee. He's driving over."

"You didn't have to do that!" I said. I jerked up my head. The whole idea of lying in the Carmichael house, with Doc Frisbee going over me here, tasted sour. I wanted to get out. I wanted to be home, away from Ellie. And yet, when I tried to swing my leg off the couch, a knife cut into my hip again, and I had to sink back.

She sat beside me, talking like a schoolma'am; telling me to lie still now and just be quiet while she washed the wound. Doc Frisbee had explained what she was to do till he came, and the main thing was to keep me from moving around. While she told me all this she used the wet cloth around the wound with a butterfly's touch. Tod Deever watched, holding the bottle for her. The stuff in it stung deep into my flesh.

The late sunshine flowed in through a window and caught Ellie's red-gold hair again, and she was so beautiful that way, with the hair a little mussed, that it hurt to see her. The sun sort of came through the edges of the white blouse, too, so that you could make out the curve of her shoulder. I looked at her and tried to tell myself she belonged to Tod now, but I couldn't get myself to believe such a thing. Not after all the dreaming I'd done. Not after all the things Ellie and I had said to each other and written each other. I had to shut my eyes and turn my head away, so that she wouldn't see my pain wasn't all from the wound.

When Doc Frisbee came and finished washing his hands, he clucked like a hen over my wound. He was a thin man with a circle of white hair around a pointed bald head that was shiny. His fingers were quick as bullets.

"You know what you've got here?" he asked.

"Shrapnel," I guessed.

"Right. A speck of it. We'll get it out in a jiffy. Ellie, boil up some water."

Ellie hurried out, and Tod Deever said, "I thought they dug all that stuff out of a man in the hospital."

"They can't always get to every bit of it," Doc Frisbee said. "A piece like this can sometimes stay in for years. You don't feel it unless you strain the muscle it's in."

I didn't try to talk to any of them

(*Continued on page 51*)

Ellie caught me and I hung onto her. She cried, "Jeff! Jeff, what is it?"

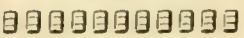
As a Liberator pilot put it:

"One of their cities is missing!"

1. 40 minutes ago, there were Nazi factories down there building Focke-Wulf 190's and machine guns. Now there are no factories. Not even a city. For the last of 1000 Allied bombers has just dropped its block busters and is heading for home.

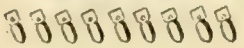
Back of this 1000-bomber sweep is a story not many people know—a story quite apart from that of the heroism and sacrifice of the bomber crews. It has to do with the terrific problem of supply in waging aerial warfare. For example...

1,600,000 gal. gasoline



60,000 gal. oil

3,250,000 rounds machine gun ammunition



4000 tons bombs

300 tons food

46 complete bombers lost

426 bomber engine replacements

75 tons other replacements: tires, armament, parachutes, radios, wing sections, instruments, oxygen tanks, bomb sights, etc.

(The figures given above are approximate)

2. Above, you get a rough idea of the cost, *in material alone*, to send 1000 4-engine bombers over Germany. How can Bomber Command get *another* 300 tons of food...*1 day's supply for the 150,000 men it takes to put 1000 bombers over the target?* Another 160 tank cars of aviation gasoline? Another 4000 tons of bombs? Not just for tomorrow, but for the next day, and the next. *Answer:* That's where Air Power's three teammates come into the picture—the train, truck, and ship . . .

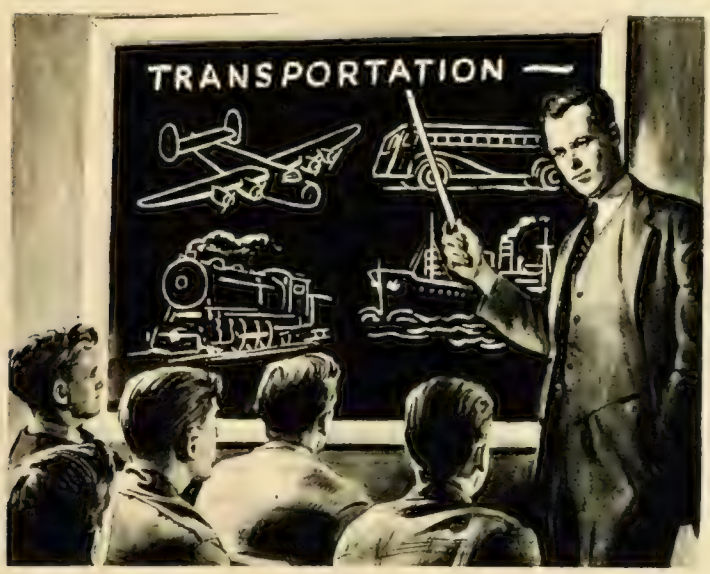
3. If your sleeper is shunted to a siding, remember this: It is probably being held up to let a fast freight streak through — tank cars of gasoline, cars loaded with spare bomber parts, engines, crates of nested bombs, tons of food, ammunition, and all the rest. Getting Bomber Command's supplies from factory to seaboard is the first lap in a 1000-bomber attack on Germany. And in this relay race to Victory, the railroads of America are doing a magnificent job!

4. Slogging along at a snail's pace, protected by anti-submarine Liberators, a never-ending convoy of cargo ships and tankers becomes the life stream of Air Power. They bridge the Atlantic with supplies and replacements to *keep* the bombers fanning out over Germany. This link in the chain of supply must never be broken. If a cargo is sunk on the way over, Air Service Command and the Navy move heaven and earth to get an exact duplicate cargo loaded into another ship and on its way within 48 hours!

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE

5. The truck, wherever you find it, is Bomber Command's most versatile workhorse. In the U.S., along with the railroads, it delivers the goods to the convoys. At the hundreds of British air bases from which the 1000 bombers took off, again it is the truck that lugs in the gas, bombs, food, spare parts, and so on. And as a final gesture, the truck gasses-up the heavy sluggers before they take off on their mission.

IN THIS DRAMA of train, ship, truck, and plane pitching in together to help speed the defeat of the Axis, there is a lesson *we must not forget* when the war is over:



6. Out of this war will come *improved, cheaper,* and *swifter* ways of transporting goods and people—over highway and rail, on the sea, and through the air. In rebuilding the peacetime world, *all these forms of transportation must work together,* each doing the job for which it is best fitted.

And the plane will have still *another* responsibility. Having linked once-remote nations together into a 60-hour-wide world, it can play a vital role in *enforcing* global peace.

In short, a postwar aerial police force is America's best assurance that the peace so dearly won will not again be violated at the whim of aggressor nations.

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS:

Without war paint — Covering the gleaming aluminum surface of a Liberator bomber with camouflage paint adds 180 lbs. to its weight, cuts down air speed about 8 m.p.h. *Recent AAF decision:* No more camouflage on combat planes. Speed, plus added armament, provides greater protection to combat crews.

• • •

And more in '44! Aircraft production figures for '43 show that Consolidated Vultee is now the world's largest producer of airplanes. The company delivered more than 126,000,000 pounds of aircraft last year, including spare parts. This represented 12% by *number* and 16% by *weight* of all aircraft built in the U. S.

• • •

What does it cost to fly? In 1927, air transport passengers paid 13¢ a mile. Today it costs only about 5¢ a mile to travel by air.

• • •

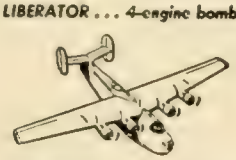
14 to 1—Before the war it required the equivalent of 1 year's labor for 100 Consolidated Vultee workers to build one Liberator Bomber. In 1941—a year's labor for 35 workers. In 1942—for 12 workers. Last year, and today—7 workers, or less. In other words, the same amount of direct labor that was formerly required to build one Liberator now builds 14.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air—*Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation now builds many types of war planes, from small trainers to long-range bombers. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge transoceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*

LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber

LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . transport


CORONADO . . . patrol bomber

CATALINA . . . patrol bomber

VENGEANCE . . . dive bomber

VALIANT . . . basic trainer

RELIANT . . . navigational trainer

SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

AIRCRAFT

San Diego, Calif. · Vultee Field, Calif. · Tucson, Ariz. · Fort Worth, Texas · New Orleans, La. · Nashville, Tenn. · Louisville, Ky. · Wayne, Mich. · Dearborn, Mich. · Allentown, Pa. · Elizabeth City, N. C. · Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

Jenny made her mind up
when she was three,
She, herself, was going to
trim the Christmas tree—

Christmas Eve she lit the candles,
tossed the tapers away.
Little Jenny was an orphan
on Chri-ist-mas day.

Jenny made her mind up
when she was twelve
That into foreign languages
she would delve—

But at seventeen to Vassar
it was quite a blow
That in twenty-seven languages
she couldn't say no.

LADY IN THE DARK

LADY IN THE DARK looks like a million dollars. Which is as it should be, of course. It cost all that and more to make it.

It is Hollywood at its extravagant best—a great big double banana split in Technicolor. Besides its pageants and choruses, its dazzling costumes and giddy sets, it has Ginger Rogers at her versatile best—in a whirlwind part that keeps her singing, dancing, running the emotional gamut, and otherwise doing her full share to make Lady in the Dark sure-fire entertainment.

When Moss Hart's musical play opened on Broadway in 1941, with Gertrude Lawrence, the critics thought it was the most ambitious and expensive show of the season. Paramount's Lady in the Dark makes the stage version look like a tank-town tent show.

It's the story of Liza Elliott—editor of Allure, a swank metropolitan fashion magazine—who suddenly finds her career and her personal life a series of annoyances and frustrations. She is irritable and imperious in the office. She fights constantly with her waggish advertising manager (Ray Milland). Though she has always considered herself happily in love with her publisher (Warner Baxter), when he suddenly tells her that his wife has consented to a divorce, Liza finds that she is quite unable to face the prospect of marriage.

Unable to work, unable to think, the distracted Liza goes to see her doctor. Much against her will, he sends her to a psychoanalyst. Through him—in a series of dreams and half-remembrances from her childhood—Liza resolves the conflict that has nearly driven her to nervous collapse. As the story shuttles back and forth between Liza's real life and her inner thoughts—as they are revealed in successive sessions with the psychoanalyst—Liza Elliott gradually changes from a neurotic, frustrated business executive to a completely happy woman in love.

As an introduction to psychoanalysis, movie audiences will find Lady in the Dark as completely engrossing as a mystery story. As a spectacle, they will find it constantly knocking their eye out.

As Liza Elliott, Ginger Rogers wins the title of the most expensive dreamer in motion-picture history—hands down. She dreams like a girl on a steady diet of pickles and ice cream. And—to the delight of the Technicolor camera—she dreams in assorted colors.

In a blue dream her portrait is painted and a symphony is dedicated to her in a cavernous blue-misted hall strewn with roses and dress extras. In a gold dream she does an elaborate dance routine in the clouds, wears a mammoth wedding dress as she marches in a medieval procession to be married in front of an Empire State Building of a wedding cake. And in a rainbow-colored dream she is first a little girl watching a circus, and then suddenly a bewitching creature in a sequined dress with a mink (that's right) skirt, romping through a rowdy song called The Saga of Jenny—of which there are some samples on this page.

As a matter of honest fact, Ginger Rogers' dream world is not a bit more fantastic than her everyday surroundings in Lady in the Dark. The offices of Allure, Liza's home, the clothes worn by her friends and co-workers (Phyllis Brooks, Mary Phillips), the night club she ventures into with a Hollywood movie star (Jon Hall), even the psychoanalyst's office, are not like anything *you* ever saw.

That mink dress, for instance (which you can see in the circus sequence on the opposite page), is no dream. It's a little number Liza wears to the night club in one of the down-to-earth scenes in the picture. But that's the kind of picture it is. There's just one thing to be said against it: when the lights go up after Lady in the Dark, things are going to look awfully drab to the ladies in the audience.

Lyrics copyright, 1941, Chappell & Co., New York, N. Y.

Jenny made her mind up
at twenty-two
To get herself a husband
was the thing to do—

She got herself all dolled up
in her satins and furs,
And she got herself a husband,
but he wasn't hers.

Jenny made her mind up
at seventy-five
She would live to be
the oldest woman alive—

But gin and rum and destiny
play funny tricks,
And poor Jenny kicked the basket
at seventy-six.

The HERO OF HILLCREST

Doug led a dog's life after his master joined up, but he doubles for the F. B. I. and proves himself a hero on the home front

BY

HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

THE Hoyts were away last August, spending a month near the Army airfield where their son Tom was in advanced training. Their house was being kept open for Tom's sake—for his dog—as well as for his uncle Ralph, who lived there, by Mrs. Hoyt's aunt Janet, a commanding old-school spinster from Manhattan's Murray Hill district, who was frankly disdainful of Hillcrest as a "rather humdrum" suburb, but had insisted upon coming to do this housekeeping as a service to her country. For Ralph was a youngish electrical engineer working long hours in a war plant and, evenings and Sundays, over papers brought home in his briefcase. He was bespectacled and preoccupied, would have been a fish out of water in even the very best of furnished rooms. And Tom's dog Doug was an old Scottie, so cantankerous that if left among other dogs in the best of boarding kennels, he would certainly have raged himself to death, which would have been sad news for Tom.

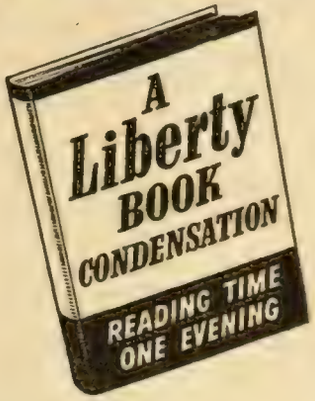
Both of her male charges were trials to Aunt Janet. Ralph actually wouldn't tell her what his war research work was—as though *she* were not to be trusted! And Doug was Tom Hoyt's dog and nobody else's. Whenever she went near him, he would growl at her. When any one came to the door he would scuttle to it in a frenzy. His bark was quite a roar, and even at the age of ten years he had all his sharp teeth.

Ordinarily, on fine days he was given the run of the fence-enclosed back yard, but one day of that was enough for Aunt Janet—one hour, in fact, of the dog oaths he roared when almost any other dog went by, and especially when a neighboring clergyman strolled by with his well-bred cocker spaniel (plainly, in Doug's opinion, a dog lacy-pants), and when Blackie, another neighbor's large and dignified half-Newfoundland, came and parked in the adjoining vacant lot. Not that either of those two took any notice of Doug's insults; the spaniel went by with his nose in the air, and Blackie just sat there calmly, presiding over his surround-

(*Continued on page 56*)

Quite a picture! No Christmas-card Scottie, though—more like a cross between a cobra and a crocodile.

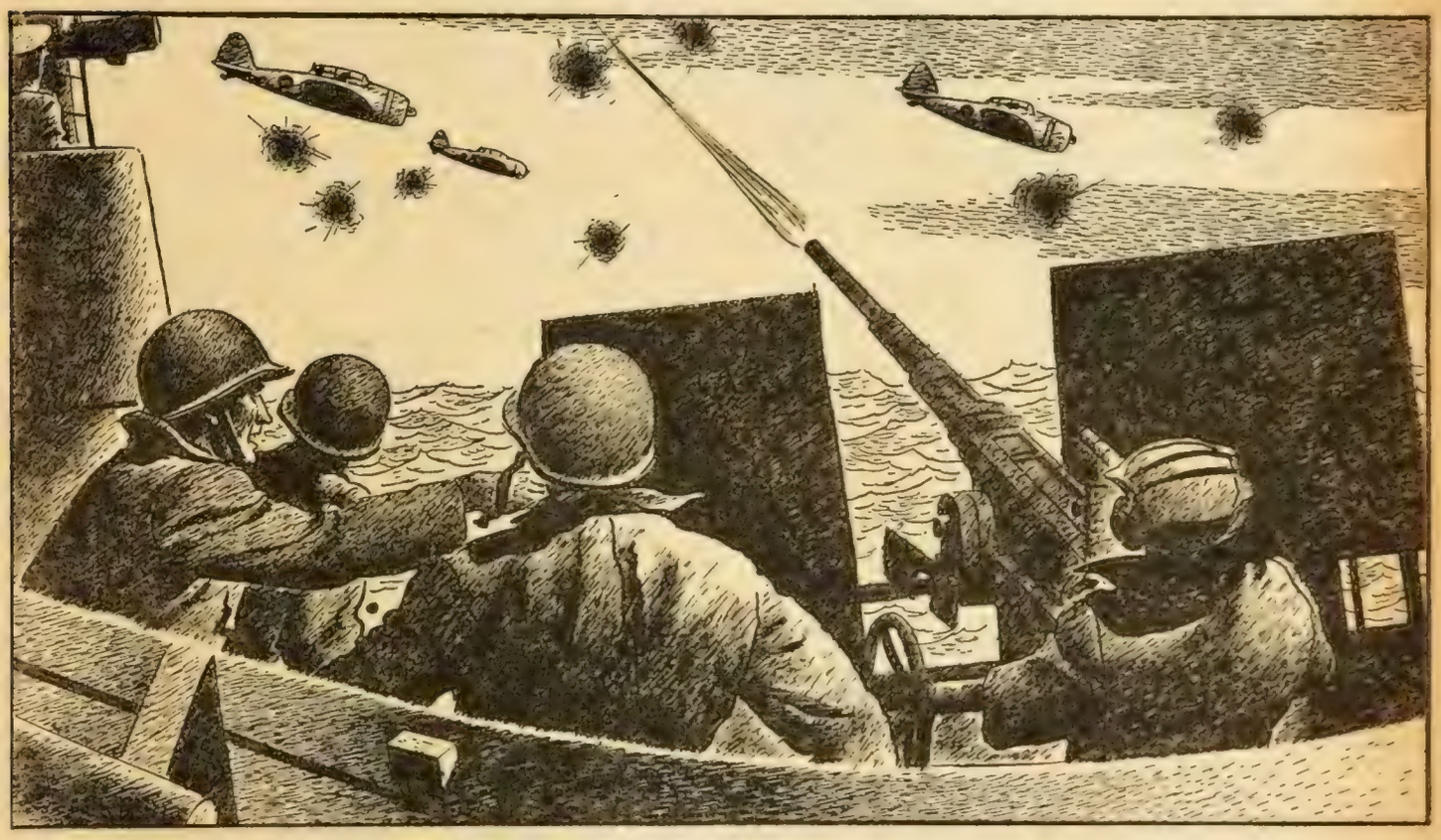
The Pacific Is My Beat



By
KEITH WHEELER

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ATWELL

A reporter's account of action in the Pacific from Pearl Harbor to the savage battle for Attu — where American men fought one of the most terrible battles in our history and discovered the viciously desperate character of the cornered Japanese.



THIS book is an amateur's report of an amateurs' war. I knew nothing of war when, on December 8, 1941, Marvin McCarthy, then managing editor of the Chicago Daily Times, gave me two hours to pack and catch a westbound plane. My job from then on was to cover the war in the Pacific.

I spent Christmas in the blindfolded Clipper droning over the Pacific. After we had a turkey dinner I shared a listless rummy game with Foster Hailey of the New York Times and Jim Kilgallen of INS. It wasn't much fun and didn't last long. We turned in, fully dressed, and tried to get some sleep on the mattresses strewn for our comfort through the plane's stripped and barnlike insides. It wasn't a success. The mattresses were lumpy and the plane stuffy. I felt like a guest in my own coffin, and was hot, droopy, and unhappy when we crawled out into the muggy daylight of Pearl Harbor on December 26, 1941.

We stood on the dock and stared with bleak curiosity at the distorted and burned top hampers of battleships canting drunkenly from the waters of Pearl Harbor. There lay the Nevada, California, West Virginia, Oklahoma, and Arizona—sad and humbling wrecks of the country's pride.

Honolulu was dismal in the first months of Remembering Pearl Harbor. It had plunged from the determined indolence of a Matson Line poster into the front lines of a war and the rigorous grip of martial law. It was a professional paradise out of work and suspected of vagrancy. There wasn't much work for newspapermen. The war had come, struck like a hurricane, and passed on.

About the time it began to look as though we would spend the rest of the war forlornly sifting the debris of December 7 we were summoned to Pearl Harbor. Lieutenant Commander Waldo Drake, fleet public relations officer, spoke mysteriously. He hinted that, contrary to the loud claims of the Japanese and the suspicions of America, some of the fleet was still afloat. A task force would be sailing shortly and it might have "some fun" before it returned. The next afternoon a launch carried

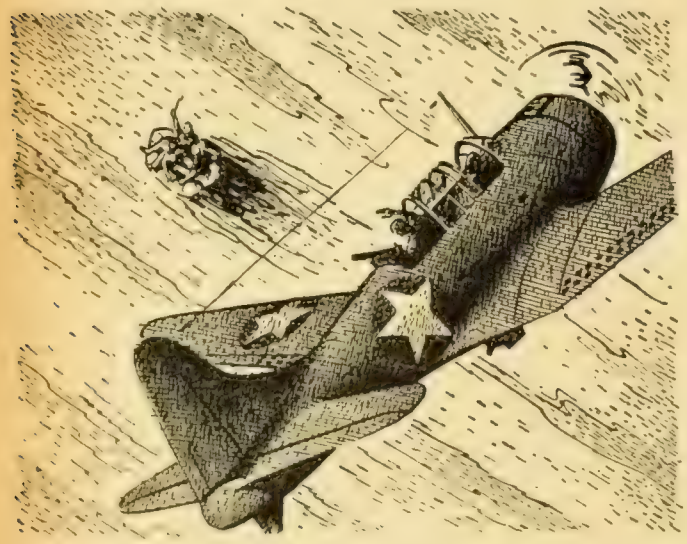
Copyright, 1943, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, N. Y. Price, $3.

me through the narrow opening in the torpedo net and bumped gently alongside a gray-blue cruiser as big as a first national bank. She was a heavy—600 feet of steel, oil, steam, and manpower. I was blissfully satisfied, thinking in my innocence that one could watch the end of the earth from such a steel perch as this. I knew better three weeks later.

It was a thrill to leave Pearl Harbor, third in a line of cruisers with the huge smoke-black carrier standing out to sea behind us. This was it, the ringside seat at the greatest story of our time.

For nearly three weeks the great adventure looked more like a South Seas pleasure cruise staged for our particular benefit by Admiral William F. Halsey, the task-force commander, and Captain Thomas Shock, the skipper. The days were without event, at least without such event as one could reach and participate in. On the carrier the planes took off, scouted, landed, refueled, took off, scouted, and landed again.

Off Samoa, Lieutenant (j.g.) Jack Egan was shot off



the catapult one day and flew his SOC observation plane to the Navy's Samoan base at Tutuila. He came back two days later, bringing a profound sunburn, the memory of cool beer in Samoa, and the story of Frank Shimasaki. He said he believed it.

Frank Shimasaki appeared in Tutuila along about 1920. He was a bright young man, out of Tokyo by way of San Francisco, and his ideas of merchandising methods were modern. Finally there he was, the only chain-store tycoon in the South Pacific. Three modest black shingles neatly lettered in gold: Frank Shimasaki No. 1, Frank Shimasaki No. 2, and Frank Shimasaki No. 3 dangled proudly before his three stores. Samoa lived an unhurried, pleasant life, until one Sunday the radio crackled with catastrophic tidings from Pearl Harbor, and with startled haste the *haoles* made ready for siege.

The first matter they took under consideration was Frank Shimasaki, the respectable chain-store merchant. Acting on the theory that a spy is likely to be the most innocent-appearing person in the neighborhood, they threw Frank in the calaboose. He was not only the most innocent-appearing person in sight; he was also the only available enemy alien. Frank was still in durance vile on January 5 when a roving Jap cruiser tossed a few five-point-fives over the mountains for luck. The gunnery was strictly experimental. They didn't do so well either. For the most part the shells uprooted palm trees and frightened pigs—all but one shell. That single inspired five-point-five dropped smack on top of Frank Shimasaki No. 3 and blew it all to hell.

When the ashes cooled, curious citizens began poking through the debris of this, Samoa's first battleground.

Somebody picked up an ash-crusted hunk of converted American scrap iron. It was the butt end of the projectile that had put Frank Shimasaki No. 3 out of business.

Stamped in the steel were these prophetic symbols: "F. S. No. 3."

We had been walking our beat up and down before Samoa five long days. We understood our ships were interposing their strength between the islands and anything which might come down from the Japanese Mandates. The marines were landing down there at Tutuila in American Samoa. Then, in the boiling midmorning of January 26, Lieutenant Commander Henry Agnew, the navigator, sent for me. The first half of our mission was successfully concluded. The marines were ashore and established. It was time now to go on to other work, bloody work.

We were turning north that afternoon. In the dawn of the fourth day hence this task force would attack the mandated Marshall Islands, while a second similar group, hitherto unseen by us, would blast the northern Gilberts.

Going to Maloelap atoll in the Marshall Islands was something like opening Pandora's horrid bandbox. We pried off the lid with dynamite and a lot of evils flew out.

The attack was scheduled for 7 A. M. At four o'clock we rose from doubtfully restful bunks and by four thirty we had breakfasted. My lack of appetite shamed me a little, but I didn't see any one else building up a reputation for gluttony. Since then I've discovered most men approach battle short of breath and with cramps in the stomach. It was still black dark when the first planes rushed along the slides and into the air. They were to take positions above the island, and those who contrived to stay there alive were to spot our gunnery. Their success or failure might make all the difference to this operation.

THE attack wouldn't consume more than an hour, the navigator had said. I tried to project myself into the future, thinking that within the next hour and a half at most this would be settled. My heart pounded and my stomach was full of anchor chain. Suddenly a shout came down from the lookouts in the foretop.

"Land bearing zero-four-zero degrees relative!"

I moved to the starboard rail and stared over the softly rolling water. And I saw the land, low amorphous shadows against the horizon. At 7 A. M. the five-inch antiaircraft battery on the hangar deck amidships opened fire. As I leaned against the bridge rail and stared at the Japanese islands in utter fascination, the world came to an end.

Sea, sky, and ship vanished in a red lash of flame, and I skidded across the bridge to fetch up reeling against the steel bulkhead of flag plot.

We're hit, I thought, and clawed my way erect just in time to be slugged again. Once more I was bowled across the deck, but this time I knew what it was. I had seen the source of those fifty-foot tongues of flame. Our guns were firing.

We took our first dive-bombing attack about then, but it didn't amount to much. The five-inchers began to bark and the sky astern bloomed with black puffs, but the plane turned aside in the smoke. I never saw it. My ears couldn't hear what was going on. The noise was too big. But my stomach and lungs could hear it. Each salvo slammed me in the middle like a fist and sucked my chest empty.

The big island, when I could see it, was coming apart. Chunks of it, trees, houses, and men too, doubtless, climbed above the palm sky line and hung ludicrously suspended there. One of the three radio masts leaned drunkenly and then sagged out of sight. Things began to get hot when the first reasonably determined dive-bombing attack came in at seven twenty-eight. I was looking for a place where the concussion wouldn't tear my clothes off when I heard the talkers saying tonelessly, "Dive bombers attacking. Action starboard. Action starboard."

As I turned, the brassy sky filled with daisy chains of black and yellow blooms. The blooms moved closer as the gunners shortened their fuse settings to keep ahead of the oncoming planes.

I picked them out among the bursts. They seemed tiny and unreal, having a gossamer sheen in the sun. The guns howled ecstatically and the machine guns began to sing an hysterical obbligato.

Somebody yelled that more planes were taking off from

the island. I looked. They swept up from behind the palms one after another like beads on a rosary. The first bomb missed narrowly and the pilot pulled up in a zoom, flipped over, and came down again flying on his back. He rolled right side up and dropped the bomb. The bomb struck just inboard of the port catapult silo.

There was a commotion on the three-inch-gun mount below us. Several gunners were trying to pick up the gun captain, who had fallen on the deck. He shook them off and yelled at them to get back to their gun. He had a chunk of shrapnel in his brain.

There was no surprise in the hit and no shock. I think all of us knew we were going to be hit and most of us expected to die. Some had already.

I could see into the open hangar behind the splintered smoking aperture in the deck. White-clad pharmacist's mates were bending over bodies down there. Smoke lay between me and the hangar, but I could see enough to know that I didn't want a closer look.

Some one said they were coming again. I looked up and found them in the sun. There were eight twin-engined bombers. They were spread out in a broad V of seven. One trailed the leader, making a narrow diamond of the formation.

The planes were flying almost wing to wing and were so high that without glasses they looked like black cross-stitches against the sun. The guns began to hammer. Our shells were bursting low, but the planes paid no attention and came on steadily—aloof, implacable, and utterly deadly.

I turned away and did not look up again.

CAPTAIN SHOCK stepped to the rail and watched the planes narrowly. He was waiting, patiently waiting. Then he turned and spoke quietly.

"Right full rudder," he said.

The cruiser swung, heeling toward the inside of the turn as the rudder bit. The swinging stern left a boiling triangle of slick water as she swung.

And into the triangle fell sixteen 500-pound bombs in a long pattern, the shape of a thin diamond or the shape of a ship. Fragments yowled about the ship and one two-pound chunk gashed an inch-deep slice in the after-turret armor. Another ripped through the radio shack. A tiny sliver slashed into the stomach of a marine machine gunner. He died two days later.

Four more dive-bombing attacks came in, but we were not hit again. The last plane dived at three minutes past nine and dropped a heavy bomb just ahead of the destroyer leader.

We did not know it then, but the planes were through with us. They had located the carriers on which they later made two fruitless high-level attacks.

We had been ready to die and had waited for it. We had been so ready that when death had caught those in the well deck, we others had almost envied them. They had got it over with, while we still had to wait. You can't come any closer than that to accepting it.

Now we began to hope again and discovered that we did not want to hope. Hope was dangerous. Hope could bring back fear.

Most of us were aware that we were unlikely until the day we died to share such a prolonged tête-à-tête with death. Now we were realizing that we still lived, and the knowledge was overpowering. The surcharge of battle excitement continued for a while, then it evaporated. Men dropped asleep over their guns, completely exhausted. Powder-grimed, sweaty, and grease-smeared, they fell asleep in the middle of sentences in the middle of a movement. And they slept like babies.

They stayed awake only in stations where the necessity of vigilance forbade sleep. Any movement on the glistening sea or in the hot sky above it brought the ship tensely on edge again. Twice we nearly opened fire on gooney birds cutting their endless skillful circles about the ship.

The gash in the well deck had not slowed us or reduced the ship's fighting efficiency or seaworthiness. Yet the firing had hardly stopped before working parties were scrambling desperately about the wound. Acetylene torches were cutting away the ragged edges of steel around the hole, and by night new deck plates were welded down—and painted.

Several men poked eagerly through the junk, and with a delighted yelp one sailor came up with a prize. He had found the nose cap and fuse plug of the bomb. A couple of others discovered fragments and showed them eagerly.

I thought I would never live to understand sailors. Only an hour earlier these men had come as close to violent ends as they would ever come without going all the way. And not one knew but that he'd be in a similar fix within the next five minutes. Yet here they were, on hands and knees in the vast disorder left by the bomb that had killed some of them, scrambling for souvenirs like a bunch of slaphappy tourists.

Ship's routine is a powerful force, whose weight of habit and custom cannot be upset for long even by death or battle. By one thirty the blood and broken glass were cleaned from the wardroom and huge trays of sandwiches and pots of coffee were on the tables. I discovered that I was hungry and wolfed bread and ham and coffee.

We sailed back into Pearl Harbor channel through a steam drizzle about ten thirty the morning of February 5. We brought our dead with us. They were the first Americans of this war to die violently away from American soil and Captain Shock decided to bring them back for burial. It is the usual custom of warships to bury their dead at sea, a sparse ceremony but one of great dignity and honor.

I went aboard the cruiser for the ceremony Sunday morning. It was like no other funeral I had ever seen. There were no tears, no overt acts of grief, but on each grave face there was a look of quiet knowledge, a look of ultimate knowing bought with blood and beyond any man's capacity to teach or tell to others. I knew what they were thinking; I knew because I had been there, too.

There had been no time in the hour of their death to feel either grief or anger over the death of these men. All of us had expected to die then. Later, when the numb expectation and readiness had worn off a little, we hadn't felt grief so much as honest relief that we were still alive.

Now we were back on land, and those two fantastic hours seemed a distant nightmare whose details were hazy and had nothing to do with us personally. We were back on land, and our badly shaken nerves and minds were beginning to have normal reactions again. These were our friends, we remembered now. And they were dead, honorably dead in the country's service, savagely killed by the country's enemies. And we were conscious that, but for luck, there lay all of us.

The band played slowly Nearer, My God, to Thee. We all sang it. We had been near enough. These dead friends had gone all the way. No man there but felt that, in some mysterious half-formed sense, he was attending his own funeral.

Wake at Wake: The telephone rang me out of bed one hot morning in the middle of February. It wanted to know if I could contrive to be untangled from my sack, breakfasted, packed, and out to Pearl Harbor within two hours.

Two hours later to the minute I reached the submarine-base dock. There I found Joe Custer of UP. We were assigned to a carrier and the launch put us at the gangplank just in time for it to be pulled in after us. We shook ourselves and looked around. Joe drew a long breath of awe.

"This is no ship," he said solemnly. "This is a county in Texas."

The flight deck of a fleet carrier may not be the most commodious airport in the world, but it's something special among decks. Our flat-top was the size of two football fields laid end to end.

It's no wonder, I thought, that people who live on a thing like this get to thinking they're the only ship in the ocean.

I had been curious about carrier aviators. One didn't have to be told that they were the charter members of this war, that so long as either side had any carriers left the flyers would be in the vanguard of every naval action. They would be doing the earliest fighting, the earliest.

most spectacular, and loneliest dying. I thought they must be some special breed, more courageous and more ruthless than most.

I was wrong about that. They were the same people I had known in peace. They were the freckled-faced kid behind the grocery counter, the man who sold insurance, the professional football player, the recent college graduate, the man in the next apartment. About half were married, with wives and children on the mainland.

I wasn't wrong about their role in the war, though. Many of them proved that at Midway. I was long gone from the carrier by then and was sitting two thousand miles away in the Aleutian soup when the flat-top went to Midway, and so I don't know even yet which of them are dead. More than half, I believe.

The carrier was the hardest-working ship I've ever seen. It was Admiral Halsey's flagship, and that tough warrior ran a taut ship and spared nobody, not even himself. The patrols were out every day the weather was even remotely fit for flying and they were up until dark. Some pilots were flying as many as eighty hours a month and the strain was telling. They were a haggard crew.

Our course was west and the word seeped around that we were bound for Wake. There was a thrill in that. Wake was a symbol, a brave battleground where a few beleaguered Americans had gone down slowly, reluctantly, and gamely before an overwhelming assault. Devereaux and his 384 marines were already enshrined with the men of the Alamo.

Out near the international date line we experienced one of those screwball miracles that occasionally raise us above the level of mere killing and dying. Ensign Tom Eversole of Torpedo Squadron 6 became lost on a scouting mission. He was flying a Douglas TBD torpedo bomber and had two men with him, the bombardier in the center seat and a radioman-gunner in the rear cockpit. They failed to appear at the expiration of their patrol period. The evening was stormy and overcast, with a fairly rough sea running down from the northwest.

It was apparent that Eversole was lost. Up in the radio rooms the operators hung over their receivers and waited for him to call and give his position. He didn't peep until his gas was almost gone and a dunking and probably death faced him. Then he opened up only long enough to give a guess at his position and to say he was landing in the sea forthwith. It was long enough, however, to fix an approximate radio bearing on him.

Nobody thought the three men had much chance. It didn't seem likely they could keep alive through the night on their little inner-tube raft—even if they could land safely in such a sea as was running. And if they did—those rubber rafts are six feet by eight and the Pacific is 5,000 miles one way by 7,000 the other.

Carriers, however, lose planes and pilots only with the greatest reluctance. It isn't economical, for one thing. New planes and pilots cannot be had until the carrier returns to port. A destroyer was dispatched to hunt.

THE next morning was clear and the planes were off as usual before dawn. At ten o'clock an SBD scout dive bomber sighted the bobbing yellow raft and half an hour later a destroyer plucked three acutely seasick aviators out of the sea. Eversole was none the worse for wear, and the greatest hardship he suffered was combing the ship for his shirts. Khaki shirts were scarce in Honolulu in the first months of war and the flyers aboard our ships had made a compact. The shirts of whoever failed to come home were the automatic inheritance of such survivors as took approximately the same neck size. Eversole's neck was average, and by sundown of the night he landed in the sea his shirts were all over the ship.

On February 23 the word was out. We would attack Wake in the dawn of the following day. The assault would be delivered by the carrier air group plus shore bombardment by the cruisers and cans. The remaining destroyers stayed with the carrier as plane guards and to furnish a submarine screen. About nine o'clock the next morning the bull-voiced loud-speaker system advised us with a brief sentence that Wake would be subjected to attack come the dawn.

We were up at 4 A. M. The pilots were seated in the ready room before a blackboard on which was chalked a crude drawing of Wake atoll's approximate heart shape made up of the triplet islands of Wake, Peale, and Wilkes. The briefing officer stood there marking in targets and hazards. He referred constantly to recent pictures flown out a day earlier by a PBY.

These squares represented the old Pan American hangars and shops, he said. That mark was the seaplane ramp, and these crosshatches represented Jap patrol seaplanes seen at anchor recently. These circles were fuel storage tanks. Underground ammunition dumps were suspected here, and these asterisks were antiaircraft emplacements. If the attack group knew what was good for them, they would blast that field early and hard.

The wind was northwest and twenty knots. The aerologist's forecast was clear weather marred only by occasional cold-front squalls and scattered clouds. Our present position was this. Our planned course and speed after launching were thus. Point option, the recovery area, would be so and so. Get this, pilots, and get it right. Get it right or this will be the last sunrise that you'll ever see.

The pilots listened attentively, carefully marked their own small duplicate drawings of Wake, made precise esoteric symbols on their plotting boards. Then they checked with one another and with the briefing officer. War over the ocean is an exact science.

"Pilots, man your planes!" the loud-speaker croaked.

WITH practiced haste the aviators zipped leather chaps and jackets, tightened yellow Mae West life belts, and checked the tiny seltzer bottles that inflate them. They pulled on helmets and goggles and trotted from the room. The night was as black as a pocket, windy, wet, and cold. The mass of the ship below could be felt but not seen. Occasionally, a flash of phosphorescence in the water marked one's presence.

"Start engines," the loud-speaker roared peremptorily.

There had been nothing visible of the deck, but now it came to life as the cold engines spat, snuffled, caught, and roared into action. Two rows of hooded yellow lights sprang up, marking a narrow avenue toward the bow. The night was no less black, no less eerily threatening, no less cold. Out in the darkness swaying red stars came alight, the masthead lights of destroyers otherwise invisible.

"Launch the fighters!" the speaker boomed.

One engine bellowed above the roaring on the flight deck and a shadowy fighter skittered up the deck. The little Grummans with their powerful motors and narrow landing gear are ticklish planes to handle under ideal conditions. The motor's torque drags the plane almost uncontrollably toward the left. For eternal seconds the shadowy plane down there crabbed sideways. It slid across the port row of deck lights and we held our breath waiting for it to topple over the side. But it didn't. The pilot wrenched it back and drummed over the bow. It dipped and the blue spots of exhaust flame vanished under the carrier's high bow.

"He's crashing sure as hell," Lieutenant Mott, the antiaircraft gunnery officer, muttered. But he didn't. The twin blue spots came into view again and climbed away, swinging off to the right.

One after another the fighters got away, reluctantly, each eluding disaster by a hair. There was a pause.

"Launch the scouts," the loud-speaker demanded.

The first SBD snarled along the deck, gathered speed with unbearable slowness, slued to the left even more alarmingly than the fighters, but got into the air with an oblique rush off the prow. The black night, the misty rain that condensed into iridescent mist behind the whirling propellers, and the weird deck lights were playing tricks on the flyers. Every plane thus far had slued perilously to the left, as though brushed from its course by some giant unseen hand.

The next one pulled up to the line, bellowed under full gun, and began to roll. Before it had passed the island it turned to the left, cut obliquely across the take-off lane, and ran over the port side. There was a sound as of ripping cloth and the ghostlike shape rolled drunkenly around a five-inch gun barrel and fell into the sea.

Shouts rose from the deck, and on the bridge a blinker light signaled one of the destroyers to come in and search for the crew. The carrier plowed on into the wind.

There was a long pause before the next take-off. It was as though the pilot was bewildered and uncertain, reluctant to brave the hazards of this unseeable deck.

"Take that plane off!" the loud-speaker roared inexorably.

The motor howled, the plane began to roll. It slued to the left as the other had, but straightened up and went on over the bow. The take-offs went a little better. The pilots were forcing themselves to disbelieve their eyes, to fight down the blind lying instinct that pulled them toward the port side.

Out in the darkness to port and astern a searchlight knifed down on the giddy sea. That would be the destroyer searching for the crew.

The last plane went over the bow at six forty-eight. The darkness was full of moving cats' eyes of blue flame. Gradually the eyes drew together and fell into sections of three and divisions of nine. Tough flying that, assembling in formation by feel alone. At seven forty-three Air Group Commander Young announced by radio that the attack group had commenced bombing. A dive bomber reported happily that he had planted an egg among the oil-storage tanks.

"Swell fire!" he chortled. "Dandy fire!"

At nine two the first returning plane came in sight on the horizon, and by nine thirty-nine the air was full of planes circling the ship in formation. They spread out in a huge landing circle, and ten minutes later the first one came aboard. I hurried down the ladders to the ready rooms.

"How did it go?" I asked.

"We caught 'em with their pants at the dip," grinned Lieutenant Jack Lindsey, one of the pilots.

Pilots and gunners were yelling and pummeling each other's shoulders like a bunch of high-school kids after a football game.

Carrier pilots can't rest after a battle. While they turned in hasty reports, yapped happily, and stuffed themselves with sandwiches, fruit, and coffee, their planes were being rearmed, refueled, and fitted with new bombs. A few planes had bullet scars. One had holes through the gas tanks and much equipment ripped out by a direct hit midway between the two seats.

The damaged planes were grounded for the day, but within an hour the others were back in the air. Planes on deck are no good to a carrier.

The next day's mimeographed plan of the day carried a summary of the raid's effects. Between them, the cruiser and aircraft groups had dumped around 100 tons of bomb and shell into Wake. They had destroyed twelve fuel tanks, the airfield, radio station, three Kawanishi flying boats, the ammunition dumps, and knocked out most of the island's antiaircraft and shore defense guns, and a patrol sampan and a small steamer had been sunk in near-by waters.

Our own battle losses were one airplane and its crew. The bombardment vessels had not been hit.

P.S.—SHANGRI-LA! This was a damneder trip than we knew even then.

It amazed us enough at the time, but we didn't know then that it was going to be the war's champion best seller mystery for a solid year, nor that President Roosevelt was going to tag it with a memorable catchword—Shangri-la. We didn't know, either, that Tokyo would capture a few of the men in those planes and would murder them for what Tokyo called the insolent barbarism of bombing the Empire of the Sun Goddess.

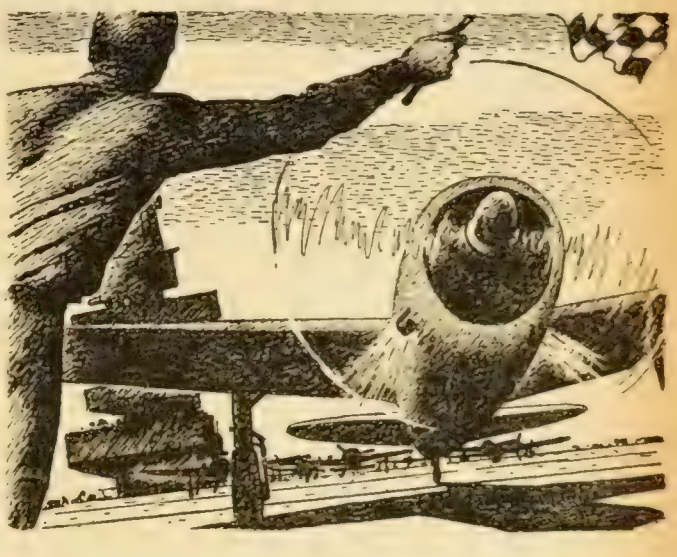
Actually, until it later acquired a lot of melodramatic tinsel, it was just a dirtier day than usual in the Pacific. The wind was blowing sixty knots, cold enough and vicious enough to freeze your eyeballs and blow them out of your head. The day would have been fantastic enough even without the dizzy rioting of the untamed Pacific.

It began to be fantastic when that new task force came over the horizon. It became even more fantastic when we achieved a view of the Hornet's flight deck and became aware that she was carrying, not orthodox carrier planes, but two-engined Billy Mitchell B-25 Army bombers. Strange outsized planes to be crouching on such a tiny heaving anchorage.

We didn't know who would fly them, but we knew where they would go. General Doolittle's name then meant nothing to the tin-can sailors. But we knew that whoever intended to go aloft in those planes were brave men and we wished them the luck their courage deserved. Even then we were not sufficiently foolish to believe that any sixteen-plane raid could win a war or even make a noticeable dent in the enemy's defenses or industry.

But, freak stunt though it was, it captured the imagination and buoyed our spirits.

For those who watched, the take-offs were spectacular



—and agreeably surprising. Somebody contrived a naval-aerial miracle and made the storm a force to aid rather than hinder those outsized bombers with their loads. As the carrier dipped her nose into a tremendous comber the handling crew would release the chocks and the plane would charge down the slanting deck under full gun. It would reach flying speed as the carrier's prow came up from the briny smother. As the plane reached the end of its absurdly short runway the bow would reach the climax of its pitch, virtually throwing the plane aloft. It worked as though it had been planned that way, and maybe it was.

We spent the next few hours wondering how it would go with those pioneers, how soon they would reach their target, and when we would hear something of how they fared. The news began to come in after a while, slowly and by devious routes. Chungking jubilantly announced that Tokyo had been raided and Tokyo denied it.

Then it came from Tokyo itself, bitter recriminations put together with as little skill as Radio Tokyo customarily employed in propaganda. Enemy planes had appeared over Tokyo, had bombed schools and hospitals and had driven primary-school children from their classrooms and machine-gunned them in the streets. The planes had attacked no military objectives. Tokyo had taken it bravely, calmly, but with "untold indignation." The announcer said nine "unidentified raiders" were shot down, which was probably a new high in confused propaganda.

Next day Radio Tokyo had improved both its eyesight and its arithmetic. One plane had been shot down and it was American.

The story began piecing itself together from other less intimate but possibly more reliable sources. Tidbits of news came from Saigon, from Berlin, and finally, in relayed bits, from the United States.

Fires were burning in Tokyo, Nagoya, Yokohoma, and Kobe, focal points of the Empire's war industry. Home Minister Yusawa was summoned to the Imperial Palace to explain these unprecedented goings-on to God. Premier Tojo and Navy Minister Shimada followed Yusawa to sessions on the heavenly carpet. We hoped devoutly

that ceremonial hara-kiri was proceeding all around the palace grounds.

The Son of Heaven had, it appeared, witnessed history on the delivery end. We had seen it start on its way and we thought that between us we could have pieced out a pretty good story.

AT the end of May I was aboard a heavy cruiser, which in succeeding months became almost the only home I knew, headed north. Though I didn't know it then, we were bound for the Aleutians. My first inkling of our destination came when the skipper read me a message that had come from the Navy radio at Dutch Harbor.

"Enemy aircraft attacking," it said.

The emperor's greatest coup became his greatest defeat and deepest shame. The real beginning of Japan's destruction was wrought in the next three days. The non-tactical mind wonders dimly if both Tokyo and Washington erred in not paying more attention to the Aleutians earlier. And one suspects that Tokyo erred fatally when the emperor's main fleet went to Midway instead of to Dutch Harbor. The curved scimitar of the Aleutian chain is still the only land bridge between us and our enemy.

It is still the shortest road from Seattle to Tokyo—or from Tokyo to Seattle.

Japan came to the Aleutians with two carriers, support cruisers and destroyers, and a train of transports, and it was many months before the shape of Japan's failure began to assume form and substance along the foggy island chain.

The reasons why the Japanese carriers were not sunk and why the Japanese were still on Kiska Island eight months after they landed were apparent to any one who cared to look. Our only air bases in the Aleutians were raw beginnings. Our farthest base west was a crude tin-can runway and a cluster of tents and mud-bogged stores. There were 800 miles of undefended island chain beyond that.

Many of the aviators, both Army and Navy, who flew and fought through the Aleutians in 1942 were later decorated. The "Zoomies," as they were known to island contemporaries, deserved all the decorative but non-negotiable hardware and ribbon in the nation's gift.

They did not destroy many Japanese airplanes nor sink many Japanese ships. They failed to evict the invaders from Kiska and Attu islands. Their efforts were limping, pathetic, and frequently futile. They died oftener than they killed.

But the Japanese carriers retreated before the pitifully few, pathetically outclassed planes available to oppose them. At the end of the summer the only Japs in the Aleutians were squatting on Kiska and Attu at the western end of the chain. The Zoomies failed to win a single victory, but they blocked the steppingstone islands as a conquistador's road to Seattle and they kept them blocked while a tardy nation hastened to fashion a road to Tokyo.

Their story should have been a reporter's dream—and I wanted to get it and to find out if it was. There was a bombing raid scheduled to leave Umnak for Kiska. So I got permission to go along in a Fortress.

I hadn't discounted the risks and I thought I had prepared myself to accept them. But when the time came I wasn't quite sure how I felt about it. There's an odd fascination about these things; it's quite uncontrollable and something entirely apart from any thinking you may do. You feel as though you're on a roller coaster; the damn thing has got you and you're going for the ride whether you like it or not.

What had looked like a fine adventure from my anxious but comfortable seat aboard 10,000 tons of cruiser began to look like a sure recipe for sudden death when Second Lieutenant McWilliams, the co-pilot, led me about the plane, pointing out the marks of her last trip out. There were patches over holes in tail, wings, and fuselage. One slug had missed the vital elevator hinges just enough to count. Another had hit the port inboard engine, ricocheted between the cylinders, and penetrated a gas tank before tearing its way out through the wing. A hole had entered the radio compartment head-high, and a ragged companion piece across the space showed where it had torn its way out.

"That was a good day," McWilliams said. I didn't say anything.

We took off, swung around the modest escarpment of Umnak's eastern face and ducked under the fog. From there to Semisopochnoi we never rose more than 100 feet above the drear gray seas, and often we were as low as ten feet.

The trip outward was without event. The fog pressed down against our wings like a soggy endless blanket. Sometimes we could see the planes on either flank and sometimes we couldn't.

As we approached the target area the big plane reared up on her tail, and as quick as that the water, which for hours had been the only sign of the world's presence, vanished. The wet cotton wool of fog which had pressed us down so long now swallowed us and nothing could be seen outside—not a thing, not even the full length of our own wings. There was only that thick gray terrifying nothing.

Here we go, I thought. In an hour, or in ten minutes, I'll be dead. And maybe that'll be better than being so damn scared.

I'll borrow the next hour and ten minutes from the Chicago Times, which published it. I'll never have it clearer in mind:

Aboard Fortress Bomber en Route from Kiska, June 26—Ten minutes ago our bomb bay doors opened and disgorged two tons of dynamite on Kiska. The yellow-painted five-hundred-pound packages have done such

work as high explosive and flying steel can do, and by now, one supposes, the living are counting the dead.

We are not waiting for that roll call. Seven minutes ago we dived through soup so thick our Japanese playmate in the fighter plane did not care to follow. And that ended the .50-caliber attentions with which he had favored us during the hour and ten minutes we spent over the target.

Two minutes have passed since we broke through the bottom of the mile-deep Aleutian fog, and now we are boring along, ten feet off the water, bound for our base many hundreds of miles away, somewhere in the Aleutians. The gunners are stowing away their guns and making slurring remarks about the Jap and his fighter plane.

This one attack of many attacks began to take form an hour and forty-five minutes ago when the major shoveled on the coal and heaved the big bomber up out of what had until then passed for visibility. We roared into the soup in a steady grinding climb and broke through into another world of unearthly beauty.

Below on either side, and behind lay the billowy top of the fog, so blinding white in the sun that it burned your eyes. Ahead, the unbroken mist showed overhanging crags and valleys and streaks of blue that meant ragged spots and maybe holes to bomb through.

Somewhere under the weird panorama lay Kiska, and

on Kiska were the Japs we had come hundreds of miles to kill.

Still hot in your mind was the radioed report of a Catalina flying boat that had been here two hours ahead of us. Somewhere back in the mist the Cat was limping home now, carrying two wounded men and a dead one. The Catalina had met a Jap fighter over Kiska.

You remembered, too, the bomber that came over like this ten days ago. A scrap of ack-ack got him in the bomb load and he went down like a meteor.

You found your mouth full of ashes and your hands dripping sweat. You wondered how it would be when it came. You would not have believed it could begin so casually.

"There's your mountain," the bombardier said, pointing ahead, and there was Kiska, tucked under a 100-acre blob of fluffy cotton cloud. The plane eased toward it, still climbing. Out there against the white cloud rack a tiny black speck moves in. It moves fast, growing larger as we stare, and there is something in my throat I can't swallow.

We hold our course and on either flank our other planes spread out, climb above, or drop below into attack formation.

That speck has grown into a plane now. He's diving dead toward us and there's smoke spurting from the front of his machine. You realize suddenly, with an odd feeling of shock, that he's shooting at us. Your stomach sucks itself in and tries to get behind your backbone.

The navigator is crunched over his gun, firing back, and the pilot lifts the nose a little so the bottom turret can get at him too. There's a hellish racket in your ears. The fighter breaks his run suddenly and dives, flirting out of sight into a cloud. The young navigator turns and grins lopsidedly. "Missed him, damnit," he says.

We've been circling steadily and our playmate is out of sight for the moment. Now the skipper calls the bombardier on the interphone. "We're going down to look," he says, "before we drop our bombs."

We head for the next hole and go rocketing down in a spiral dive.

We cruise across the harbor and along the mountain flank. The antiaircraft should be coming up, but it isn't, and after a while we begin to think it won't come at all. We can see the upended hulk of a transport bombed and sunk by this plane eight days ago.

There's another ship in there, anchored near the lagoon. We can't see the tent village, but we know it's there, and probably, the navigator says, we'll bomb that on a bearing from the peak.

We've started up again through the murk. The navigator says we're going to bomb, and the bombardier is fiddling with the bomb sight and checking his ballistics tables. Whatever destruction we are going to accomplish will be starting soon now.

The bomb-bay doors are open behind us. We're coming on the target and the bombardier's fingers move slightly on the switches. We hear a series of faint clicks. I haven't felt anything and I try to look below and back, wondering if I can see them fall. They've already vanished into the mist. From this height we can't even hear them hit, nor can we see what they accomplish under the mist.

It's almost over, but not quite. The fighter breaks out of a cloud at the right and swings in front of us for one more try. Our guns open up momentarily and we see the darting white streaks of his tracer again and then he's gone.

THE major asks the navigator for the homeward compass setting and the navigator reluctantly gives up his gun and turns to the charts. We're heading home. We're not there yet. There are plenty of dangerous miles ahead, but we're on our way.

We scooted through the bottom of the soup and found ourselves alone. We had lost two planes on top of the fog when we went down the first time to look the place over, and we had misplaced the third one somewhere after the bombs were dropped. The pilot turned to me and grinned ruefully.

"Lousy show," he said. "Wish we could have done better for you."

"I'll settle for this," I told him. "I just want to report the news, not be it."

ACCORDING to several of the nation's more vocal military thinkers, the Aleutian campaign began as and deserved only such heed as was due a Japanese side show of the three-ring circus which foozled at Midway.

Certainly in the first months we treated Kiska as a side show. From the time the Japs appeared over Dutch Harbor until our cruisers bombarded Kiska in early August, 1942, our measures to evict the invaders consisted only of the brave but feeble efforts of two dozen Catalina flying boats and half as many heavy Army bombers plus certain laudable contributions by a few submarines. There was no way of knowing how the Japs felt about it. One could judge only by their works in Kiska, and these were contradictory and puzzling.

After their initial stab at Dutch Harbor and Umnak the Japs made no further move eastward along the undefended chain. Instead they went to work on Kiska with such earnest industry as to indicate an intention to remain.

Their accomplishments in the following eight months were many, varied, and wonderful to behold. Aerial photographs taken under fire showed nearly 150 permanent buildings of various types, hangars, vehicle repair and storage shops, warehouses, machine shops, and housing for personnel. They looked to be solidly constructed, laid out with an eye for order and permanence, and well protected with deep earth and sandbag revetments.

There were also such useful gimcracks as a marine railway and submarine repair base, fuel storage depots, radio stations, deeply emplaced three-gun coast defense batteries, two large seaplane hangars to which a ramp climbed from the beach, powerhouses, radio installations, a narrow-gauge railway, small-boat landings, supply dumps, several miles of well graded roadway, a network of telephone lines, and dozens of antiaircraft emplacements.

But for many months the consolidation of Kiska evidenced one glaring and inexplicable omission. Not until late December did photographs show the first evidence of runways for land-based aircraft. Why the Japs waited so long to provide facilities for land-based fighter craft, if not indeed for bombers, was a fine mystery. Certainly few bases ever stood in greater need of a first-rate fighter-plane umbrella. In the autumn of 1942 the American forces had established a bomber base in the Andreanof Islands and thereafter every clear day carried the threat of bombs on the Jap base. The few float-mounted Zeros that the Japs managed to maintain despite frequent storms which wrecked the planes on the beach were never adequate to repel our heavily armed Flying Fortresses and Liberators.

Our Andreanof base was a mushrooming military community, strongly garrisoned and plentifully supplied with all useful tools of war. And nobody in the area believed that the increasing stream of men, guns, ammunition, housing, food, supplies, and airplanes was intended only to kick the Japs off Kiska. Fresh evidence of the Aleutians' new place in the plans of war was confided to us a couple of days after Christmas. A new advance westward was imminent.

This new venture, we learned, was aimed at Amchitka, a low-lying forty-mile snake of tundra stretching between the Bering and the Pacific. Its open-jawed head, embracing Constantine Harbor, where the troops were to land, was only seventy-three miles from Kiska Harbor.

The plans called for establishment of an Army base and initial construction of a fighter field to protect it and to provide for a shuttle service of strafers to Kiska.

One bleak sunset an ancient destroyer toted Lieutenant Alfred Gerken and me to a transport moored in a narrow cove under the crown of a 4,000-foot mountain.

Gerken was going to Amchitka with the Army to function as Navy gunnery liaison officer in case shooting was needed to discourage resistance on the beach. I went along for the ride.

With us was a 14,000-ton transport jam-packed with

troops. Most of them were Alaskan veterans, toughened by two years of drudgery in the toughest, bleakest, most unsettled terrain in the world. They were a hard and competent lot, and one got the idea that they would be an unpleasant bunch to assault. So far as we knew, the Japs had not yet occupied Amchitka, but we had no guaranty. In any case, the place was only fifteen minutes' flying time from the Jap base and some sort of interruption seemed certain.

We got out of the harbor on January 11 into the teeth of a roaring northeaster. In the evening General Jones spoke over the ship's loud-speaker system: "Tomorrow, when we land, you will be closer to the heart of the Japanese Empire than any soldier, sailor or marine. When you reach the beach, do not stop. Each step you take forward will take you that much closer to our final objective."

Dawn comes late in the Aleutians in midwinter. At 9.30 A. M. the transport with her escorts was probing carefully into Constantine Harbor. If the Japs were here and intended to do anything about this, now was the time for it to begin.

NOTHING happened. There was no move on the island; it was as flat and dead as a corpse.

The upper decks seethed into life as we drew into the harbor. Blue gasoline smoke hung in a cloud about the ship as the crews of landing barges started their motors with the boats still hanging in the davits. The troops, each man carrying a full 100 pounds in addition to his own weight, milled on the deck, pushing toward debarkation points at the rail. Orders bellowed out of the loud-speakers. The ship's cranes came ponderously alive and reached for the Higgins tank-and-jeep lighters chocked on forecastle and quarterdeck.

The ship stopped, and landing barges, already loaded with soldiers, descended to the water with their motors snarling. As fast as other boats reached the surface, they were jockeyed under rope cargo nets draped from the rails. The troops scrambled over the side and crawled laboriously down the sagging nets.

These were assault troops, each man a miniature army. Each carried his weapon—rifle, tommy gun, or pistol—ammunition, sleeping bag, emergency rations for three days, shelter half, bayonet, and mess kit.

The first boats had hit the beach, and the men, black and antlike as seen from the ship, were scrambling through the shallow breakers and up the low tundra headland.

Our boat swung from the ship and raced toward the beach, a quarter of a mile away. The coxswain waited for an incoming swell to slap her stern, then gunned the motor. Designed for this business, it crawled closer to the black-sand beach and finally stopped 100 feet from land. The square bow flopped down and formed a ramp. We charged out of the boat.

I staggered out of the water, across a narrow strip of hard black sand. Across the tundra plain ahead were hunched figures swiftly fanning out toward dozens of prearranged objectives. Whether any enemy appeared or not, this operation was to be carried out on the assumption that a Jap lurked behind every tundra hummock.

There were no Japs and it was a blessing the Japs did not appear during our first two weeks on Amchitka. The early days on that horrible subarctic sponge were bad enough without the enemy. Personal comfort, interpreted in even the sparse terms of an army in the field, was something that nobody knew then. We were seldom warm, hardly ever dry, perpetually dirty, often hungry, and always tired.

The storms made havoc of unloading operations and threatened the whole expedition with disaster and the troops themselves with starvation.

Unbalanced rations for five days and ammunition for only a short fight, in case any fighting should become necessary, were ashore the first night. For days thereafter never more than three, frequently only one or two, boats were in operation, not enough transportation even to carry the food consumed each day, much less the supplies needed to make progress in consolidating the base.

Because of the storm-imposed unloading bottleneck, strict priorities were placed on the order of movement ashore. Food, fuel, ammunition, tentage, and machinery—these had to come first. For nearly a week it was impossible to land the soldiers' barracks bags. Many suffered severe hardships for want of such simple necessities as gloves.

The result would have amazed any one accustomed to the simple buying of an urban community in peacetime. I had a pair of mittens brought from the cruiser. Even brand new they hadn't been worth more than a dollar, and now they were scuffed, smeared, torn, and soggy with salt water. More than a dozen offers of purchase came my way, the highest being twenty dollars.

Soldiers bought and sold and traded among themselves for the few luxuries which found their way ashore by mysterious routes. Candles were worth a dollar each, and that was the minimum price for candy bars. Cigarettes brought five or ten dollars a carton, when a seller could be found. A gasoline lantern, if any one had by some miracle contrived to have one, would have brought $250 or more.

Gradually Amchitka lost its frontier character. More ships came and were unloaded. Several barge loads of machinery got through. Despite storms, delays, and high tides, we made progress. The pile driver slowly pushed the foundations of a dock into the bay. The drag lines and bulldozers drained the tidal lake for the site of a fighter runway, prime aim of the Amchitka venture. A contingent of Navy Seabees arrived. We called the newcomers "carpetbaggers" and looked upon them with disdain.

Getting the proper recognition and respect as an Amchitka veteran, however, was a difficult bit of protocol, as I learned from a lanky Seabee one day.

I was standing on our hill surveying the mushrooming community in the third week of our residence. The Seabee put down his wheelbarrow and spoke over my shoulder.

"Looks a little raw, don't it? I admit it ain't no city yet, but, boy, you should of seen this dump when we first got here! Man, that was really rugged!"

"How long you been here, sailor?" I asked.

"Two days," he replied.

One day our runway was finished. The first P-40 landed on it and thousands of bombed, grimy, miserable Americans stood along the runway they had built and cheered as madly as spectators at a football game.

Amchitka was ours without struggle with the enemy. The struggle with nature was fierce enough. I did not know it then, but ahead lay a struggle with both—a struggle in which the enemy and nature fought with a fierceness they had never shown before. The battle for Attu was just ahead.

Attu: June 8, 1943—Three days ago I threw my rucksack and typewriter into a landing barge and was carried through salt spray and rain to a ship at anchor in Massacre Bay, Attu Island. The purser gave me a room with a lavatory, a bunk with sheets and electric lights. I took off my clothes, opened the door, and threw them over the side. Then I took a bath. It was the first bath I had had in three weeks and it felt strange.

Shortly Jimmy O'Malley came to the room. He wore a steward's white coat and he carried towels. He had been within a mile of Attu and he had no knowledge but rumor of what had occurred there. He might as well have been in Chicago for all he knew of Attu.

But he wanted to know. He burned with curiosity about Attu, while I no longer burned with anything but fatigue and hunger. I handed him the carbons of my file and went to work hoeing the ragged stubble from my scabbed and wind-burned face. I wasn't interested in Attu, the copy, or in Jimmy O'Malley either. I paid no attention to him until he began to swear and threw the clipped-together sheets on the bunk.

"Nobody's got leave to write stuff like that. Why the hell don't you tone it down? Nobody'll print that. They won't let you."

I laughed at him and my laughter brought him to his feet. He stared at me, then slammed out of the room. Ten minutes earlier I had never laid eyes on Jimmy

O'Malley; yet in ten minutes I had filled him with disgust and he hated me.

He hated me because I had violated his mind with the records of facts I had seen.

I am still too new from Attu to have met many Jimmy O'Malleys, and so I don't know about this. But he has me wondering whether, when this is over, the surviving world will be divided into those who lived on the Attus and those who were a mile away and might as well have been in Chicago.

I lived on this Attu for twenty-six days—the time that was needed to kill the Japanese garrison, witness their suicide, and bury most of the dead. I saw Japs killed and saw them kill themselves. I saw Americans killed. I saw mutilated bodies that were still alive, stumbling along with nothing but instinct to keep them on their feet and searching for aid. I saw drunks whose drunkenness was the nervous disintegration that doctors call shell shock. I became accustomed to easy killing and simple dying.

I borrowed a canteen cup and a sleeping bag from

dead men, gave the sleeping bag in turn to a man with a shattered jaw but kept the cup because he couldn't use it. I walked through acres of red jelly, splintered bone, strewn entrails and Japanese skins that had been emptied of their contents. I slept with dead Japs beside me and ate heartily within a few feet of formless messes which shortly before had been living men presumably containing men's memories, loves, dreams, schemes, and holiness.

I slept in wet fox holes, in borrowed Jap trenches, on the ground, occasionally in a tent. I ate what I could get, including rice stolen from dead Japs, but I was always hungry. I was usually cold, and forever wet. The fox holes, the mud, the food, the cold, the wet, the filth, and the pain. These were important things that were always with me. I could feel resentment and hunger and temperature and weariness and pain. And I could experience humor; I could laugh.

The dead didn't horrify me. Horror is mostly imagination, and the dead denied imagination to the living. There were too many.

In these things I am no different from the other thousands of Americans who lived on Attu. I am like all the rest of them, and they are all like me.

ALL day on May 10 the ships ghosted through fog so thick you could touch it. The poker games began after breakfast and ran all day. They played freak poker—baseball, spit in the ocean, high-low split, and seven-card stud with an extra wild card. There was a movie after supper in the troop cafeteria, a bedroom farce and very funny. I went on deck afterward and found the day still grayly light, though it was ten thirty. I turned in when the loud-speaker cleared its froggy throat and bellowed:

"Now, hear this. Now, hear this. H-hour will be postponed. H-hour will be postponed from zero-seven-forty to zero-nine-forty. H-hour will be zero-nine-forty."

By six twenty-five it was almost full daylight and the ship was restless with movement. The other ships moved with us in orderly procession. A grayish-white line of fog rose like a steaming fungus out of the sea ahead. We glided into the fog and never glided out again. All that endless day the fog never lifted, only varying in density and depth.

Where were we? Where was Attu? Lying 19,000 yards away, they said on the bridge. Well, they had ways of knowing. Down here, if you were a soldier waiting to fight or an onlooker, you didn't know anything. You merely waited.

At nine forty the boats still milled in a slow circle. This was H-hour—the hour when hell was to break loose on schedule.

"H-hour will be postponed indefinitely," the loud-speaker said, putting off hell's freedom. The men, who truly had been the only men I had ever seen actually eager for action, grew dull, glum, and touchy as the day wore on.

At one o'clock, however, the loud-speaker bellowed again:

"Now, hear this. Now, hear this. H-hour will be fifteen thirty [3:30 P. M.], H-hour will be fifteen thirty."

I went below and tried for a couple of hours' sleep. At 6 P. M. I gave up and hunted for Major Harold S. Dillingham of the artillery. I was scheduled to go with him in the first boat.

"Better get ready," he said. "We'll leave soon."

I struggled into the musette-bag harness, snapped on my life belt, and went to our station. At 7 P. M. we went over the side. At last the boats were loaded and ours set off, leading the ship's flock of twenty. Acres of sea boiled with the restless circling. All the boats from all the ships were congregating. Among them lay an old four-stack destroyer looking as big as a battleship, mothering this odd flock of small fry.

We trailed in her wake, spread out on either side, a disorderly procession—a hundred small boats churning across the fog-shrouded sea carrying 2,000 men to meet whatever destiny the fog still hid from them on the land they couldn't see. Somewhere ahead—seeming miles away—a hot red eye winked us onward. It was close, however, for suddenly there was a darker loom in the darkness and we grounded solidly. The ramp went down.

THE landing force CP was not impressive. You wouldn't have known but for the collapsible aerial wands sprouting from field radios, the wire trailing in across the snow and tundra, and the leather-covered telephone boxes lying in the mud. The general was there, a slender school-masterish man. A few others stood around, squatted over the phones, or traced investigative fingers along the contour lines of our unreliable maps.

The fog lifted a little and we saw that we stood in a saddle halfway along the crest of a low ridge that rose gradually from the beach and bisected Massacre Valley. As we went on, we saw that the valley was broad and walled on either side by steep mountains that went up into the fog roof and vanished. The fog's rising uncovered much. The westward flat of the valley was full of moving men. Rifle fire began to crackle, like corn beginning to pop.

We looked down. Three men stood at the foot of the ridge. One raised his right hand and smoke puffed from it. He fired again before we realized he was shooting at us. We flopped and cussed him for a trigger-happy Yank. When we got up again the three were moving off toward the head of the valley. Five minutes later they met an American patrol and were killed. They were Japs.

Colonel Lucas' howitzers were a mile behind on the beach and their shells announced themselves first with a furry whistle above our heads, followed by the barking voices of the guns, followed still later by the cracks of explosions somewhere ahead. Suddenly the morning was full of sound. In the confusion of explosions, I became aware suddenly that some were very loud, very sharp, very close. It takes a little training to learn to live with artillery. Generally the best technique is to dive into a good hole and do nothing, but as neophytes we had a dim idea that retreat was the thing.

We retreated. My feet went from under me on a slip-

pery slope and I rolled. When I got up again my right leg buckled and my knee flamed with pain. The next whistle and crack cured it, and I went toward the beach like a P-38.

It wasn't cured, however. I'll remember that knee when I've forgotten everything else about Attu. If you wanted to get around on Attu you walked—and using that knee thereafter was the distillation of hell.

I turned in that night, fatigue fighting pain—and at last fatigue won. It was raining and the water was running

across my face and inside the sleeping-bag hood. But it was the cannon that wakened me. The shells whistled fuzzily overhead and from the mouth of the pass the crash of the explosions came back.

I went out along the left crest of the ridge and forward to watch the bombardment. The howitzers were hammering at the pass trying to blast a pathway through it. Pretty soon the infantry would be crawling out of their holes in the valley floor to attack.

The fog was low in the pass and the drizzle held a curtain over it that made it seem unreal. Inside the pass the shells were bursting. I watched awhile and then turned back. There had been no movement in the flat valley floor where the infantry was waiting.

I went through Dr. Byron Cochrane's (St. Paul, Minnesota), regimental aid station and saw that he had a full house. There were no tents yet and the wounded lay in shallow fox holes. They lay on litters and were heaped up with blankets and they were so still I thought they were all dead. Dr. John S. Martin (Elko, Nevada) stood in the center of the little knoll that was the aid station. I asked him if they were dead, and he said no, they weren't.

Three walking wounded came in while we talked. There was one whose face was so caked with dried blood you couldn't tell where he was hit. Another had no pants on his right leg and it was hard to see how he could walk at all the way his leg was. These two were guiding the third, who didn't have a mark on him. The third one was the worst, however, because he didn't know he was alive and he staggered like a drunk when they didn't hold him. His mouth was open and his eyes were dead and vacant.

"Shell shock," said Dr. Martin. "You could get it just as bad by spending a few hours in a den of rattlesnakes. It's fear and tension that do it to some people. It's real enough. He's not faking."

I went out along the crest again and sat there all morning on the lip of a gully watching an attack. It was more a murder than an attack. The valley floor was as flat as a stage and the infantry down there were trying to get into the pass which rose above it. The Japs in the pass had machine guns, rifles, mortars, and some artillery and they kept the infantry pinned flat to the valley floor.

It was so bad they couldn't dig fox holes except at night, and when they did scratch out little coffin-shaped pits the pits filled with water almost at once. Some had been lying in the potholes and even in the running water. It was hard to get the wounded out, almost impossible to get in with food, ammunition, and sleeping bags. And, as usual, it was raining.

Colonel Wayne Zimmerman (Wadena, Minnesota) squatted behind a spotting scope on the gully lip.

"We can't get artillery into the side gullies in the pass," he said. "That's why we can't get 'em out. We're going to try bombing."

By noon the rain had stopped and the fog roof was rising and growing lighter. The Grummans came then. The stubby little Wildcat fighters flew in from the sea and roared up the valley in two pairs. There was a violent roaring and one plane crashed over the crest of our ridge.

By midafternoon the attack had faded and the infantry were down in the streams, potholes and willow thickets again. The howitzers were still sending overhead the seeds of TNT that blossomed into flame-hearted flowers in the pass. The fog had lifted and there was a blue-gray vista of sea beyond Massacre Beach. The tiny silhouettes of two destroyers and a heavy warship crept along the horizon.

The first we knew of it was a rippling, five-ply thunderclap coming in from the sea. A rumbling moan followed the thunderclap. Then great geysers of black earth, gray snow, and tumbling rock leaped up in the pass. The earth-cracking thunderclap came again, then twice more before we knew what new toy was being used in this giants' playground. It was the heavy ship. We knew when we saw smoke erupt around her with faint flashes of flame in its center. The naval shelling was too big. It was too ponderous and violent to be real. It was a burlesque, impossibly extravagant to use so much fury against the frail bodies of men.

THROUGH six days and nights the Americans fought for the pass, through which it had been planned they would sweep like a flood. The pass led to Holtz Bay and would permit us to descend on the main Jap camp from behind. In the evening of May 17 the infantry tried again. They went through the pass standing up. There was no opposition; the Japs were gone. They had pulled out of the pass and retired to Chichagof Harbor and the Fishhook peaks above it to stage their Bataan.

Only four dead Japs were found in the pass and this was strange, for many thousands of rounds of artillery had fallen in there. We did not know, but we believed the Japs had cremated their dead. The pass stank of burned flesh.

The head of Massacre Valley divides into two passes which, with the valley, form a Y. When the Japs abandoned the west pass, the Americans shifted attention to the north pass which led first to the head of Sarana Valley and then into Chichagof Valley and Chichagof Harbor.

The Japs defended this pass and the valley as they had defended the west pass—from positions in the pass itself and others on the mountain slopes and peaks above. A few Japs were thus able to stymie many hundreds.

Attu's mountains run from 2,000 to 3,000 feet and rise straight up from the sea without gentler foothills. It was cold on the peaks and the winds that swept across the great snow fields were icy. Frequently there was rain and almost always there was the fog which enfolded everything in a maddening veil where every rock seemed an enemy with a machine gun and the enemy could not be seen at all.

The climb from the valleys was a heartbreaking four-hour pull for a man carrying rifle, ammunition, and combat pack. The fight became a series of attacks in which many men would be thrown against Jap positions held by few. The Japs fired from holes and across the open fields of fire of their own choosing. Sometimes attacks would go in under cover of artillery or bombing and sometimes under curtains of heavy machine-gun and mortar fire—and sometimes they would attack cold turkey.

Once I saw two columns clawing upward to take a nest at the top of a peak we called Point Five. The men went up in single file, scratching a foot at a time up two deep fissures in the mountain wall. One at a time they were dashing across a narrow snow field two thirds of the way,

when one went down and lay still in the snow. At last he began to slide and then to roll and finally to fall down the crevice. He fell 500 feet before a rock outcropping stopped what was left of him. The fog came down over the peak and I did not see the end of the fight, but I heard it, a brief wild burst of fire and grenades. The next day Americans were on the peak.

Captain Harvey Severson took the mouth of Sarana Pass with the remains of two companies. The Japs lashed them with automatic fire and mortars until they were within fifty yards and then the Japs quit fighting and huddled down in their holes and screamed and sobbed.

One man tried to get a screaming Jap out of a fox hole but the Jap threw a grenade in his face and killed him. Another screamer came at his captor swinging a bayonet. Thereafter Severson's men simply walked to the holes and dropped grenades in on screamers.

The Japs fought bitterly on Point Able, a knife-sharp peak to the right of the pass. Lieutenants John Wolfe and Thomas Hindman led two platoons up the peak in the foggy dark and killed twenty-five Japs. The last one alive had a light machine gun. He killed Sergeants William Trufelli and Fred Mutch as they crawled onto the tiny crest. Then he leaped off the peak screeching. Hindman killed him as he rolled down the snow slide toward Sarana Valley.

Two companies, attacking a trench in the middle of a snow field halfway up a peak above Chichagof, were pinned down for two hours by fire that lashed from the trench above them. Private Fred M. Barnet stood up and walked to the trench alone. He killed twelve Japs before his colleagues caught up with him and helped finish the job. There were screamers among the forty men in the snow trench.

The intelligence section kept pleading for prisoners, but there were no prisoners. The brave ones fought until they were killed, and the screamers wouldn't fight, but neither would they consent to captivity.

"We get prisoners," said Lieutenant Colonel James Fish, "but they turn cold too quick."

IT was a Sunday when Lieutenant Colonel Jack Siddens' gang chased the Japs out of their village in Chichagof Valley and took over a few dozen matting-lined fox holes, four tattered conical tents, and two beautifully camouflaged sod-covered buildings.

Nobody could say how he knew it was Sunday, but Chaplain Clarence Merriman knew all right. He always knew, even when he had been down on his belly in Massacre Valley crawling to the wounded with a drink or cigarette. The last Jap was still bleeding redly into the tundra when the scrawny little chaplain announced he would hold divine services immediately. When Chaplain Merriman wanted anything from that mob he got it. A couple of the boys dragged two corpses out of the least littered tent and the rest quit ransacking the village for dry socks, food, and souvenirs.

The chaplain made it brief and the mob listened respectfully. They went back to their eating and souvenir hunting, while the padre searched the church for Jap safety matches. They needed matches. He was hunting when a Jap machine gunner ripped the tent to shreds. The gang rushed up to drag the chaplain's body out, but they didn't need to.

He met them at the door with his hands full of boxes of matches.

"Hell, padre, why ain't you dead?" they asked him.

"Oh, he missed me a mile. I was down on my knees hunting for this stuff. Look what I found," the padre said happily.

In midafternoon the gang was squatting in the village around a half dozen fires of Jap coal over which they were boiling Jap rice, canned Jap salmon, and Jap tea. They'd found a bale of Jap no-heel socks and they were happier than they'd been since reaching Attu.

One afternoon Howard Handleman and I were two thirds up the mountain squatting behind a boulder between three live Americans and two dead ones. Northeastward the snow field soared to a ragged crest that was part of the Fishhook, a semicircular rim of peaks enclosing Chichagof Harbor. The Japs were making the Fishhook their Bataan, but were slowly being pushed down into the harbor. We thought it might be over in a day or two. For once it was neither raining nor foggy and the sun came down on the snow with harsh brilliance.

I took the canteen cup from one of the dead Americans and was washing it with fistfuls of snow and gravel when a kid tottered over the lip of the slope and flopped down beside us.

"Could you say where I Company is?" he wanted to know. He sounded so croaky that we looked at him with attention. He wasn't small, but he gave the impression of smallness and youth, like a tired and dirty-faced little boy. There was a bandage around his right hand, but it was torn and loose so that the hand was exposed; it was swollen twice the size of the other.

"It's up there somewhere," Handleman said. "But what the hell do you want with I Company. You belong in a hospital."

"A grenade hit me—I've been down to the aid station—since yesterday," the kid said. "I thought I'd go up again—I thought they might need the help— There aren't many of I Company left—I'm pretty tired—I don't know if I can make it." He sounded vague and troubled. He told us his name was PFC Lawrence Levison and his address East Stanwood, Washington.

We left him squatting against the boulder and went on up the slope and across another snow field, following the telephone lines. We found Colonel Zimmerman sitting in the snow between two boulders with a telephone in one hand and an evil-looking cup of black coffee in the other.

"Finn is going to try to take the Bench at six o'clock," he said. "You'll find him up on top if you want to go and see it."

We threw our sleeping bags behind the rocks and went up into a boulder-strewn quarry. To the right was the soaring snow field where 500 men crouched at the crest. They had taken the field the day before.

Lieutenant Colonel John (Mickey) Finn was a black Irishman twenty-eight years old. When he pulled his hood back we saw there was a neat hole in the front center of his helmet and a ragged tear on top where the bullet had gone out.

"That's the Bench over there," he said, pointing to a shelflike mesa halfway up the peak to the left. "The Japs are in holes on top. They're dug in deep, but if we get 'em out we'll have most of the outside curve of the Fishhook. Bob Johnson will try to get 'em out with C and K companies."

We squatted in the rocks with a row of eight heavy machine guns and waited. The mortars and their crews were among the boulders below us. At six the machine guns among which we sat went to work. Then Johnson's men began to move out. They slipped under the jutting rock shoulder, dropped from view into an old Jap snow trench, then raced out of the trench one at a time and sprinted heavily across the soggy snow field. The Jap guns began to chatter and kick up the snow around them.

The first ones reached the rocks and dived flat along the side nearest us. The rest were still coming and Jap guns chattered slowly and harshly.

THE machine guns and mortars kept plastering the top of the Bench, and now one of Johnson's men scrambled out of the rocks and began to claw up the snowy slope. He went five yards, then ten, and still he hadn't fallen. Others scuttled over the rocks and began to follow him. Soon there was a ragged line scrambling awkwardly up the slope.

Three P-38s snarled through the valley to the right. They slanted between the cliffs, sliding down to strafe Chichagof. I looked down at the slope. It was clotted with men clawing from foothold to foothold and they were almost at the top. We'd know in a minute how this was going to go.

Finn yelled at the gunners and the crazy hammering of the guns stopped and the silence was like a noise. Johnson's men were strung along the slope just under the lip. They were gathering themselves to go over; you could almost see the tenseness in them. Then the Japs came to

life. Flame and gray snow dust leaped up in puffs. The Japs were tossing grenades out of their holes. Johnson's men scrambled crazily, then turned on their back ends and slid down the snow slope with their legs before them —oddly like schoolboys on a playground slide.

Then they began moving up again. One man's sleeping bag came unrolled and hung down from his waist, sweeping through the snow ludicrously like a gown with a train and bustle. He looked absurd, but he wasn't. No man who knows he may be dead in the next minute is absurd. He kept the sleeping bag; he might be dead in the next minute, but if he wasn't he would need the sleeping bag that night.

The guns fired again and so did the mortars, keeping the Japs down while they went up.

The line reached the top again and crouched there and the fire lifted again to let them go over. And then it occurred all over again, just as it had before. The gray powder and yellow flame of grenades bloomed among them and they turned like automatons reacting to a signal and slid down the slope on their backsides.

One man didn't slide. He buried his face in the snow and clung to the slope for a moment. Then he pulled himself over the edge and stood up alone on top of the Bench.

He stood still for a moment, holding his rifle in front of him. He stepped forward mincingly like a cautious dancer. He leaned over on tiptoes and pointed his rifle down into the ground and smoke puffed from the rifle. He danced backward, then moved forward to another spot and held his rifle down. He fired again.

He stalked along the Bench alone, upright, putting each foot down with infinite caution. He snatched at his belt and dropped something and danced away. He stepped up and fired where the grenade had exploded.

Four fox holes—one after another. Grenade and rifle—grenade and rifle—at arm's length range.

He drew back and fumbled with the rifle, trying to load it. He reached to his belt and fumbled with his bayonet. Then he ran forward quickly and raised the gun above his head and smashed it down. He was using it for a club, beating something down in the ground. Four times he raised the clubbed rifle and smashed it savagely.

Then he stepped to the edge of the mesa and crooked his arm to the men scrambling up the slope toward him. They swarmed over the top and spread out widely, firing and throwing grenades.

The one man stood where he was for a moment and then he slumped down and sat on a rock with his arms hanging. But he was up again in a few minutes, moving with the grenadiers across the Bench.

Colonel Mickey Finn ran all the way to the top of the Bench, where he grabbed Captain Johnson.

"Who was that God-blessed fool?" he demanded.

"That's him," said Johnson. "Mirich's his name. George Mirich. He's got three bullets in his left arm. He wouldn't have clubbed those guys but his ammo was gone and his bayonet was smashed."

Mickey Finn grabbed George Mirich and kissed him—a hell of a thing, considering the state of Finn's beard.

"George, George, what can I do for you?" the colonel said.

"I don't know, sir," Mirich said. "But I've been a corporal a long time."

"You're a sergeant," the colonel said. "Go get that arm dressed."

THE copy accumulating in my notebook had driven me to the beach and a typewriter, and so I missed being in Chichagof Valley on the morning of May 29, a circumstance for which I was later profoundly grateful.

I got into Chichagof Valley the next morning and spent the next two days there. I found some of my friends alive and some dead and gradually pieced the story together.

On the night of May 28 the Japs were beaten and they knew it. More than 1,000 of their garrison of about 2,500 were dead. Their artillery was gone and they had lost most of their ammunition, food, and medical supplies. They were face to face with a reality they had known to be true since the first day of the fight: Attu was lost and they were lost with it.

That night Colonel Yosuyo Yamasaki, the Jap commander, evidently issued orders to abandon their positions in Chichagof Harbor and make one last attack. They would sweep through Chichagof Valley, over the pass into Massacre Valley, and on toward the beach. Their objective was the howitzer concentration, eight miles from their starting point.

If any lived long enough to get there, they were to capture the howitzers, turn them on the American positions, and keep firing until help came from Japan.

That seemed to be the essence of Yamasaki's order. If it seems the harebrained nightmare of a madman, perhaps further details will confirm the opinion.

Yamasaki apparently didn't feel he was going to accomplish a great military coup. Yamasaki must have told his followers that his only hope was that one man might survive until help arrived, and that one's only function in remaining alive would be to carry home the story of Attu.

None were to surrender. They were all to begin killing Americans and to keep on killing until they themselves were killed. They would have no base thereafter and therefore they could no longer care for their wounded. Those whose wounds permitted them to hobble were ordered to take weapons and join the attack. Those too seriously injured to move were told to die before the harbor base was abandoned.

The seriously wounded were given pistols and the opportunity to blow their brains out. Those who opposed the idea or lacked stomach to do it were taken care of by their doctors. The doctors used two methods, a matter of personal preference. Some they killed with overdoses of morphine; others with hand grenades. They killed eighty-seven. They stacked the bodies like cordwood in a hospital tent and burned them.

We found what was left when we got into Chichagof Harbor.

Having dealt with the wounded, the remainder started out in the darkness. They probably were a few more than a thousand. They came up Chichagof Valley, skirted Lake Cories, came across the flat, and fell upon the token front line in the valley.

I GOT the rest of the story as I went along and got it in reverse, since the attack had come west and I was going east. Straightened out, it went like this:

Colonel Siddens, whose battalion was worn out by three weeks of uninterrupted fighting, and cut in half by death, wounds, and exposure, held the theoretical front line above Lake Cories. In the same small area Colonel Fish, as Zimmerman's executive officer, maintained an auxiliary CP from which valley troop movements were controlled. With them were Lieutenant Willis Lawson and the crews of his 37-mm. antitank guns. No trouble was expected in the valley; the fight was in the mountains above it.

In the darkness of 4.30 A. M. a number of Americans suddenly died in their sleep and then a screeching rabble of madmen burst upon these positions. Sent forth to die, the Japs were in an access of emotional fury so overwhelming that the Americans who met the attack and watched it to its end thought they must have been doped or drunk.

The first moments were silent. The Japs crept in, killed the guards, stabbed a dozen sleeping men in foxholes. Then they began to scream. They bawled in Japanese and howled imprecations in approximate English. Their screeches were of a pattern and apparently by rote:

"We kill American boys! We drink American blood like wine! We die—you die too!"

Sweeping out of the quiet dark to the accompaniment of insane wailing, the assault at first completely disorganized the Americans. Some rolled out from under descending bayonets and ran. Nobody blamed these panic-stricken ones, for each man who fled believed, with some reason. that he was the last living American on the hill.

Colonel Siddens and his staff occupied one of three pyramidal squad tents in the area. A howling rabble attacked the tent and Colonel Siddens received a fatal head wound in the first assault. Dr. Marvin Chernow, another occupant, was bayoneted through the face, but he lived and somehow later was gotten out of the area. The others, Major Wallace, Lieutenant English, Captain Howard Allen and one or two others, slashed the canvas walls and got down on their bellies and fought off the Japs with rifles.

The attack overwhelmed Lieutenant Lawson's men and swept over the antitank guns. The Japs wrecked several guns, but turned two around and began to fire across Sarana Valley at the engineers' area a mile away.

Colonel Fish, who two days before had been using these same guns to snipe Japs off the mountain slopes above, came roaring out of his tent and tried to recapture the guns singlehanded. They found him later, .45-caliber pistol in hand, beside the wheels of the first gun. He got that far before they killed him. Corporal Chong, the Chinese headquarters cook, a man who looked upon Colonel Fish with almost filial affection, followed him and was killed beside him.

Another group was caught in holes at the foot of a short slope. A squealing mob swarmed to the top and rolled grenades down into the Americans' faces. These men owed their lives, perhaps, to the unreliability of Jap grenades. Most failed to explode.

Somehow, out of the nightmare of panic and killing, the Americans in that area rallied in a shallow stream bed running transversely across the valley. They formed a firing line and contrived to hold the Japs back.

About 200 Japs stayed there and the remainder swept around the American line, howling as they went. They swept into two gullies at the base of the mountains and fell upon two aid stations receiving wounded from the mountain battleground. There they committed a massacre, bayoneting a dozen wounded men in their litters, an equal number of litter bearers, two doctors, and a chaplain. A few wounded men, litter bearers, and medics awoke in time to flee and some escaped. In one tent six men escaped by what seemed a miracle.

I heard the story from Private Ray McDermott, a medical attendant. McDermott was in the nursing tent where one litter patient and four litter bearers were asleep. He awoke to the macabre commotion of killing proceeding in the next tent and realized in time what was afoot. He shot the patient so full of morphine that he couldn't move, much less make an outcry that would betray them. He wakened the litter bearers and threw blankets and empty litters over them and over the patient. Then he crawled atop the pile of blankets and men and pulled an empty litter over himself. He lay there from 5.30 A. M. until eleven o'clock and watched the odd antics of the little men from Chichagof.

When they had completed their butchery in the next tent, the Japs settled down to a happy breakfast.

"They sure looked hungry," McDermott said. "They went through that kitchen like a pack of wolves—stuffed themselves with sausages, K rations, chocolate, everything they could open. Finally they found some hard candy and they filled their pockets and ammunition bags with that. Finally they left and we loaded up the patient and got the hell out of there. How we made it I'll never know. The valley was full of Japs."

HAVING cleaned out the dressing stations, the main Jap force trotted across the head of Sarana Valley looking for more blood to spill. They roared into the engineer camp area at 5.30 A. M. They hit so hard and fast that some swept completely through the camp and into the gullies on the other side in Massacre Valley.

The engineer area was the high tide of Colonel Yamasaki's wild blood bath. It reached its flood and the ebb began there when, in late afternoon, Major Kenneth Smith, headquarters commandant, found his way to the area by a circuitous route and took command of the defense.

Major Smith was killed late in the day.

For several hours the Americans were on the defensive, assaulted again and again by wild mobs under officers who advanced with reckless personal abandon, howling, brandishing their samurai sabers, or waving silk battle flags.

"They must have been doped or full of sake. They were absolutely nuts," a haggard American told me. "I never want to hear those ungodly screams again. Later, when we got them pinned down, they were still batty. They'd lie there and beat their fists on the ground and screech like kids having tantrums."

When daylight came at last the Americans saw what a motley crew these wild men were. Some were the soldiers they had been fighting for weeks—but now they were soldiers no longer; they were screaming lunatics. Many had old wounds, some even carried one arm in splints and sling.

They had come out, evidently, with every workable light weapon they still possessed. They had heavy machine guns—carried on shafts like sedan chairs—light machine guns, knee mortars, hundreds of grenades, both Japanese and captured American rifles. And some were armed only with bayonets lashed and nailed to sticks.

Despite the berserk fury of their assaults, however, the American defenses held. No matter how recklessly brave a man may be, he can still be killed by a rifle bullet or grenade. The more reckless he is indeed, the easier it is to kill him. The Americans, less reckless and still eager to live, killed hundreds of Japs. More than 100 Americans were killed, too, but the Americans were fighting to live, while the Japs were fighting to die. It makes a difference.

By midafternoon the heart had gone out of Yamasaki's warriors. In the infantry front-line area they were pinned down by American fire, and they huddled in groups, pounding the earth with their fists and screaming. The fever seemed to spread among their scattered ranks by some strange telepathy born of their own frenzy. Some began to kill themselves before the eyes of their enemies. There was never any hint that they considered surrendering. Their attack was broken—broken perhaps on the rack of their own crazed recklessness—and they appeared to feel no compulsion to postpone their deaths by fighting on.

They beat the Americans to it. Singly, by twos and threes, and by groups some of them took grenades, pulled the pins, armed them by rapping them against their helmets and then held the little chunks of dynamite and iron against head, breast, or stomach until they exploded.

Those who looked down on the scene from the surrounding mountains could scarcely comprehend what they saw before their eyes.

It was almost the end of organized resistance on the island—although none of us realized that for almost forty-eight hours more. In the morning there was one more charge by a band of 100 Japanese. They came down from the mountain to which they had climbed the day before, swept across the valley, and attacked dead Colonel Siddens' front-line area. The troops there,

now under Major Wallace and Captain Henry Sievers, were waiting for something of the sort. They met the charge with rifles, machine guns, and grenades and broke it. The few survivors killed themselves.

Thus ended Colonel Yamasaki's desperate bloodletting —three miles short of the goal where he had hoped to establish one Jap as a living testator to the mad heroism of Attu's doomed garrison.

For Yamasaki, as for his followers, the charge ended in bloody anonymity. His body was never found. There was a story that he had donned a private's uniform for this strange climax to his military career. We never knew. If he was one of those who blew themselves to bits he never will be identified.

The thing that saved Chichagof Valley from being a horror piece out of Edgar Allan Poe was numbers. It was stupefying and unbelievable but it wasn't horrible. Horror, you discovered there, is a limited emotion, and this, out of sheer mass and incredibility, went beyond horror's limits. Even if your mind had been big enough to think about it, you wouldn't have dared, because if you had thought about it you would have had to admit that these things had been men, and if this could come to one group of 800 men it could come to another. It would come to you. It was simpler not to have to think about it.

It began at the head of Massacre Valley, where the attack had swept through into an area occupied by one engineer company and a medical unit. About 100 dead Japanese lay there, scattered about so carelessly that the tractors, which were moving again, were having a difficult time to avoid running over them.

The Japs were scattered around three sides of the hill which formed the crest of the pass. I counted 130 before counting seemed too futile to continue. Fifty lay huddled behind a pile of American rucksacks where they had fought savagely the day before, and others lay like bits of unwanted junk along the switchback tractor road up which they had mounted in a column of fours. Some bodies were cleanly killed by rifle or machine-gun fire. Others were torn by grenades. There was no question which among these dead were the suicides. The suicides were those which had no hands.

The hands had been ripped off between wrist and elbow and some had been torn to pieces. Others were scattered among the bodies—some sprawling limp and plainly dead and others retaining an odd look of life, clutching at the earth or turned palm upward in grotesque supplication.

The hands had been necessary to accomplish it. They had been needed to hold the suicide grenades against the breast, the forehead, or the stomach and they did not survive the explosion. Some bodies still had one hand, but most had, evidently, used both to clutch death close.

ON the forward face of the knoll were a dozen fox holes in a ragged line. Eight of the holes had American bodies in them inside their sleeping bags. Some were curled on their sides as though sleeping and some lay on their backs. They looked peaceful but they were dead.

The top of the knoll, the sides, and fox holes all over it were full of Jap bodies and parts of bodies. Many had been killed by rifle fire, but there were others whose vitals lay spattered in bloody lumps on the tundra or in dabs sticking to the rocks. Some of those who killed themselves had gotten hold of American grenades and had not scorned to employ that foreign devil's device in the performance of a Japanese rite. Those who had used American grenades were hardly bodies at all.

The Japanese grenades had been powerful enough, however, although evidently exasperatingly unreliable. Alongside some lay two, three, or four unexploded grenades with the pins pulled out.

I wondered how those who delayed or had to try several times with bad grenades could finish the job, having seen what happened to those who went first. I guess that some had failed the test.

There was one pale and delicate-looking youngster who was quite dead but had suffered no disfigurement. A bayonet, still attached to a rifle, entered his back and stuck out of his breast. The bayonet and rifle were Japanese. I guessed somebody had helped him when he couldn't do it himself. If that was his pal lying behind the pale dead stripling, then the pal had preferred the simple and direct way for himself. He was nothing but blood and bone and tattered cloth.

We didn't do anything about the Jap bodies; there were too many. Anyway there wasn't any reason to be tender or respectful with a body for which its deceased owner had so little respect.

I went to bed but couldn't sleep for a while. I could have reached out of my fox hole either head or

foot and touched a dead Jap or a piece of one. I wondered if there'd be another insane charge in the morning and how I would act if it came. I was still trying to understand about the men without hands, but trying against my will.

It was easier to say that the Japs were animals, not men, and that anything that came to them had no application or parallel with you. It was easier and simpler to feel that way, but you knew damn well it wasn't true. You knew too much about them and respected them too much to say that they weren't men. It was a man's act to carry letters from his wife and children done up in packets and tied with ribbon in the breast pocket of his uniform. It was a man's act to carry family photographs, and it was the doting sentimentality of a man that led him to decorate his mean quarters with the crude but eager crayon of his children. No, you couldn't get out of it that way. They had been men, all right. They had been men as well as you were. And that only made it worse. They were men no longer.

There was no attack in the morning and we slept until nearly eight o'clock. We wondered why there hadn't been an attack; we had expected it.

It hadn't soaked in yet; we still didn't know. We had moved so long in the atmosphere of killing. We had got so used to the idea that somebody might be at any minute, and probably was, looking at us over a rifle barrel that we still felt that way. It was the normal way. We were used to knowing the Japs were close and eager for our blood. But not understanding that, was part of the big thing that none of us understood.

There wouldn't be another attack because there wasn't a Jap force on Attu any more. The Japs, except for a few, were all dead.

Chaplain Merriman had come in about dark the night before. He was anxious to catch up with Wallace, who now had Colonel Siddens' outfit, and that was the chaplain's gang. The chaplain had three cartons of cigarettes and he thought the boys might be needing them. He was in a hurry, and so was I because I thought we might get into Chichagof Harbor that day, and Chichagof had been the aim and objective of the whole campaign for so long that it still seemed the objective. We didn't realize yet that there was hardly any reason

for going to Chichagof now; the war was already finished in the scrambled bodies that lay around our breakfast board.

We set out up the valley past the spot where the dead peered up everywhere. When we found an American who had died, we spiked his rifle into the ground on its bayonet so that the litter bearers wouldn't miss him. The chaplain knew all the dead by sight and name, but he didn't say much. He was a good chaplain.

We came to a tiny stream leaping from the mountain flank and it looked like good drinking water except that a fat-faced mustached Jap corpse with spectacles lay in the water. We took hold of the body by one arm and the head and hauled it out on the bank.

"It's a crime he should be in the water. It's getting so you can't fill a canteen without finding a dead man in the water," the chaplain said.

We passed other bodies and most were messes and the chaplain seemed troubled.

"I'm glad they're dead, really glad of it," he said. "It worries me. How can I go back to my church when I've got it in me to be glad men are dead? In a way I'm sorry for these people and I wish we could have helped them. But now I'm glad they're dead."

We caught up with Captain Earl Nelson, whom I had last seen leading his company into the mountains a week earlier. He had a stocky youngster with him and was going up to take over the outfit.

"Wallace was wounded last night. Shot in the leg. Man, that's a bad-luck outfit to take over. Montague played out, Siddens killed, Wallace wounded—I wonder what'll happen to me."

Beyond the lake, along the singing river we came at length to a place where rifle and grenade fire punctuated an otherwise peaceful morning. There was a village—a smoking huddle of tents, buildings, and marvelous galleried caves toilsomely carved into the rock—and men were moving into it cautiously from the riverbank. They fired as they moved ahead. A man on the rise above motioned us to get down.

The mouths of three caves with blanket doorways showed across the river, and Nelson sent the youngster down to sneak up and grenade the pits while the rest covered the cave doors with rifles. The lad waded across the river and pitched a grenade into each hole. He crawled back, lighting a cigarette as he approached.

"There was live ones in there. I heard 'em yellin' when I slung in the bomb," he said, smiling.

Captain Mervin Elliott of New York City had the group mopping up in the village. The outfit was L Company, but it wasn't much of a company because he had only thirty-five left besides himself. Elliott's men killed three Japs as we came up and they lay bleeding into the trout stream. Two Americans searched them and one got a wrist watch, a rare prize.

THERE were other Japs in the tents and caves. They wouldn't come out, but they fired out blindly or threw grenades without knowing where they threw. A small citified youngster named Wolfe and a blocky Italian lad called Tony took turns pitching grenades into the caves, while the others fired into the openings to keep the Japs quiet until the bomb got there. The American grenade would explode and then, seconds later, the lighter explosions of two or three Jap grenades would snort inside the cave. When the Jap grenades went off, Wolfe would grin happily and yell.

"Dat's another'n. He took second choice," he would say. "They're blowin' themselves up. Listen to'm. Boy!"

A prisoner came out then. He was a scrawny little fellow in a long hooded coat. He crawled from one of the holes and walked down the bank with his hands outspread and a white handkerchief in one. He looked like a terrified monkey and it was hard to say whether his terror of us was greater than his terror of the hole from which he came. He kept looking back.

You thought there might be some one back there who would object to the little fellow's decision to surrender.

"Hey, you guys, don't shoot'm. He's givin' up. Don't shoot'm, give'm a chance," young Wolfe howled as guns jerked around and covered the Jap from a dozen directions.

"Come on, you little monkey bastard, and keep them hands up," Wolfe yelled.

The Jap didn't know what to do; he didn't understand English, especially Brooklyn English. He sank to hands and knees and crept forward. He must have felt strange—being so frightened and coming so fresh from the company of men who preferred blowing themselves up. So strange and lonesome to be a coward and cling to life amid slaughter and self-murder.

Grenades grunted in the hole from which he had come. The scrawny youngster looked over his shoulder and licked his lips.

"Keep comin', you lucky little monkey!" Wolfe yelled.

Ten minutes later the savage young Wolfe knew the little Jap was unarmed and docile. No sooner had he ascertained this pertinent data than he tried to tame him. He acted like a boy with a new pup and nearly killed him with kindness, cigarettes, and food. Wolfe's cutthroat companions stood in a ring and gazed at the prisoner with the fatuous smiles of grown-ups regarding babies. They were fond of him immediately. Live prisoners were rare on Attu.

MAJOR WALLACE lay on a crest, overlooking Chichagof Harbor. He was wrapped in Jap blankets, shivering violently, and burning with thirst, but he was happy. He showed me his rifle stock, his sheath knife, and his watch. The bullet had gone through all three and into his thigh, carrying the mainspring, stem, and a couple of cogwheels with it.

"The litter bearers'll cuss when they see it's me," he said. "I'm damned if I know why a two-hundred-pounder like me has to wait until he gets eight miles from the hospital to be wounded."

Wallace's men had the harbor and all the buildings in it. It didn't amount to much—a shell-riddled beach, a battery of antique 75-mm. antiaircraft guns of German influence, some sad-looking trucks, the wrecks of two airplanes, a few sod-covered shacks, admirable because of the beautiful camouflage that made them part of the scenery, an intricate network of pathways toilsomely hewn in the stubborn mountains, and a few dead—including the eighty-seven wounded, killed, and cremated by the doctors.

They took the harbor standing up, without opposition. Taking Chichagof was anticlimactic, an absurd conquest after two weeks of fighting for this objective. There hadn't been a Japanese Bataan. The Japs were dead already in the shameful abattoir of Chichagof Valley.

They took the scrawny little prisoner back to the intelligence section and turned the interpreters loose on him. He smiled happily all the time and occasionally he would laugh aloud. Considering the circumstances of his surrender and the bloody pathway of his calvary back to headquarters, his mirth seemed odd and ill-considered. They asked him about it.

"Why shouldn't I be happy?" he said. "Theoretically I'm dead."

Gradually there were other prisoners, fourteen as of the day I left Attu. Most, when taken, believed themselves the last living Jap on the island. Each was asked why he had suffered himself to be captured. Their answers were various.

A medical sergeant said he was ashamed of his weakness and disgraced by it. He supposed "the devil must have got into him."

A lad of eighteen had been ordered to join Yamasaki's great attack. He had gone a little way, but the darkness tempted him and he wandered off by himself.

"I don't like to fight," he said in simple explanation.

Two artillerymen were captured searching for food in the battered remains of the harbor settlement.

"We would not have given up," they said in dignified explanation, "but we were unarmed and we had left our grenades in our other coats. It was a mistake."

A cook was taken in Chichagof. He had been ordered into the attack and had joined it, he said. But after going a little way he had remembered that he had cooked

recently and had left the kitchen dirty. He went back to tidy up.

A wounded soldier with badly frostbitten feet was taken to the doctors before facing the inquisition. His treatment had been excellent and he was grateful, he said. He yearned to show his gratitude in some useful service to the United States. He suggested that he be employed as a spy.

A civilian technician was one of the few who sought capture openly. He came down a mountain waving a white flag, and the boys pulled off his pants on the theory that no man is so helpless and harmless as a man without his pants. He was indignant, for he had lost face in addition to his pants. He protested the indignity formally.

He said he thought he was the last one alive and that he had surrendered because he wanted to return to Japan sometime as a living witness to the incredible heroism of Yamasaki's men. He said he considered it all right for him to be a prisoner. He was a civilian and could conscientiously surrender—while soldiers could not. In the next breath he said that, on the other hand, he could never return to Japan because they would kill him.

He said he had a wife and two children in Yokohama, but he supposed he would never see them again.

Having answered these matters politely, he inquired about the prospects of a job in San Francisco.

I did not understand these men, and the prisoners contributed nothing to understanding. They made it more grotesque. They were docile, ingratiating, reasonable.

Yet, in Yamasaki's grandiose fantasy, they had been ordered out to die and they had accepted such an order as proper and sensible. By a dozen-odd miracles, these few had lived and they had come out of Yamasaki's madness and their own madness and these unmeasured emotional storms had left them unmarked, calm, reasonable, and concerned for jobs in San Francisco. They had walked through a door.

If anything were needed to complete the macabre absurdity of Attu, the prisoners supplied it. They were men all right, but what kind of men?

And it was not so essential to understand it as it was to understand whether Attu was a prophecy. We weren't through fighting these people yet.

If all Japan were like these men—and if, as it must, all Japan were some day to be trapped as 2,500 Japs were trapped on Attu, must we kill and witness the suicide of a nation of over seventy million?

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

NOT only has the sale of Bibles boomed (and religious novels) but, as **Margaret Lee Runbeck** points out in **The Great Answer**, "God gets His name in the papers." Men speak of praying now without affectation or apology.

Nor is it only the fox holes which never shelter atheists. There are men and women on ships, in cities, at home as well as abroad, who have found lately that prayers are answered.

Miss Runbeck has collected a number of their adventures wherein she combines war and religious experiences into a mixture neither too martial nor too preachy. She has done a remarkable job. Her group of stories is

Margaret Lee Runbeck

exciting and vivid, but they are not merely reports. They are character studies, too, and although some of them (like the Rickenbacker episode) have been trumpeted in the press and written and rewritten, they emerge here with a freshness and sparkle.

There is one story of a man whose major struggle was not in the fire of war so much as in himself; there are stories of simple fortitude as well as faith. It is one side of the war which certainly has deserved this kind of book and Miss Runbeck has measured up to it.

It is a fine book which the toughest top sergeant will read with as much relish as the padre, which civilians will appreciate,

Martha Gellhorn

and which makes a swell gift to anybody who is meeting war first hand.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price, $2.

IN **LIANA**, a mature novel by **Martha Gellhorn**, the sounds of war are offstage, but war's influence is no less compelling.

Liana is a beautiful half-caste native of the tiny French island of St. Boniface in the Caribbean. She had become the possession of Marc Royer, the island's wealthiest man, native to the island himself but white and of French descent. Marc kept her immured in his large and gloomy house until Liana tired of it and ran away—to her mother's cabin on the land Marc had given the mother in exchange for Liana.

Unaccountably Marc found life unbearable without Liana, and to bring her back and assure her staying, he married her. Moreover, he treated her, in some ways, as he would have had she been white. He bought her clothes, he instructed his servants to consider her their mistress, and when she was still unhappy and bored, he hired the island schoolmaster to teach her, to help her attain "culture."

Pierre taught her, but he also treated her as a person, as an equal. He saw her as a beautiful girl, and the effect on Liana was, of course, tragic. She loved Pierre and for a while he was sure he loved her.

But Pierre had come to the island from France, after its fall, and when Free France rose to fight again, Pierre wished to be off to help. Suddenly Liana became to him—what she was, a half-Negro girl, beautiful and lovable but not a girl for whom he could sacrifice a way of life.

And Liana, confronted with the knowledge of her own position, had to take the only solution to her problem she knew.

It is a thoughtful, intelligent novel, skillfully written. It deserves commendation not only for that, but because it is one of the books which are groping toward honest understanding in a world where so little exists.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $2.50.

"War Bonds"—2 words that mean peace and plenty

2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"

Never in the world could a whiskey have the sunny good nature of this grand straight bourbon but for a Hiram Walker distilling refinement which makes Walker's DeLuxe smooth from the start. Further mellowed by four long years in the wood, Walker's DeLuxe sums up in two words everything you'd hope to find in whiskey smoothness. Rare *any* time...especially so now because the distillery is making only alcohol for war.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 90 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1944

JET-PROPULSION—AND NOW WHAT?

Continued from Page 19

reached, a voyage around the earth would be made at a speed of much more than a thousand miles an hour. We have Professor Goddard's authority for it that these higher speeds are theoretically possible.

When engineers think of the future in these terms they realize that only a crude beginning has been made with the new jet-propelled fighter plane. A new and difficult problem in design is presented. Gyroscopes will have to be used to prevent transcontinental and transoceanic torpedo-like craft from spinning. The metallurgist will be asked to provide materials which will not melt like wax at the high temperature of the gases that rush out. Professor Goddard has already done much work in designing efficient nozzles, but much more research will have to be conducted. A new kind of navigation is demanded, a kind which will depend more than ever on radio. In fact, a sort of block-signal system based on radar will have to be invented to facilitate landing. New airfields will have to be provided, with new hangars and other facilities.

Years must pass before the wingless rocket plane arrives, yet there are designers enough who believe that by 1960 we shall rocket across continents and oceans.

The next step is the craft which will actually escape the earth's remorseless clutch—what we call gravitation or weight—and flash off to the moon or Mars. This is a very long step, and here are some of the complications:

To leave the earth, a starting speed of seven miles a second is necessary. It will be difficult to protect passengers from the consequences of that terrific start. When an automobile is jerked forward from rest, you are suddenly pressed back in your seat. At seven miles a second, just as a beginning, you would feel the pressure. As the speed increased, you would feel as if some giant who weighed half a ton were kneeling on your chest. Some way of protecting you from that enormous, suddenly applied push would have to be invented. There is a risk of your being crushed into a pulp.

But assume that you make the take-off successfully. Out in space you experience more difficulties and dangers. The fluid in the spinal column and the labyrinth in the middle ear—the part that enables you to maintain your balance—certainly are affected. Since there is no weight in space, your heart pounds furiously. Probably you do not sit at all. Instead you lie in a hammock; only in a horizontal position can you

HARDTACK

"You be a brass hat."

I put the hex on scrubby shaves
With Thin Gillette, the blade that saves!
In record time my face feels swell
And looks right in the pink as well!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10¢
Precision-made to fit
your Gillette Razor exactly
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

hope to stand the agonizing pressure as speed increases rapidly after the start.

It is weight (gravitation) that keeps us on the earth. But since there is no weight out in space, you find yourself in a new world. Nothing falls in an earthly sense. Tilt a table in the cabin of the ship and it remains tilted. Hold it in mid-air, release your grasp, and it stays in mid-air. There is no need of a bed. You slip your arms and legs in straps and go to sleep.

There is difficulty in getting a square meal, too. You cannot pour water out of a pitcher, for example. In fact, you have to break the pitcher and receive the water as a ball. Or you have to whirl the water around in a pail and drive some of it off by centrifugal force. Soup comes out of the kitchen in a ball. And so does a stew.

It would take 531 days, or almost a year and a half, to reach Mars in such a rocket ship. But don't imagine that you will set out when you please, as if you were going to Europe on a liner. Astronomers must compile the time-tables. Mars must be met by appointment, as it were. The planet is at its nearest when it is 36,000,000 miles distant. Allowances must be made for the motion of Mars and the earth in their respective orbits, and for the rotation of the earth. The course, which is an ellipse, must be figured very carefully, and the ship must leave on the minute to keep its appointment with Mars. The whole proceeding is somewhat like shooting a duck on the wing. You have to aim a little ahead of the duck.

TO strike the elliptical path which is the equivalent of the shortest distance, the captain must jockey his ship. For a time he speeds straight away from the earth. Then he stops dead. The ship now becomes a sort of little planet which revolves around the sun, just like the earth or Mars. When Mars looms up, the nozzles spurt high-pressure gases again, and the captain heads for his destination.

During this stop you go into an air lock. Clothed in the right kind of suit, with an oxygen mask fitted over your head, you can step from the lock right out into space. What about falling? You can't fall. Remember, you have no weight. You propel yourself along by firing a pistol. When you want to return to the ship, you fire again and thus kick yourself back.

You will behold an awesome spectacle. The sun blazes like a hard, white-hot metal disk. The stars are visible in a dark sky, because there are no air, no moisture, and no dust to impart the blueness that means so much to us. Around the sun appears the weird corona we see only in total eclipses.

Getting back to earth will not be easy. Forward-firing jets will have to be provided to slow the ship down. Probably the passengers will have to descend in closed gliders. And the ship? That will have to be abandoned.

All this reads like a Jules Verne dream. But it's more than a dream. Remember that the jet-propelled plane we now have came out of it. It may take centuries to make the dream come true. J. B. S. Haldane has even suggested that some billions of years hence, when the earth is about to dry up and death is imminent, the human race will take to rockets and colonize Venus. By that time the steaming, cloud-veiled planet ought to be fit for settlers. As for the earth, it will drift on as it always has drifted, but as an utterly deserted planetary hulk.

THE END

Coming! Great Day! Greater Gibsons!

AS NEAR, AS SURE, AS VICTORY

... GIBSON'S GREATEST!

We are now engaged one hundred percent in the production of giant gliders, bombs, flares and other tools of war to hasten the day of Victory; and therefore are making no peacetime products. But we are planning for peace as indicated in this advertisement, so that a high level of productive employment may be maintained after the war. This is a serious objective of our Government to which we subscribe.

Charles J. Gibson
President

As sure and as soon as the *lights go on again*, you'll look with joy and amazement at the wonders of Tomorrow. You'll see a radiant NEW Gibson Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator, designed and built as though to your very own specifications!

Important features you wanted . . . spacious, wall-to-wall shelves; unobstructed roominess; far greater convenience! And different zones of cold—STRATA Zones—each with a different humidity—"weather conditioned"—for different kinds of food. One for foods that require moist chilling. Another for foods which must be kept just above freezing. Still another for foods which need crisp *sub*-cold! Improvement topping improvement—until you'll hardly believe your eyes!

Equally welcome will be the NEW Gibson Kookall automatic electric range—a range worth waiting for, a marvel of convenience by the organization with 65 years of experience in creating better household appliances.

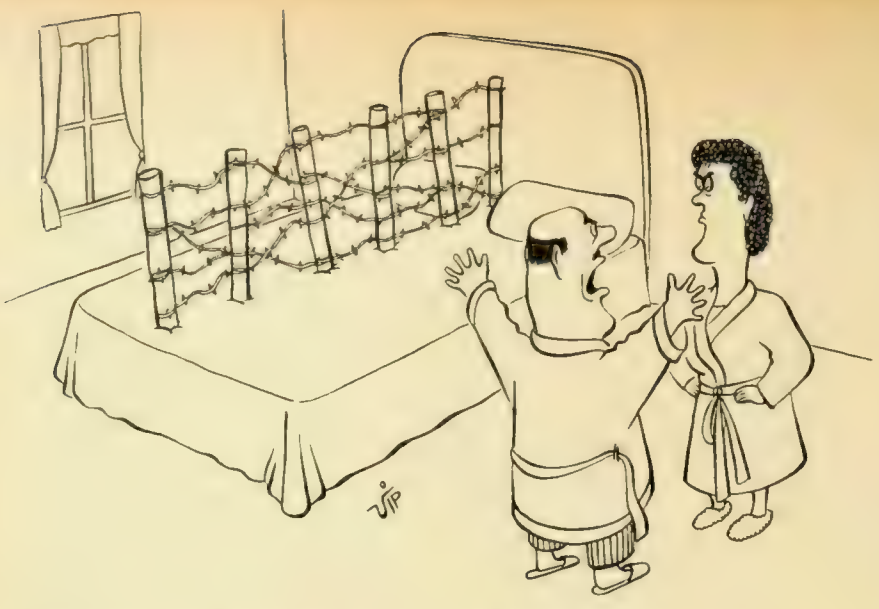
When Victory is won your Gibson dealer will be ready and waiting to show you something really NEW—to complete and to compliment your NEW Home of Tomorrow!

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Greenville, Michigan
Export Department, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!

REFRIGERATORS · RANGES

Gibson



"All right! So I won't take up your side of the bed any more!"

ARGENTINA'S BAD NEIGHBOR POLICY

Continued from Page 13

Argentina takes even greater pride in the purity of its blood than in its wealth, and considers itself to be the only country in South America that can lay any claim to racial unity. There can be no argument on that point. Spanish blood predominates as in no other country outside of Spain itself. The soldiers who were sent to plant the flag of Spain in the New World found in some places Indians with a very well developed civilization, like the Incas of Peru, and in other places tribes of fierce warriors, like the Araucanians of Chile. These Indians survived the conquest, and there was the inevitable admixture of blood from the union of native women with Spanish soldiers. The Indians in the area which now constitutes Argentina were of poorer clay—half-naked nomads. There were not many of them. They could not survive civilization and soon disappeared.

AFRICAN slavery was never introduced in Argentina as it was in Brazil and some other South American countries, so there was never any Negro population. The waves of immigration came from Europe—principally Spain and Italy. These are the only blood streams which have been mixed to any appreciable extent with the blood of the original Spanish colonists, all white and all northern Mediterranean. With a racial background like that, the Argentine holds himself to be socially superior to his neighbors and is conscious of the political strength inherent in racial unity. His attitude toward the Bolivians and the Paraguayans, with their poverty and mixed ancestry, is much like that of the nineteenth-century Boston aristocrat toward the Southern hillbillies and share-croppers. They do not belong to his set. In greater or lesser degree, that is his attitude toward all his neighbors.

If you ever remind an Argentine that Brazil has more than three times the population of his own country, he will call your attention to the fact that the population of Brazil includes millions of Negroes and Indians. There are more white people in Argentina than in Brazil; therefore, he will insist, Argentina has the largest population. This consciousness of race, with the inevitable antagonisms and prejudices, fits neatly into the familiar Nazi pattern. The Argentines were boasting about the purity of their race and their superiority over their neighbors long before Hitler was born.

Having more wealth than their neighbors, a greater number of Argentines were able to make frequent trips to Paris or to maintain second homes there. More of their young men were sent there to school, and thus, in the opinion of Argentines, their country became the greatest reservoir of European culture in this hemisphere—and, to their way of thinking, no other culture is worth bothering about. In spite of the fact that they have made their money through the sale of beef to Britain, very few Argentines ever sent their sons to school in England, and still fewer sent them to the United States. Argentine culture is purely European.

Thus the Argentine believes himself superior to Americans in everything except wealth, and here he is able to make a nice distinction, placing our wealth in a different category from his own. Most of the rich men of Argentina are wealthy because papa died leaving them a lot of land and cows. They have the innate snobbery of inherited wealth and because most of our millionaires have been self-made they like to call us "dollar chasers." They do not have to chase the pesos which come rolling to them from the rich pampas which many of them have never seen.

Irritating as Argentine conceit may be, no one can deny or wishes to deny the greatness of the country. Argentines are confident of its future. And when they think of the future their thoughts turn toward national prestige as well as national prosperity.

They feel that their country does not enjoy the prestige to which it is entitled, that in their isolated position they are overlooked by the rest of the world. They would like to see their diplomats and their Foreign Office play a much larger part in world politics, a part more in keeping with the expensive diplomatic establishments which they maintain in many parts of the world. The ambassadors and ministers in their diplomatic service come from the class of purse-proud cattle barons. And here is where the real cause of irritation between Argentina and the United States lies.

With their power and pride and their admiring study of European political strategy, it was inevitable that the statesmen of Argentina should look on their country as the one which should assume the leadership in South American affairs. Such a leadership would rank Argentina as a second-rate power instead of just one of a scrambled lot of Latin-American republics about which most diplomats knew little and cared less. The Argentines believed that they could easily assume and maintain this position if they were not restrained by the influence of the United States, "the Colossus of the North." They were aware of the puzzling fact that as a race they were heartily disliked and distrusted by all of their neighbors, yet that in the sophisticated and cynical school of European politics national likes and dislikes are of small importance. In the political poker game which they learned to play, power was represented by blue chips, political adroitness by red. The white chips of negligible value are friendship and good will. And in South America they would have more blue and red chips than any one else.

BUT with Uncle Sam in the game all calculations have been upset. As we assume leadership in Latin-American affairs and bind small nations to us with ties of friendship and mutual interest, Argentine ambitions become less and less attainable. That is the root of Argentine animosity to us, though it magnifies and throws into sharp focus all minor and unimportant differences. If we would pay no attention to Latin-American and especially to South American affairs, the Argentines possibly would not like us better, but they would dislike us less.

They certainly disliked us less during the almost forgotten era of "dollar diplomacy" and Nicaraguan intervention, when we made many enemies south of the Rio Grande. The more enemies we made, the more pleased were the Argentines, for that postponed the day when other Latin-American countries would accept our leadership.

The Good Neighbor Policy which has been such a great success in other countries has never gotten very far in Argentina, because the more friends we make in other countries the greater is Argentine animosity toward us—an animosity born of jealousy and envy. The records of the numerous Pan-American conferences all read much the same. In all of them the interest centered on attempts of the Argentine delegation to sabotage the proceedings.

With political ideas and ambitions like these, it is easy to understand how the Fascist-minded rulers of Argentina would have welcomed an Axis victory. They had no fear that a Hitler conquest of Europe would be followed by German political or economic domination of South America. Just why they should have had none is a secret of the Argentine Foreign Office, but they must have had good reasons. They had had plenty of experience with German high-pressure methods and could understand them because they were not unfamiliar with these methods themselves. Perhaps they had been assured and believed that in the new world order, as planned by the Axis, Argentina had been given a satisfactory cut. Let us suppose, just for the purpose of speculation, that the Nazi and Japanese agents who have been so active in Buenos Aires for the past few years, and whose activities ostensibly precipitated the recent break with the Axis,

(*Continued on page 72*)

Continued from Page 24

while he boiled up his instruments and got the piece of shrapnel out of my hip. There was enough pain to make me keep my teeth clamped together. Once or twice, while he worked at the couch, Ellie used a cloth to wipe the sweat off my face. I wished she wouldn't. I wished she'd leave me alone. And yet she stood next to me all the time, with one hand on my shoulder as if to give me strength. When I gasped and heaved up the time Doc caught hold of the sliver of steel, her hand tightened on me, and she whispered, "All right, Jeff. It's all over now. You'll be all right."

It just made me feel worse.

By the time Doc Frisbee had me bandaged up, it was dark. Tod had lit the lamps. And Ellie's mother and father had come in from Twin Buttes. They stood around with big eyes, not only surprised by my being back in the valley but by my being in their house the way I was.

"Land's sakes, how did it happen?" Ellie's mother asked. She was plump and round-faced, with hair the same color Ellie had, only sprinkled with gray.

Before anybody else could speak, Tod answered quick, "He twisted his back."

Maybe he thought he was making things easier for all of us by saying it that way, but I wouldn't have it. I figured Ellie's folks might as well know how I felt.

"I twisted my back," I said, "trying to take a swing at Tod's jaw."

For a few seconds nobody spoke. They all looked at one another, sort of embarrassed, and Ellie pressed my shoulder again as if begging me not to talk like that. Old Dan Carmichael turned away muttering.

I'd always liked Dan. He was as honest and straightforward a man as you'd want to know. I had a notion he liked me, too, as he'd liked my father before me, and he wasn't any too happy about the things that were happening. A lanky man with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, he had the kind of horseshoe mustache, droopy and all gray, they used to wear in my grandfather's time. There was something solid and respectable about Dan Carmichael.

"Well, that's that," Doc Frisbee said, rolling down his sleeves. "All you've got to do now is rest, Jeff. Two-three days in bed, and you'll be fit again."

That scared me. Did he mean I couldn't move? I said, "Doc, I got to get *home!*"

"No reason you can't be driven home," he answered. "You don't have to act up like this. Just take it easy going in and out of the car. I'd wait an hour or so, though, before starting."

That made me feel easier, and I settled back again.

IT was Dan Carmichael who drove me home in the light of a low moon. We went in my flivver, after Dan and Tod had all but carried me out to it. Tod followed us in the Carmichael car, so he could take the old man back later.

We didn't say much at the beginning. I slumped in my corner of the seat, frowning at the round yellow moon; it sat on the eastern rim of the valley. Dan Carmichael was straight and stiff.

WHERE DEPENDABILITY REALLY MEANS SOMETHING...

Dependable CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

ARE ON ACTIVE DUTY!

Maximum performance and dependability are the two qualities that are absolutely essential in spark plugs for our armed forces. Champion Spark Plugs have certain exclusive and patented features which insure these qualities and are being used by our armed forces, on land, water and in the air. The traditional dependability of Champions under the most adverse operating conditions is thus being emphasized as never before. You too can depend on Champions for better performance in every engine.

TO SAVE GASOLINE —KEEP SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK — BUY WAR BONDS

He drove at about the speed a man could jog along, doing his best to go easy over the bumps or to steer around them.

When at last he did talk, his voice was low and deep, close to a whisper:

"I'm mighty sorry, Jeff, you had to come home to a thing like this."

There was nothing I could think to answer.

For that matter, there was nothing he could think to add. What *could* you say? The thing was done. Ellie was going to marry Tod Deever the middle of next month. It was all set and fixed, and that's all there was to it. Maybe Dan didn't like the way Ellie had handed the news to me. Maybe he didn't like what she was doing altogether. But Ellie was twenty-two, with a mind of her own, and she was entitled to her own way in life. No sense in Dan's grumbling about it to me.

I understood all that and let it go.

ALSO, I could understand—now that I thought about it in a clear way—why she should want to marry Tod. In the first place, he was mighty rich compared to me. I had nothing worth mentioning when it came to supporting a wife, only some notions about how I could earn good pay working at a desk or a bench in a war plant—some job where I could sit all day. Tod didn't have to worry about such things. Ever since his father had cracked his spine the time he'd been thrown by a horse, Tod had been boss of the Circle D, the other side of Twin Buttes. It was a big outfit. He was running quite a few thousand head of cattle, mostly Herefords, and with the government needing beef the way it was, I figured the Circle D must be making plenty. I remembered how ma had written me a year ago: "Tod Deever's just been deferred by the draft board. They say he's in a job he can't be spared from, raising all that beef."

Yes, he was a good man to marry, all right. Dependable. Earning plenty. A girl wouldn't be gambling much on the future when she married Tod Deever. It was a lot smarter than marrying somebody with nothing except some shrapnel in his hide and a couple of medals on his chest. You can't buy comfort with shrapnel and you can't eat medals.

Then Dan Carmichael spoke again. From what he said I guessed he was trying to take my mind off Ellie.

"Notice I ain't got anybody ridin' herd on the place?" he asked.

I looked at him. Up to now I hadn't had time to notice anything like that. But when he mentioned it, it came to me I hadn't seen any riders around—and it wasn't logical for him to be working his big spread alone. Though I knew he was trying to make me forget Ellie, I let him.

"How come?" I asked.

"Will Ducane."

I didn't understand what he meant, but the way he talked, with bitterness in his tones, wasn't usual with Dan Carmichael.

"We been havin' a little war of our own down here in the valley," Dan said. "Ducane and me."

"I heard you socked him today."

You could see Dan's Adam's apple go up and down as he swallowed. He said, "I didn't aim to do a thing like that. Just lost hold o' my temper."

Knowing Dan, I waited for the rest. And pretty soon it came.

"It started almost a year ago," he said, "when he came around an' offered to buy my land. His price was fair—I ain't denying that. But I didn't want to sell. Not at any price. This land has been Carmichael land since my grandpa's day, an' I don't aim to give it up before I die. The way Ducane saw it, though, my point was just plain sentiment. He figured he could buy sentiment, so he boosted his price. Fact, he's boosted his price four times."

"Seems damn anxious," I said.

"*Too* damn anxious. I don't savvy why. It don't make sense."

"What's he want the extra land for? Didn't he say?"

"Says he hankers to own all of Sundown Valley. That would mean getting your spread, too. Wants to own the whole place so he can carry out some plans he's got in mind—not mentioning *what* plans, though."

I couldn't understand that, either.

"He's a queer feller," Dan said, shaking his head and scowling at the moonlit road. "I got a notion his money's gone to his head. He figures he can get just about everything he wants, one way or another, by throwin' the money around. And the more you tell him he can't have a thing, the more he wants it. Stubborn as hell."

I was waiting to hear the things that had led up to the fight in Twin Buttes today, and now they came, too.

"When Ducane saw he couldn't budge me with money or talk, he started trying to find some other way of forcing me to sell. He got the idea I couldn't run my ranch without help, so he started hiring my hands away. Paid them double what I could pay. I went out and found me some riders down Tonopah way, and some more around Ely; but every time I got a man up here, why, somebody on Ducane's outfit would spot him and go to him with a double-pay offer, and I'd lose my rider quick. It got to the point where I just couldn't *take* it any more."

Dan stopped talking and spat over the side of the car. I didn't say anything.

Then he went on: "I finally had to do something I'd never done in all the years o' my life—ordered Will Ducane and his men to stay off my land. Well, last week I went over to West Ely and found me two old gents who agreed to ride herd for me. They lasted just one day. Ducane's crowd hired 'em away yesterday afternoon. I—I was fit to be tied. When I ran into Ducane himself in Twin Buttes today, I told him what I thought of him. One word led to another, and first thing I knew, I hauled off and banged a fist into his nose. Not that it did me any good or changed matters any. But I—well, I felt a mite better, anyhow, after I'd landed on him like that. It didn't seem to be such a one-sided war any more."

I thought awhile and said what I'd told ma, too. "It don't seem reasonable for a man to want land that bad when he's got twenty thousand acres already."

Dan Carmichael grunted. "I ain't been able to work out the answer, either, Jeff. Still, there's an answer *some* place. A man like him don't offer a lot more than land is worth just for nothing."

He turned the flivver into our side road. There were lights in the kitchen windows. I could see ma go past them, and Uncle Hoke, too, and I kind of groaned on the idea that I'd let ma do all her cooking for nothing. I wouldn't be able to eat much tonight. What I *could* have used just then was a whole jug of Uncle Hoke's raw whisky to wash away all my feelings and to get myself so drunk I'd forget everything that had happened. When I thought of how good it had seemed at the beginning, while Lila Ducane drove me down the long hill, I laughed at myself for a fool.

IN the morning ma and Uncle Hoke watched me while I ate breakfast in my bed. Ma sat on a chair, with her hands folded in the lap of a gray dress. Uncle Hoke stood near the window. Every now and then he'd scratch in his beard and glance out toward the barn, as if he was thinking how much better it would be to lie down in the stall with a full jug of whisky.

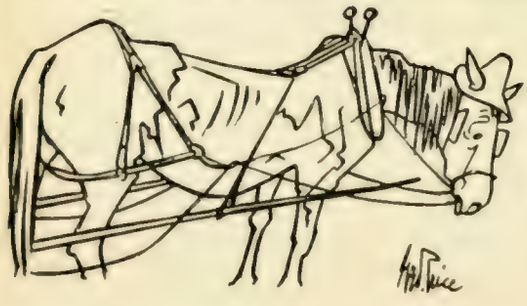
Ma must have been studying my face, because she said in a gentle way, "No sense bein' so unhappy about it, Jeff. She isn't married *yet*."

Uncle Hoke growled, "Don't be givin' him ideas, Amy."

"It isn't an idea," ma said. "It's just a —feeling I have."

I quit eating to give her a narrow look.

She smiled. It was one of ma's nicest smiles, soft and full of understanding. "You know what your pa used to say, Jeff: 'No one's ever failed till he quits trying.' "



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

WHOAFUL: A sad horse.

SUMBODY: A well known arithmetic teacher.

ANTS-SIR: Reply to the question: "What goes to picnics?"

BREWTALITY: Hitting the suds too often.

SOULDIER: A chaplain.

SON-ATRA: Frank, Junior.

NONCENTS: Those pennies that look like dimes.

SCORCHARD: Baked apples on a tree.

SCOWR: Soapsuds and elbow grease on the flat-bottomed boat.

WRAPLICA: One fur coat just like another, or, perhaps, a fox-simile.

"What the devil you getting at, ma?" I asked, though I knew what she meant, all right.

"While you were away," she said, "it was natural for Ellie to go to dances and such with Tod Deever or somebody else. You couldn't expect her just to sit home all the time. Tod's been with her a lot, and maybe that sort of turned her head. It ain't the first time such a thing's happened to a girl, Jeff. But now that she's seen *you* again, maybe she'll feel different—maybe she does already, only she didn't have much chance to do anything about it yesterday."

Uncle Hoke said, "What's the sense of bothering him like that, Amy? He'll find himself another woman quick enough. If Ellie's that changeable, let Tod have her, and good riddance!"

"All the same," ma said, her voice sharp, "if Jeff's hurt as bad as he looks, he can at least make a *fight* for Ellie! He's every bit as good a man as Tod Deever."

"Some ways, better," Uncle Hoke said. "But he ain't got Tod's cattle."

I said, "Let's drop it," and my voice was sticky. "Right now I want some peace!"

But I didn't have much peace that day. The word spread that I was home, and folks started driving out from town to shake my hand and stand around my bed and ask a lot of questions about the Nips, just the way I'd known they would. The place looked as if we were running a town meeting. Ma was passing out her cookies and the last of her berry wine, and about noon she had to send Uncle Hoke into town to buy more stuff.

ABOUT two in the afternoon, when I was alone a minute, Uncle Hoke ran in, kind of excited and red-eyed. "You just got a few million dollars' worth o' comp'ny, Jeff," he said. "Will Ducane and his daughter drove over. They brought some little blondie with 'em, too. You better spruce up. Slick back your hair."

I lay and waited. Will Ducane himself coming to see me was good—after passing me up on the road yesterday. Well, I thought, he wouldn't be here if he didn't want to get something out of me—the land, no doubt.

Lila came in first. Her chestnut-colored hair swung loose to her shoulders, without a band around it today. She looked very slim and neat in the blue slacks she wore; mighty cute, too.

"I didn't know you were laid up, Jeff!" she said. "I'm terribly sorry!"

Just like that. So now we were old friends. She stood next to my bed and took my hand.

"Is there any pain?" she asked.

"No more," I said.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Your mother told us you ought to be up in a few days."

She sounded so honest and simple that I wondered how a man like Will Ducane—the bulldog kind, from all I'd heard—could have a daughter like her. Maybe her mother was the good side of the family, I thought; and then I remembered old stories about how her mother and father had been divorced ten years ago, and how the mother had gone right off and married some South American señor. Now she lived in Rio or Buenos Aires or some place down there.

I was still watching the kid, wondering about her, when her friend, Peggy Allenwood, came into the room, blinking her eyes at me and telling me how awful, awful sorry she was that I was in bed again.

Will Ducane was different. When he walked in he reminded me of my sergeant. He was blunt, brisk, businesslike. He had a stubborn face with heavy eyebrows, and his body was built strong and solid. His nose was still swollen.

"Good having you home again, Conley," he said and shook my hand. "The whole valley's proud of you."

I said, "Thanks."

He talked of this and that till Lila interrupted to say I'd promised to ride over to their ranch. I couldn't remember making such a promise, but I let it go.

Ducane smiled. He said to me, "Don't let this brat of mine annoy you too much, Conley. If she takes a liking to your medals, she'll give you no rest until you smack her down."

"I'll handle her," I said; and because Peggy Allenwood was blinking at me again, I added, "and her friends, too."

At that Will Ducane's brat laughed out loud and, believe it or not, she pushed her hand through my hair and gave my head a shove in the pillow as if we were old playmates. "Bigger men than you have tried it, Jeff," she said. "But if you *want* to try handling me, go right ahead. I'll bet we have fun."

It made me uncomfortable. Again I had that queer feeling, not knowing whether she was a kid or a woman.

There was noise on the stairs, and a lot of other people came in, and that was the end of the Ducanes for a while. Just before sundown the Carmichaels came. In about ten minutes Dan and his wife went down to ma—and there I was, alone with Ellie.

She stayed at the foot of the bed, looking at me. She wore a dark dress today. Something around her eyes gave me a notion she hadn't slept much. I stared at her, and then I stared out of the window. Uncle Hoke was driving away in the flivver again.

"Jeff—"

All right, I thought, here it comes.

"Yes?"

"Please look at me."

So I looked at her. Back in the Pacific, if anybody had told me I'd ever look at Ellie with eyes that were cold and hard, I'd have taken a sock at him.

She whispered, "You hate me, don't you, Jeff?"

"What do you expect me to say at a time like this?" I asked. "That I love you?"

"I—I just hoped maybe you'd understand—"

"Sure I understand. Tod made it clear yesterday. He was around the valley and handier than me, so you swung over to his side of the fence."

She started to answer, but she choked up; and as she turned away, I knew there were tears in her eyes. They got me by the throat. Why did she have to make things worse by acting like this? As long as her mind was made up about Tod, why couldn't she leave me alone?

"I—I had a thousand things to say," she whispered, "and now I can't find the words for them."

"Maybe it's just as well."

The nicest sound in the world came to me then—the clatter of somebody running up the stairs.

It was Lila Ducane.

She came in flushed and smiling. She carried a portable radio.

"Thought I'd drive back with this, Jeff," she said. She gave Ellie a nod but hardly looked her way. Her eyes shone straight at me. "If you're going to be in bed a few days, this'll be fun."

ADVERTISEMENT

"I hope she plants some more of those red raspberries that grew so tall last year. George loved them on his Wheaties."

George is not alone. Wheaties are America's favorite whole wheat flakes. You'll understand why when you get acquainted with a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions." Get two packages. Wheaties are "second helping" good.

"Pop said to take your pick."

"Why — why, thanks, Lila —" It stumped me. I couldn't figure why the Ducanes were being so nice.

"Use it as long as you like," Lila said. She put it on the little table. "No plug-in, no aerial, nothing. Just switch it on and dance."

Then she sat down and began tinkering with the dial till she got some music. When it came she sat up straight and snapped her fingers to the rhythm of it, swinging her shoulders.

Ellie stared at her with surprise. Maybe she couldn't figure it out any more than I could, Lila Ducane being so friendly. I guessed there was another thing, too. Ellie couldn't feel very happy in the same room with Lila when you remembered the family feud. Lila didn't seem even to think of it. Nothing bothered the kid except the music, and that made her feel fine.

Ellie took a quick, sharp breath. "Well, anyway, Jeff," she said, her eyes flashing at me, "you know what I wanted to tell you, don't you?"

"I can guess."

"All right," she said; and then she went out of the room.

About an hour later Dan Carmichael and his wife came up again to say good-by. By that time it was dark. I'd had a lot of folks in since Ellie left. Some of them were still around me. But Lila had gone, and Uncle Hoke had come back with more bundles.

Now Dan shook my hand. He looked pretty solemn with his horseshoe mustache drooping around his mouth. He was saying something about coming by to see me maybe tomorrow, when one of the men in the room let out a yell. He pointed through the window.

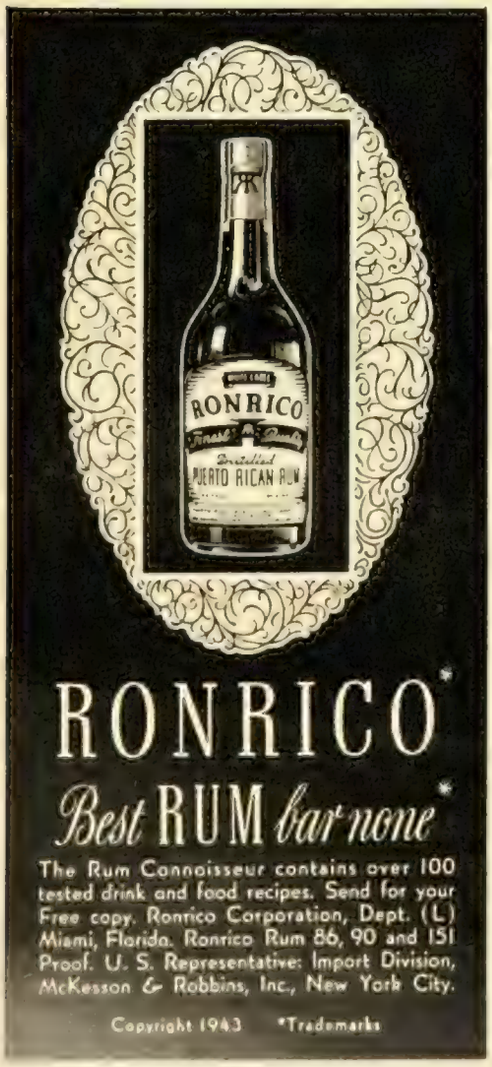
"Dan!" he said. "Dan, *look!*"

Dan went to the window. In fact, everybody ran to the window. I sat up so I could have a look myself.

And for a few seconds there wasn't a sound in the room.

I stared across three miles of the dark flat valley, and there was the Carmichael house, far up on its hill, with long red flames wriggling up from the roof.

Was the fire an accident, or was it started maliciously? In next week's installment Jeff has ideas, among them how to acquire wealth without working for it.


RONRICO
Trade Mark
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM
RONRICO*
Best RUM bar none*
The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (L) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.
Copyright 1943 *Trademarks

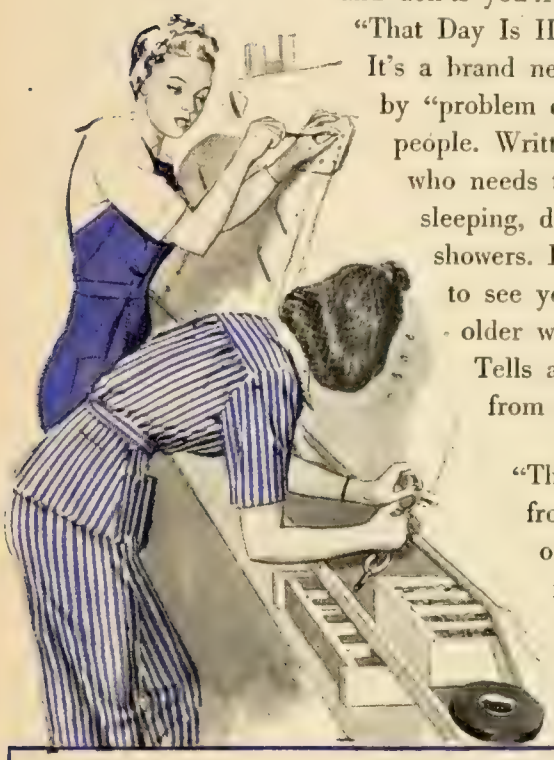
YOU
CAN BUY
THE THINGS YOU
WANT WHEN THE
WAR IS WON.....
IF YOU SAVE
NOW IN
WAR BONDS

"I don't want to be an Absentee —but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We *know* how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how *can* we keep going, at times when we feel like this?

Here's the Answer!

You'll learn how to feel better when you learn the simple do's and don'ts you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! It's a brand new booklet written for *you* by "problem day" specialists—the Kotex people. Written for *every* woman worker—who needs to know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Gives advice for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells about tampons. And how to get more comfort from your sanitary napkins.



"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their *greatest* number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days". To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to *all* women!

Don't Lose Another Minute!

Send today for *your* free copy of the 24-page booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! Remember, each time you stay at home—you slow up production all along the line. You keep our boys *away* from home, longer! We take pride that we are able to give you this authentic information. Just as we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads together—to help them keep going in comfort!

Address: P. O. Box 3434, Dept. L-3, Chicago 54, Illinois

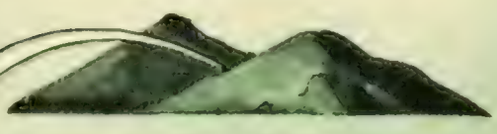
To War Plant Nurses and Personnel Managers. We'll gladly send you (without charge) a new instruction manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Here, in the mountains of Puerto Rico, this superb rum has been distilled for generations

Ron MERITO

There is nothing new about Ron Merito except the discovery by thousands of persons every day that this mountain-distilled rum is truly *different*. It's the crystal-clear mountain water, the soil, the sun, the air—all these contribute their magic to this better-tasting rum...Mixing good rum drinks is truly an art; and when you start with Ron Merito, you have the makings of a masterpiece. Make



your next drink—short or long—with Ron Merito, and discover that mountain distilling *does* make a difference!

BUY *EXTRA* WAR BONDS

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Rums Prod. Corp., Dept. S7, P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.

THE HERO OF HILLCREST

Continued from Page 30

ings, while Doug told and told him what his mother was.

Worst of all, within Aunt Janet's first week Doug was the cause of a painful difference between her and a Mr. Kirk who lived across the street, and whose English wirehair, Rex, was Doug's pal from puphood—his one four-legged friend in all the world.

Ralph was spending a hot moist evening on the screen-enclosed side porch, which was duly dimmed out with slatted roller shades. His papers were spread on a bridge table. He was jotting in notations, dipping into books on electronics, sighing as if in despair. Aunt Janet had come out and was laboring with him—in vain.

"But, Ralphie *dear*," she said, "if what you're working *so* hard on is a report on—on a *new secret weapon*—"

He wouldn't even look up at her.

"But you *do* prepare reports on *most important things*, I know. Your brother-in-law as good as told me *that* much."

"If I do, I can't talk about 'em, Janet," he said. "We don't talk about those things outside the plant."

She preferred *Aunt* Janet. But before she could reproach him, a voice broke in from the side-yard darkness:

"Forgive me, dear Meess Janet, for not coming to the front door. I am in terror of that murderous leetle dog."

SHE jumped up in a flutter. "Oh, Mrs. de Wolski! How nice to see you! Do come in! You've nothing to fear from the dog—he's out in back, in the garage. I'm keeping him there all the time now, locked in and tied up."

"*All* the time?"

"Day and night."

"Indeed! Ah, well, that must be a relief for you." And then Mrs. de Wolski was quick with apology. Too bad to have disturbed the gentleman, the scientist, at his work; through the shades, she had seen only Meess—

"But I want him to meet you!" Aunt Janet cried. "He'll *love* to! Ralphie dear, jump up and be presented!"

As Ralph was very slowly getting up, and being favored with a bow that was almost a curtsy, dog noises—not barks; wistful *snoofs*—came loudly from the direction of the garage.

"Oh, heavens!" Aunt Janet sighed. "That Rex again!"

That Rex it was, putting a sympathetic nose to the crack under the prison cell's doors. From inside them responsive yowls could be heard faintly—until Duke's master's voice, raised behind her at the porch's screen door, startled Mrs. de Wolski. It shocked Aunt Janet slightly, too. The tone of it astonished her. However this Mr. Kirk might hold his own among men, with a woman—with any woman, she had noticed approvingly; not alone with his wife—he was meekness itself. Yet now, even though he was speaking to *her*, he sounded impatient, exasperated!

"Good evening," he snapped. "Sorry to interrupt, if I do. That purp of mine over here anywhere?"

She said Rex was, indeed—"but just one moment, Mr. Kirk! Have you met Mrs. de Wolski? . . . Mr. Kirk is the local bank's something or other—president, I believe—and is a friend of—"

"I *have* had the pleasure," he interrupted without sorrow, and, ignoring Mrs. de Wolski's gracious smile, he

turned from her to Ralph: "How are you standing this hot spell? Slowed you down, has it?"

Then and there, sociability dropped dead. Mrs. de Wolski felt she really must be getting on. Aunt Janet fluttered out to the front walk with her—and came back to find Mr. Kirk in *her* chair. She went right at him:

"I'm afraid you don't appreciate a guest of your suburb whose presence does it honor, a patriotic Polish refugee of noble blood who—"

Once again he interrupted. "So I've heard."

"But—but what have you against her? What *can* you have? All the *really nice* people out here think the world of her! I met her at a delightful charity bridge tea!"

He hesitated. "I haven't got one definite thing against her," he admitted. "But—oh, well, I just don't like the cut of her jib—and neither do some of our Polish-born depositors."

She was thunderstruck. "My *dear* Mr. Kirk! Do you actually think your *mere first impressions*, and those of—of immigrant *Polacks*—"

He stuck to his guns. "Yes. In her case, I do. As I was just going to say to Ralph, if I were you people, I'd—"

A village banker questioning Aunt Janet's judgment of a gentlewoman, and questioning it *to her nephew!*

"I'm not interested, Mr. Kirk. Not in the least. Both Ralph and I are of age, and our social contacts are our own affairs. And I don't think you came over here to look for your dog Rex. I think you saw Mrs. de Wolski and came to—to intrude, and I think it was highly officious of you—*highly* so! And I'd thank you"—she was all but screaming—"to keep your dog Rex on your side of the street while I'm here! It's quite, *quite* enough to have *one* horrid dog to contend with!"

He nodded before the storm, a male who knew when he was licked. Whatever he had been going to say to Ralph, he couldn't say it now, for Ralph had fled indoors. He leashed Rex and led him home, and that was that.

All Doug's fault, of course. The next morning, when Aunt Janet went to the garage to fill his drinking dish, she could hardly refrain from throwing water and dish in that surly little long-nosed whiskered face of his.

FOR a week the incident bothered Mr. Kirk, made him squirm. This was not—not at all, he assured himself sternly—the effect of the old aunt's quaint rebuke to him. (It *was* just as well his wife hadn't heard it! Woman-fashion, she'd have sprung to arms on the aunt's side and the de Wolski woman's! He thanked heaven there was little chance of her hearing of it from the aunt, since the two weren't on neighborly terms; she had found the aunt condescending. But even at the time it hadn't gotten under *his* skin—or—or wouldn't have, he was positive, if he hadn't just happened to be all burnt up about something else.)

No; instead, what was still bothering him was partly the reflection that he had let a blind hunch have its way with him. For aught he *knew*, or Lukashek the coal-and-ice man knew, or Zielinski the plumber, that de Wolski woman *might* be all right—and, whatever she was, Ralph, vague and boyish though Ralph was, must surely have *some* common sense. So if he himself had had any, he'd at least have kept his mouth shut; wouldn't even have tried more discreetly to caution Ralph.

Trouble IN PARADISE!

No marriage had ever been happier . . . at the start! No wife was ever more puzzled than Margie when Jim began to change! The story of a problem every wife should face . . . with honesty!

OUT OF the corner of her eye, Margie watched Jim—moody, restless, as unhappy as she. Well, she would try once more to find out what was wrong. Desperately, she forced herself to say casually, "How about going dancing, Darling?" . . . then braced herself for his brusk reply . . . "Not tonight!"

No dancing tonight, or any night . . . lately. What had happened to change her adoring, fun-loving husband into this cold, indifferent stranger?

* * *

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (*See free book offer below.*)

YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, *the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life.* Second, *the most serious deodorization problem any woman has* . . . one which you may not suspect. And what to use is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

USED IN THE DOUCHE (as well as for a simple every-day routine of external protection), Zonite is both antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes, not by just masking, but by actually *destroying* odors. Leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.

Zonite ANTISEPTIC

For Every Woman's Most Serious Deodorant Problem

FREE BOOK
Just Published
Reveals new findings every woman should know about!

This new, frankly-written book reveals up-to-date findings about an intimate problem every woman should understand. Sent in plain envelope. Mail coupon to Dept. 942-A, Zonite Products Corporation, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

But it was mostly the tomfool reason why he'd happened to be burnt up then—the uncalled-for way his blood pressure had risen when he'd overheard what Tom Hoyt's Doug was up against.

Why under the sun should *that* have got in his hair—and be on his mind still? A few weeks in an empty garage couldn't hurt a little dog, not even if the dog was tied up. And, anyhow, there was nothing he could do about it now; he certainly wasn't going over, for grumpy old Doug's sake, to face that aunt's music *again*. And yet. . . .

And yet. . . .

IT amazed him to find the selfsame thing on Ralph's mind. Returning from the war plant, Ralph dropped off the bus and came over to him:

"You know how we're keeping Tom's dog confined, don't you? Do you suppose he's suffering from it—seriously? He lies there all day, eyes shut, nose down on paws. Never moves. I watched him Sunday through the window."

His heartening laugh was forced. "Oho," he said, "don't worry! They'll only be away ten days more. He'll be all right for that long, I'm sure."

Ralph's brow puckered. "I'm not. He looks ill to me now. I can't make sure, for he won't make friends—he doesn't like the smell of me. But this evening Janet's going to some bridge party, so I'll have the place to myself, and I'm thinking of having him with me on the porch. He'd get a little fresh air. It might brace him up, mightn't it?"

He felt an absurd impulse to slap Ralph on the back. "Fine!" he said. "It's bound to! And, what's more—"

He managed to restrain another impulse, a mad one. But Ralph, it appeared, was a mind reader:

"You couldn't take him in over here for the ten days—on Tom's account, of course? You could have my rations of meat for him. I never eat much meat."

He goggled, hung fire, said confusedly, "Why, Ralph, I—I'd do it in a minute, only— only—"

Only it couldn't be arranged behind the wife's back or the aunt's back, and once those two got together there'd be hell to pay. But *that* was not an explanation to give to the aunt's nephew.

"I'd have offered to," he said, truthfully enough, "when they left, but he and our Rex cavorting in the same house—ever seen 'em? They'd just about drive the wife crazy! I hate to say no, but he really can't be suffering. And, by the way—er—er—"

He hung fire again, then obeyed the inner prompting:

"By the way, I stuck my chin out the other night, I guess. I'd had a hunch—you out there on that porch, with your papers, and that more or less Polish female poking around there—"

Ralph smiled. "Oh, that was all right. You see—"

A peremptory call broke in: "Ralph dear! Your soup will be cold!" He gave Mr. Kirk (who had quaked) what he meant for a humorous look of helplessness. "Coming, Janet," he henry-aldriched back, and went.

AFTER dinner Mr. Kirk, alone for the evening except for Rex, had his cigar on his front steps. If he had stayed indoors, Rex would have been whining to be loosed to run over where Doug was, and from his porch he couldn't have seen whether the aunt really was going out, and whether Ralph would make good to Doug.

Toward eight o'clock the aunt did come forth, all dressed up, unmistakably bound for a social function somewhere. Where the "Polish" female lived? . . . Oh, *tripe!* That hunch! . . . Well, now it was up to Ralph. Would he do it? Mr. Kirk would have bet he wouldn't; he had sounded hesitant about it; he was, to Mr. Kirk's mind, altogether too submissive, too easily cowed by overbearing womanhood.

But as it was getting dark Ralph did go to the garage, did bring Doug back, wriggling and growling, in his arms. Mr. Kirk felt like yelling "Attaboy! Nice work!" Ralph rated it. He couldn't see the two on their porch through its shades, but he could see the light of their lamp. Not so bad! It took Doug off his mind. He would concentrate now, as a sensible banker should, on the OPA and prospects of inflation. . . .

Presently he got a chuckle out of Ralph's efforts to hush Doug as a stray Sealyham pattered by under the street light. A little later the clergyman's spaniel came along and Doug outdid himself—until suddenly his impious outburst changed to frantic snarls of protest, and then windows were banged down and the porch door was slammed, and after that he couldn't be heard. So now Ralph had him shut up in the house. Oh, well, Mr. Kirk thought, you couldn't blame Ralph; he had his war-plant stuff to do out there in peace and quiet, and in the house Doug could snooze on a sofa—or, if the door to Tom's room was open, on Tom's bed. . . .

THAT last thought was no help with concentration on financial matters. It recalled the Christmas morning when Tom, in his final winter of grammar school, had come rushing over, whooping, "Mister Kirk! *I've* got a puppy now—a Scottie! O. K. to bring him to see Rex?" And Tom's subsequent ecstatic reports: "He's s'posed to sleep on the floor, but he jumps on the bed and curls up on my stummick, and whenever I roll over he'll growl—and then lick my ear!" And the morning last February when Tom had left for town, on the five-forty local, to entrain for a faraway airfield. Happening, just happening to be up at that hour, the Kirks had stepped over to wish him well as he started for the station with his parents in their car. Cranky little Doug had been left behind in the house, but Tom had skipped back so many times to rub him behind the ears just once more that they'd almost been too late in getting started; and then, when they had, Doug had yowled and wailed after them—exactly as if Doug had *known* . . .

It probably wouldn't be so very long, now, before Tom would be going overseas. Just as well after all, perhaps, that the Kirks hadn't had a son—that both their sons-in-law were 4F. . . .

Once this war was ended, if a suburban building boom developed, the demand upon banks for . . .

(*Continued on page 60*)

LOOSE LIPS
SINK SHIPS
DON'T TALK TODAY
IF YOU MUST TALK
STEP UP AND SAY
"BURMA-SHAVE!"

Burma-Shave
NO BRUSH-NO LATHER

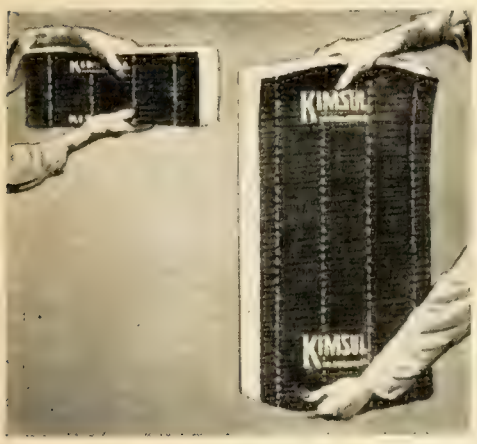
★ Two little words, "Burma-Shave," give you days of soothing, smoothing shaving pleasure. No scrape, no pull, no sting, no burn. So much easier that you get more shaves per blade. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year and the number still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER,
POST EXCHANGE, OR
SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

Back the Attack! . . . Buy More War Bonds!

How to insulate your attic yourself with 1/5 the leg work

Here's why KIMSUL* saves extra work—saves extra fuel



Light and Compact—Like a closed accordion, KIMSUL comes to you compact and convenient—compressed to 1/5th its installed length. That means 1/5th the bulk, 1/5th the number of rolls needed to insulate your attic. Add to this the advantage of light weight... and KIMSUL saves you as many as 32 tiring trips to the attic.

Fits Like a Glove—KIMSUL fits snugly between the joists in your unfloored attic. Simply fasten one end of the blanket at junction of floor and eave. Stretch it taut and fasten to opposite eave. Repeat for each open section of the floor. That's all! If your attic is floored, apply KIMSUL between the rafters of your sloping roof.

No Fuss... No Muss—You don't have a house-cleaning job on your hands after KIMSUL is installed. There are no siftings, no dust or dirt. KIMSUL is clean... so is your attic and the rest of the house. Best of all, your insulated attic saves up to 30% on fuel. Order KIMSUL from your lumber or building supply dealer, department or hardware store.

7 More Reasons for Insisting on KIMSUL

Helps Keep Your Home Warm—KIMSUL blanket is one of the most efficient insulations ever developed.

Moisture-Resistant—KIMSUL will float indefinitely on water.

Stays Put—Once installed, KIMSUL does not sag, sift or settle.

Fire-Resistant—KIMSUL is chemically treated to resist fire.

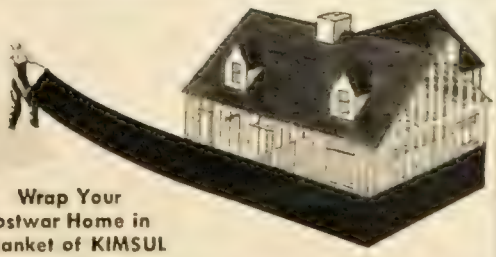
Lasting Protection—KIMSUL is long-lived because of the materials from which it is made; wood fibers impregnated with asphalt.

Economical—Pays for itself in fuel savings, reduced house-cleaning expense and added comfort.

Made by Kimberly-Clark—KIMSUL is manufactured under strict scientific controls to meet the most rigid insulation tests.

*KIMSUL (trade-mark) means Kimberly-Clark Insulation

KIMSUL INSULATION
REG. U.S. & CAN. PAT. OFF.



Wrap Your Postwar Home in a Blanket of KIMSUL

A PRODUCT OF KIMBERLY-CLARK RESEARCH

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE FOLDER

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
Building Insulation Division, Neenah, Wis.

Please rush new Free Booklet with full information about easy-to-install KIMSUL. L-344

We now live in ☐ Our Own Home
☐ Rented House ☐ Apartment

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(*Continued from page 58*)

Would Rex, inside the front door atop those front steps, ever stop that infernal yiping? It had started, of course, when Rex had heard Doug. . . . Yes, a dusty one-car garage *was* a hell of a place to keep an old dog in, tied up—and ten days was ten days. . . .

TOWARD nine forty-five Ralph's light on the porch went out—and Mr. Kirk gave in. He had had all the concentrating he could take. Doug *wasn't* going to be put back in that garage—put back so early lest auntie get home ahead of time and find him! What was more, Doug *was* going to spend those ten days over here with Rex, and if the aunt raised a row and the wife took her part—well, that would be just too bad, period!

But no sooner was he resolved than the Hoyts' front door burst open and Ralph came rushing over to him:

"Janet's been hit by a taxi. May be dying. Got your car here?"

He shook his head. "The wife's got it—Red Cross overtime. Where'd this happen?"

"Down near a Dr. Blair's. His office girl phoned me. That's more than a mile from here, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Go down the main stem. You might thumb a ride. If there's anything I can do—"

Ralph thanked him and ran.

He sat down again, all nonsense about dogs sobered out of him. Tough break! Just like that toploftical old maid to get run over; it *was* too bad she had, though—and the Hoyts would have to cut short their stay. . . .

So Blair had an office girl now. Something new. Must be due to the wartime demands on him. Doctors were overworked. . . .

But—the hunch spoke up sharply—did Blair really have one, or could the phone call to Ralph have been phony? *Could it have come from—*

Where would Ralph have left his papers? Out on that bridge table? The porch's screen door was well back from the street, back in the dark. If it was hooked, ripping the screening and unhooking it would be no trick at all for an enemy agent. And there would be—*if the hunch was right*—no fear of an alarm from the "leetle dog." It would be taken for granted that Doug was in the garage "day and night." . . .

Go sit on the porch's doorstep? Oh, *nix!* he decided; horse feathers!—as the hunch itself might be. Quite enough to stay right here and keep his eyes and ears open.

Five minutes dragged by—ten minutes—fifteen. Nothing to be seen or heard but fireflies and crickets. *What* a nervous granny he was! Why didn't he go in and have a bottle of beer and—

Hm-m. Persistent firefly blinking over there in one spot outside those porch screens. . . . Outside them? Or inside—over Ralph's papers? Seen from here through the slatted shades, a pocket-size flash torch used there would look exactly like that—

Bunk! Fireflies caught in cobwebs blinked like that; he had often noticed them. If he didn't steady down he'd be seeing Hitler over there, mistaking the Hoyts' garbage pails for him! He would steady down. He would go in—now. He got up, turned to the door, dropped his hand on the latch, and—

And uproar came—from Doug. Loud, lusty uproar, with no tightly closed house door to damper it.

He had a good big flash torch of his own in his front hall. He had a heavy cane handy, too. Grabbing them, he shouted, "Go on over there, quick!" The shout was superfluous; Rex was in the Hoyts' yard before he himself had run twenty steps toward it. When Doug roared again—Doug still could, thank the Lord!—Rex joined in, in his wirehair's hoarse tenor. A third dog arrived—the clergyman's spaniel, and *his* baritone righteous wrath was no lacy-pants utterance! And then came a bass, a Big Profundo bass—and that was Blackie, bounding around the foundation of that porch like a pony, while Rex and the spaniel lunged up at the screen door, which was being held shut, shakily, from inside.

In dogdom, when you hear another fellow give out in the night with real this-is-it, life-or-death uproar, it doesn't matter that he's your everyday sworn enemy. He's a *dog*, and you go to him. You give out. It's the least you can do. (And it's so, *so* exciting!)

Through the crack between two shades Mr. Kirk shot in his torch's beam. One swish of it showed him everything: Ralph's bridge table knocked over, his papers on the floor, his briefcase in the clutch of a total stranger—a stranger who was tottering on one foot, holding up his other ankle, and keeping the screen door shut with an elbow; and on the opened house door's threshold, face to face with him, Doug—Doug in a do-or-die crouch, one front paw hanging limp.

Quite a picture, the old Black Douglas! No Christmas-card Scottie, though. Ears down, fangs bared, whites of eyes peeled by rage, he looked more like a pint-size cross between a cobra and a crocodile—*but*, as he was saying fluently, this scion of a "master race," whose shoes and socks smelled hellish, and who had kicked him, was coming inside his boy Tom's house *again* over Tom's dog's dead body—

Or *was he*? Let him come on, let him try to—and might the best mother's son win!

WHAT had happened spoke for itself. The scion, without rousing Doug in the darkened house, had broken into the porch and snooped through Ralph's papers. Not satisfied with those for some reason, he had opened the house door. Then—then he'd managed to get in one awkward backward kick, just one, as Doug's teeth had punctured his other ankle; torn its big tendon's sheath, very likely. And now, further kicking impossible and the empty briefcase his only weapon, he had his choice between staying where he was, on one foot, and hopping out into the jaws of Blackie, Rex & Co.

Mr. Kirk used language unbecoming to a bank executive: "Get away from that door, you—" etc. The response was a whimpered "Yezzir!" But as the scion was obeying him, a car swung into the driveway and two men jumped out. *Oh, my gosh,* he thought, *I ought to have a gun! If those are this rat's pals—*

They weren't. It was a police car. They were a cop and—and Ralph!

"Well, for crying out loud!" he gasped, once the cop had collared the scion. "Did *you* get a hunch?"

Ralph laughed. "Ran into Janet on her way back. Nothing'd happened, except that the bridge party had disgusted her. So *your* hunch was sufficient! All I needed was an officer—and this one came along! But, really, do you know, if that Mrs. de Wolski *has* been at the bottom of all this—"

He stopped as he switched on the living-room lights. "Oh, oh!" he cried. "Look!" There were Rex and Doug, both licking Doug's limp paw. "If that's fractured—"

"As soon as the wife gets home," Mr. Kirk said, "we'll take him— What's that out there? Another police car?"

He hurried to the door. That car wasn't police, but one of the two men from it who were halting the cop, on his way to his car with the lamed scion, was Hillcrest's Police Chief McGuire. Well acquainted with Mr. Kirk, the chief introduced him to the other man:

"Meet Mr. Egan, special agent of the F. B. I."

Mr. Egan would shake hands, but

(*Continued on page 62*)

TOO BAD
TRADE
MARK
We can't make enough Smith Bros. Cough Drops to satisfy everybody, because our output is war-reduced—so please buy only as many as you really need. Through three generations and five wars, Smith Bros. Cough Drops have given soothing relief from coughs due to colds.
SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢

What famous whiskey do you think of when you see a Gardenia ?

RYE OR BOURBON

ANSWER: PM DE LUXE

The gardenia . . . symbol of perfection in flowers! . . . PM de Luxe . . . symbol of perfection in whiskies! . . . for years the two have been linked in the minds of the discriminating patrons of America's smartest places.

wasn't talking. He took the scion in charge and drove away with him. Chief McGuire didn't mind if he did come in and have a sip of beer. Mr. Kirk ran over home and got quart bottles.

The chief was in high spirits as Ralph told him of the phone call and what had followed. "It's a grand evenin's work!" he said. "Grand! And this Scotchie's a grand little pooch, too—a hero! But for him, them Nazis might have got away with it." He leaned over to pat the hero, and was snapped at. "Ah, go on, now," he said. "I'm no Nazi spy, y'old Scotland Yarder, you!"

ASKED questions, he smiled. "I'm supposed to keep mum. We're workin' with the G-men." The scion? Oh, *he* was just a Nazi errand boy and sneak thief. They had known about him for weeks and had been following him, tailing him, in order to get something on another suspect—the "big shot" who sent him on errands.

"You were following him tonight?" Ralph's rapt eyes were a-twinkle, as if, somehow, the chief was amusing him.

"We were. But he was nimble. He gave us the slip. But we knew of every place that big shot might be sendin' him—and, now that he *has* come here and tried to steal a war-plant secret—come from a meetin' with the big shot in a main stem bar's back room—"

Mr. Kirk cut in: "That big shot a man or a woman, chief?"

"That would be tellin' ye."

"I'll bet I can tell you. It's a woman named de Wol—"

The chief, grinning broadly, held up a hushing hand. "Whoever it is," he said, "she's in custody by this time. She—"

He stopped and stared, for Ralph was convulsed, doubled up. "Tell us the joke, me boy! And then tell me, confidential, what your secret stuff is they were after."

When Ralph could speak, he chortled, "Wh-why, *that's* the joke—joke on them, and a good one! It's *not* secret—*not* plant stuff—nothing of the sort! It's a detective story I'm writing."

"It's a phwha-at?"

"A detective story. A who-*did*-it, as people call them."

"But all Hillcrest's heard it's a plant secret."

"All Hillcrest has heard poppycock. We don't bring home any plant secrets. They're left there, locked up. I *have* kept my story a secret here—my aunt thinks detective stories vulgar—but I've found it a first-rate relaxation. I carry the manuscript with me, think out details on the bus, and do the writing and revising here, evenings."

Ralph beamed upon his hearers, both now doubled up as he had been. "It *is* a good joke, isn't it?" he said happily. "And, do you know, I think my story's rather good—for a first effort! Would you like me to read you some of it?" He blushed—the budding author, eager but diffident. "It's about an astute radio repair man who, while listening in on a program—a murder-mystery serial, based on an unsolved case in real life—is distracted by electrical disturbance. He surmises that this may be artificially produced, for the purpose of interfering with the broadcast. So, by means of his cathode-ray oscilloscope, properly connected to his super-heterodyne receiver, and with an oscillator furnishing a sinusoidal electromotor force of known frequency, he—"

The chief broke in, solemnly. "Sounds thrillin'. Electrifyin'. I'll hope to read it in print. Just now, if ye'll excuse me, I got to be goin'—got to take this little hero to the vet's."

"Oh," a crestfallen Ralph said, "you needn't. We'll—"

"I'll have him back in no time! He'll need nothin' but a bandage, I know. I'm an old hand with dogs."

"Fine, chief! Bring him back to *my* house," Mr. Kirk commanded.

A moment later, horn honks made him jump. The wife was home and wanted him. As he crossed the street, a corner light showed him the aunt hurrying homeward.

The wife had seen the police car, was bursting with curiosity. But for once in his married life Mr. Kirk ssh'd her—ssh'd her and kept her ssh'd until the aunt had trotted up the Hoyts' front steps. He would have bet a keg of beer that Ralph would tell auntie right away about Hillcrest's guest whose presence did it honor. Ralph was Ralph, but human nature was human nature.

And scarcely was the aunt inside the open door when he was rewarded with the sound of a scream from her.

He would have bet an entire brewery that, with a big soft settee in the front hall so convenient, she'd fainted.

THE next morning Ralph came over with a sheepish grin and a handful of lavender notepaper. He had wakened to find Janet gone, bag and baggage. Her farewell to him read, in part:

"Never in all my life have I been so contemptibly deceived. There was *no* bridge party—nothing but two most ordinary women lounging and smoking in that *vile creature's* apartment—and I was told she had been called out *to attend to some Polish relief work!* When I could stand it no longer, they tried to detain me—and, alas, for a while they succeeded. . . . I trust you will be able to fend for yourself until your sister and her husband return. I realize I can no more face them, now, than I can you, or any one else in your suburb—particularly, not that Kirk man. . . . It is possible that I *had* talked indiscreetly of your war work—but, surely, an aunt's natural pride. . . . As for Thomas's dog, it does seem to me that his 'heroism' was pure happen-so—that he would have bitten *any* chance intruder—but since you feel that I owe him amends, you will find them enclosed. . . ."

The amends were every one of her red ration stamps.

ALL the kids in the suburb agree with its chief of police about Doug's heroism. They say his last name ought to be MacArthur. Fame was irksome to him at first; so many strangers came to be roared at. But now, as before, about all he has to do is roar at passing dogs, the spaniel and Blackie included (for in dogdom, once the common emergency is past, you revert to your everyday differences). And now his paw is as good as new—and things brought from the airfield still smell *of his boy Tom!* Altogether, the hero of Hillcrest is getting on famously.

His ten festive days at the Kirks' with Rex are over, to be sure; but, as before, he and Rex can hobnob in that fence-enclosed back yard of his, chasing each other round and round, scaring venturesome squirrels up trees—or lolling in the sunshine, gnawing at bones as old men smoke their pipes together, and, unquestionably, telling each other the latest about the traveling Sealyham and the sheep dog's daughter.

THE END

F. W. Fitch, President
The F. W. Fitch Company

MEN! my shave creams contain special SKIN CONDITIONER

Developed especially for super-sensitive faces . . . FITCH'S SKIN CONDITIONER brings "solid comfort" shaves to men who have "tried everything"

This great Fitch's No-Brush Cream with its soothing, lubricating effect prepares even the most sensitive face for a "solid comfort" shave. When Fitch's No-Brush is applied with the wet fingers, it spreads easily, and this special SKIN CONDITIONER begins acting immediately. . . . When you start shaving, you'll actually *feel* the difference. For even against the grain, the razor glides along, giving you a closer, cooler shave. Then—there's the added fact that with Fitch's No-Brush you never need an after-shaving lotion . . . its ingredients are *right in* the shaving cream.

BRUSH USERS! *Ask for Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream. It also contains this special "skin conditioner" and gives an abundance of lather*

Fitch's NO-BRUSH SHAVING CREAM
and Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream

The F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES 6, IOWA • BAYONNE, N. J. • LOS ANGELES 21, CALIF.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THAT happy time of the year known as income-tax season is at hand once again, and your Old Sarge feels duty bound to throw in a few tips on this joyous subject.

Here are three important points:

REMEMBER—That members of the armed forces whose military pay amounted to less than $1,500 during 1943, and who had less than $100 income from other sources, do not have to file any tax return.

REMEMBER—That any member of

Go away, Jap!

the armed forces who owes the government an income tax, but is unable to pay it, must file a return and should accompany it with a request for deferment of payment. This request may be made only if the serviceman's ability to pay is materially impaired by his service in the armed forces. He is then granted a moratorium on payments, without interest, until six months after his military service ends.

REMEMBER—That government allowances to families of servicemen are not considered part of family income for tax purposes.

A question that keeps coming up, especially this year, is what men overseas or aboard ship should do about filing a tax return. A Marine corporal "somewhere in the Pacific" writes, "If a Jap charges my foxhole, what am I supposed to do, Sarge—tell him to go away because I'm working on my income tax?"

No, not exactly, Corporal. Service personnel on duty outside the continental United States or on sea duty do not have to file income-tax returns—at least, not immediately. They get an automatic postponement until three months after the war ends, or after they return to the United States, or after they leave military service—whichever event occurs first.

Another frequent question is whether the $1,500 exemption on military pay cancels off the regular personal exemption of $500 for single persons and $1,200 for married persons. No, it does not affect the personal exemptions in any way. If a serviceman has income outside of his military pay, he may deduct the $1,500 from his military pay and may deduct another $500 (or $1,200 if he is married) from his outside income.

"What about a serviceman's wife who is working? What personal exemption can she claim?" asks Sergeant J. K. C. of Portland, Oregon. She can claim the entire $1,200 exemption for man and wife, if she wants to. On top of this, her husband gets the $1,500 military pay exemption. So between the two they have $2,700 in tax-free income, plus the wife's fifty dollars a month family allowance, which is non-taxable.

"If a man receives a pension from the armed forces, does he have to pay income tax on it?" inquires J. D., of Los Angeles. If his pension is for a service-connected disability, he pays no income tax on it. But all other pensions from the armed forces are taxable.

All in all, the $1,500 military pay exemption, the deferments, and the tax-free family allowances give the serviceman and woman a pretty good break. Maybe it is Uncle Sam's way of saying thanks for the many sacrifices the men and women of the armed forces are making.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

In reply to Aviation Cadet C. T. G., of Godman Field, Fort Knox, Kentucky:

So it gripes you to have to salute a WAC lieutenant, eh? Did you ever stop to think how it gripes us to have to salute the same wolves with gold bars who made passes at us the night before? But we just grit our teeth and remember the old Army adage, "Salute the rank and not the person." Or maybe you're just mad because one of us females gave you the brush-off. Can't say I blame her!

Cpl. J. F. G., Camp Campbell, Ky.

Ouch and double ouch!

* * *

It is requested that you give a comparison of the pay of enlisted men in the British and American Armies.

R. H. R., RM 1/c
U. S. Coast Guard, Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

Here's a comparison showing the daily base pay for the lower four enlisted ranks in each Army. In the case of the British Army, this table includes the extra shilling per day which enlisted ranks get during wartime. For purposes of boiling the whole thing down to dollars and cents, the shilling is figured at twenty-five cents.

	U. S. ARMY	BRITISH ARMY
Private	$1.67	$ .75
Pvt. 1st Class	1.80	.81*
Corporal	2.20	1.25
Sergeant	2.60	1.75

*** This is the British pay for a private after one year's service, which would be comparable to the pay of a private first class in the U. S. Army. After two years the British private gets 87 cents a day, and after three years he gets $1 a day.**

* * *

I enlisted in the Army in January, 1940, and served for three years in the Hawaiian Islands, after which I was returned here and commissioned. Am I entitled to wear a bronze star on the American Defense Service ribbon and the Asiatic-Pacific ribbon?

Lieut. G. C., Camp Swift, Tex.

Yes, you may wear a bronze star on each ribbon. A recent WD circular (No. 156) permits the wearing of a bronze star on the ADSM ribbon by those who served outside the continental United States during the period for which the ribbon is awarded, namely, September 8, 1939, to December 7, 1941. You are entitled to a bronze star on your Asiatic-Pacific ribbon for service in Hawaii at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

* * *

What is a B. A. R. man in the Army?

G. K. G., Lincoln, Neb.

A BARman in civilian life mixes cocktails. In the Army a B. A. R. man also mixes cocktails—leaden ones for the Axis. The initials stand for Browning Automatic Rifleman.

* * *

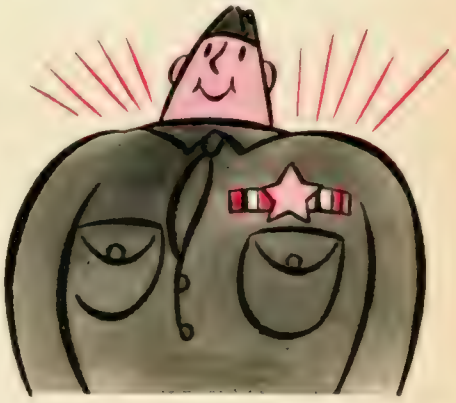
Just read a WAC's letter in a recent issue asking about a dependency allowance for her husband. How silly! My sister has four sons in the service. Their father, who lost a leg in the coal mines, had been retired for over three years. He's back at work since the boys left, and they're doing very nicely without any dependency allowance. He's buying bonds, too.

U. M. M., Amarillo, Tex.

I don't go for dependency allowances for WACs' husbands, either. As for your sister's family, that's the kind of patriotism that spells three dots and a dash!

* * *

When the war ends, will we have to



Bronze star

serve the additional six months everybody talks about?

G. K., Lowry Field, Colo.

Every serviceman is technically in the armed forces for the duration of the war, plus six months. However, that extra six months is a cushion to permit a smooth plan for demobilization. Plans for demobilization will be worked out by the War Department and will probably provide for discharge of some men within a few days of the war's end, while it may be the full six months before others are sent home.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE HEART NEEDS HOME

Continued from Page 15

leave. He said, challenging her, "How do I look, chum?"

She took her time answering him.

"It's none of my affair, as you're trying to say," she said, and turned away to get something from the kitchen window. "Thanks, Millie," she said softly to the cook. "You can rest for a minute now."

"Seven thirty, right here," Dan said.

He let the screen door bang and didn't say good-by, because he hated Jessie for showing that she still cared about him, and because she had reminded him that he still knew how to love a woman. He had never wanted to do that again.

He headed toward the bowling alley where he could put in time until Jessie got through. They'd see the movie, have a couple of beers, and he'd walk her home, and that would be the end and finish of it all, only they wouldn't have the taste of a quarrel in their mouths. None of this was Jessie's fault, really. It was Adele's. She was the woman who stood between him and any other woman.

Because Adele Casey had given her children a background full of the sort of horrors that make amusing telling later on. They weren't amusing when the children were ages like six and nine and thirteen.

When Dan was nine and in the hospital for an emergency appendectomy, Adele was away on one of her month-long trips to sell illustrations for children's books. A friend had taken him to the hospital, and when Adele got there, four or five days later, he was so glad to see her he cried until the diminishing pains of his operation were all revived and his fever returned.

He remembered his sister in a spasm of tears before a school piano recital, because Adele had promised her a new dress and there was no new dress.

Adele had said, "You ninny! Any dress will do, if you just play well enough!"

Maybe that was why Annette had given up playing the piano and now taught school, because of that broken promise.

ONCE the three children went on a visit to New Hampshire. Adele never wrote, and the days became weeks and the children knew they had outstayed their welcome, but they were too young to know how to leave. Besides, they didn't have railroad fare.

The children slept in one big guest room of the New Hampshire house and tormented themselves each night.

"She'll never come after us. She doesn't want us any more."

"Maybe she's gone away for good, like John did. Maybe they've adopted us."

Their father, John Casey, had left them on Cape Cod one summer, and Adele told them casually he was never coming back again, "And good riddance."

"And they won't let us go to school, and we'll be like Heathcliffe, and we'll have to work for them forever!"

When Adele did come after them, weeks late, full of charm and merriment and an easy affection, they almost hated her because they were so horribly glad to see her, and she didn't deserve it. They knew she would fail them again.

The day Dan fell out of confidence with his mother was the worst in his life. He came home with a pailful of cleaned fish and eight dollars' pay in his denim pants pocket. He had planned to take the family downtown and buy everybody something they needed at the store. As if he were his father back again. Then they would all have ice cream and walk up and down Front Street, and be part of the town, out on Saturday night to shop.

Adele fell on him with shrieks of joy, her dark hair falling in wisps over her forehead.

"You wonder!" she cried. "Let's have a party with the money!"

"I don't want to," Dan said sulkily, and tried to get his own plans in edgewise, but it was too late. Adele had the money and went out for beer and cigarettes and potato chips, and after her friends came, Dan left the house. He sat on the beach most of the night, learning to hate. The next morning he was a changed person. He was the present Dan in embryo.

After that, things didn't hurt him so much. His mother's best friend, Brenda Twill, moved in for good, and she and his mother became absorbed in each other and in Adele's career. When Adele came in after visiting some one's house and shook out of her handbag almost a hundred cigarettes to which she had helped herself, and she and

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

When women kiss, it always reminds one of prizefighters shaking hands.
—H. L. Mencken.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Brenda laughed at what they called their economy, Dan only winced.

He thought he had learned everything when he learned to hate indolent, charm-dispensing women, but he had more to learn. He had never been in love with a girl.

He had no shame about the odd jobs he did to keep the kids decent until he got out of school and could make a home for them, until that night with Mary Ellis.

Mary was the daughter of one of the summer artists in town. She acted in the little theater, and she was seventeen, thin as a twig, with smooth pale gold hair and gray eyes. She wore dirndls and no stockings and a flower in her hair, and she was the most beautiful, most charming girl Dan had ever seen.

Mary liked him and liked even better his awkward adoring passion for her. She swayed a little more provocatively whenever she saw him, and he took pains with his looks that summer, for her. He had his hair cut and wore faded denims and striped jerseys, hoping Mary would think him as romantic as the Portuguese fishermen.

He wasn't fishing that summer. He was working as pin boy in the bowling alley, and not until all ability to remember was cut from his brain would he forget that night when Mary came in with a white-coated boy who had been to see her in the new play. She didn't recognize Dan at first. He was an alley's length away, stripped to the waist, sweating under the droplight, setting the pins up as fast as they were knocked down, numbed by heat and work. And then she did recognize him. Through the hot haze of the electric lights and cigarette smoke of the place, he saw her jump and try to smile at him, but she put her hand on the other boy's white coat sleeve, and they left, and he never saw her again.

He left home that year. Once in a while he sent money to the kids, but he couldn't do much else about them. Marty was in the navy now.

Once the brothers managed to meet in Newport News and the only way they referred to their mother was by Marty's saying, "I like a ship O. K. You know where stuff is, and where you are."

By the time he was twenty, Dan didn't know he had a dream left, but he must have had, because he hitched out to Arizona, only to find that John Casey had married again, and had a new, young family. He tried to be hearty and welcoming to his firstborn, but it didn't quite come off.

So Dan believed in just one thing, which was Dan Casey's ability to cope with anything. He could take it. He was strong and tough and wary.

Only why had he fallen in love with Jessie? He liked his girls easy to look at and easy to leave, and that wasn't Jessie. He had been miserable since last night, and he had come for one more chance to see Jessie.

LATER, when he and Jessie were walking down the street, it was garish and noisy as usual. He could think of better towns than this that Jessie would like. She'd never been anywhere.

"Let's not go to the show," Jessie said. "I'm tired."

"Sure," he said, and turned into a beer parlor, where they were lucky enough to get a booth, and suddenly Dan was talking, trying to tell Jessie what was wrong with him, and why he had tried to scrape her away from him with mean words. It was all and always Adele. He told her how glad he'd been to get away from home.

"I can imagine," she said quietly.

He said, "You're so quiet, and kind, and honest, and you wouldn't break a promise."

Suddenly he knew how it would be with Jessie, even if they were poor. If they had a house, it would be tidy, and the windows would shine, and the kids would wear clean faded cotton clothes, and have pennies for candy in their hot hands. He thought of a little upper-story apartment he had looked at with a couple of fellows one day—it had an icebox, even a little porch—and now he wanted to share it with Jessie. When he looked at her, she was beautiful to him, because he could believe in her.

But she was pale, and he saw, as she stood up, that her hands were clenched.

"Look," Jessie said. "I knew a woman stood between us, but I didn't realize it was your mother. I wanted you to think I was different from what I am, but now I don't want you to be fooled, even about that. Before you take that train, walk me home."

"I was going to," he said.

She said, "I wasn't going to let you. I was going with you to the station. We'd have said good-by there, and maybe you'd have thought kindly of me, even if you didn't love me."

"Jessie," he said, "I do love you. I didn't want to."

He thought how it had hurt to have feeling well up in the empty places of his heart, how it had hurt to remember things he had forgotten. But now, because of Jessie, he wanted to start over again and be somebody else.

"You don't have to say that," she said. "You can take it back. I didn't hear it."

(Continued on page 66)

Scourge of the Wolf-Pack!

FROM the blue waters of the Caribbean to the icy depths of the North Atlantic, Nazi U-boat packs are on the run. Speedy, hard-hitting Navy Destroyer-Escort ships, quantity-built in several American shipyards, have done their part to clear the convoy lanes of enemy submarines.

The men and women of Defoe—workers and management alike—are proud to be constantly ahead of schedule in the production of these famous DE fighting ships. The unique "roll-over" construction process has made this record possible.

Due to these accomplishments, the Navy now has called upon Defoe's engineering and production facilities to build fleets of LCI(L) Landing Craft. These large ocean-going invasion vessels are proving a potent force in the march to Tokyo and Berlin.

When Victory is won, the experience, skill and spirit of Defoe men and women—now devoted to the needs of the Navy—will be at the disposal of industry to provide products of better quality, greater value and lower cost for peacetime America.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS. Defoe workers take more than 10% of their pay in War Bonds

DEFOE SHIPBUILDING COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Three White Star Renewal Citations now decorate the Navy "E" Award won by Defoe workers.

Defoe

Ships for Victory
Servants for Peace

(*Continued from page 64*)

They were walking now. They turned corners, the streets got dusty, and fences were broken, sidewalks cracked, and houses led tired, dishonest lives.

Jessie said, "I grew up here, playing in the mud with broken pieces of glass, and maybe that's why I collect pink china. I know how you feel about sloppy places and people, and I've always kept where I lived a secret from you, because I wanted you to love me. But now I don't want you to have any wrong impressions, after all you had to say about cheating women."

"I didn't mean you," Dan said.

Jessie said, "I used to try to keep the curtains mended, and the yard raked, but I gave it up. The rest of them—my father, who's never had a job since I can remember, and my mother, who's ailing, and my sisters—don't care. I couldn't do it all myself and work, too, so I worked, and dreamed of a place of my own, away from here. I just never made it, that's all, and I guess it just shows I didn't want to hard enough."

THEY stopped in front of the shambling house with rusty cans and old chairs and pieces of carpet around it.

"This is it," Jessie said hopelessly, and he looked at her as if for the first time, and saw how tired she was, and how her white shoes were immaculate and her pink flannel suit pressed and without a spot, and how she had a blue velvet bow in her hair. How could he have forgotten what she was like? How could he have doubted her? He thought, If she can come out of this place like she is, I ought to be able to get over hating Adele so it ruins everything for me.

"I saw this place last night," he said, and put out his hand, because she looked so frightened.

"Last night I was sore because I'd had another letter from home, wanting money as usual. I got scared of being in love, and I forgot it was with you. Then a kid picked me up and I walked her home, and this was it."

Jessie said, "My sister's a great one for uniforms."

"I know why you never had your own place," Dan said. "You saved up money, and one of them always got it away from you. You couldn't be mean enough to get clear away, like I did. You're too good. Somebody'll have to help you escape."

"No," said Jessie. "We're all of a piece. People are like their families, and I wouldn't want to kid you."

Dan said, "I hadn't loved anybody for a long time, until I met you, and I'm not good at it, the way you are, but if you'll have me, Jessie, I want you for the rest of my life."

She shook her head. "We'd only have ten days," she said. "I don't think I could stand coming back here, so I'd better not leave."

"Couldn't you?" Dan asked.

He clenched his hands, waiting for her answer, as if the rest of his life would be changed by her words. He felt the old fear, that was like emptiness coming back and hope and trust ebbing away. He saw Jessie thinking about it and about him and ten days of marriage together, then back to the diner, and back to this house.

"Of course I could," she said. "I was forgetting I love you, Dan."

"Let's go and look for a place to live," said Dan. "I mean, let's go and look for home."

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

BEWARE!—A recent article in the magazine section of a well known newspaper moves me to suggest that mothers should take the advice of other mothers with a grain of aspirin. Mine included. This magazine-section mother advises keeping babies in their place and not letting their paraphernalia clutter up the house. That sounds just dandy, but she follows it up by telling the crowded mother to be sure to fold up baby's play pen at five o'clock every afternoon and stick it in the closet or out in the kitchen, so the living room won't look like a day nursery. I have yet to see a play pen (with its attend-

ant mat and toys) that can be collapsed and tucked away as easily as that. Especially if mother is busy with marketing, washing, and feeding not only baby but father. The author also suggests getting an orange crate from your grocer and decorating it with decals, this to be the spot in which to dump baby's toys at five before pop capers in from the office. My objection to that lies mainly in splinters. A vigorous, uninhibited baby could get into lots of trouble with an orange crate before he smashed it into smithereens. As for hiding his scales and toilet seat, that's fine too, if you have the closet space. But if you haven't, you don't hide them. You just do the best you can to be neat, and trust your friends not to be too resentful that there's a baby in the house.

JOB HUNTERS: Tops in job hunters with a thick crust was the Middle Western girl who wrote the advertising copy chief of a large New York store: "I am attractive and talented, and could write ads as well as anybody, if I had the chance. Kindly wire me the money to come to New York for a job in your shop. You can deduct the money from your income tax." . . . Lieutenant Colonel Edward Raisbeck, formerly associated with the Thorndike Deland Executive Placement Service, had a fine specimen, too, in an applicant for a retail job. After making an appointment to be interviewed in the Deland office high up in the building at 1440 Broadway, the chap telephoned to ask Mr. Raisbeck please to meet him downstairs in the lobby, as high places made him dizzy. . . . And wasn't it Harford Powel who wrote the prize letter of introduction for a young job seeker who wanted to meet an important publicity director? The letter read: "This will introduce Mr. Blank. He wants your job at double the pay." . . . Among the Public Notices in the New York Herald Tribune appeared this gem of candor, and I hope she (or he) got a good job:

"Short, fat and approaching forty. Seek firm that occasionally plays long shots. Have been in hotel business, written copy for own ads, handled personnel and heavy correspondence. Work well under pressure. Would appreciate encouraging interview."

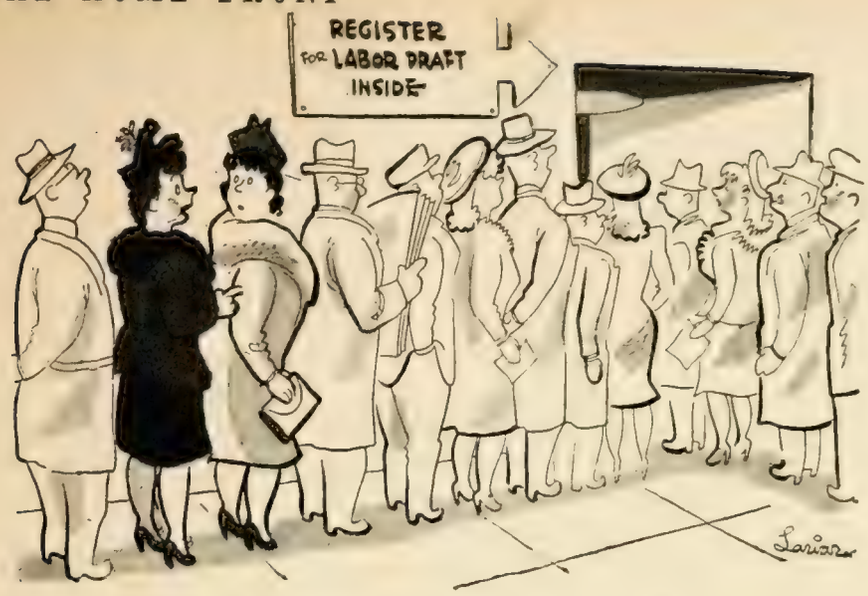
DISTINGUISHED OLD-TIMERS: Arthur Capper, the senator from Kansas, is seventy-eight years old, and enjoys the night clubs in Washington as much as the young and giddy, though he neither smokes nor drinks. . . . Mrs. Laura Hyde of London is sixty-three years old and has been awarded the British Empire Medal. Her name figures in the King's New Year's Honors List, which includes peers and privy councilors. She won her place in this distinguished group by her work as a cleaner in a British government office, where she directs a team of thirty-five women. Five feet one inch of bustling cockney, she started cleaning up thirty-two years ago in the rooms and corridors of the Home Office, at three dollars a week. . . . Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, famous Washington and Palm Beach hostess, claims she's eighty, but looks at least a quarter of a century younger, with or without her million-dollar pearls.

ON THE ROPES

Old Schicklgruber's in the hole—
His voice is shrill with indignation.
World domination was his goal,
But what he got was world damnation.

SISTER ACTS: The five Dionnes, who will be ten in May, recently attended their first movie, Lassie Come Home. . . . The four Biaggi sisters of Gardnerville, Nevada, are marines. They took their six weeks of basic training at the Marine Corps Women's Reserve camp in New River, North Carolina. Their names are Flora, Muriel, Ida, and Delphine. . . . The seventeen sisters of second-class seaman James Roberts are all pretty, according to their brother, stationed at the Naval Training Station in Bainbridge, Maryland. They write to him twice a week, and the men in his barracks are hoping they'll be invited to the Roberts home in Conway, South Carolina, to meet the girls some day. There are seven brothers besides James.

THE HOME FRONT



"Just think—now even *we* won't be left!"

BOSS OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES

Continued from Page 23

put in an extra quota of hours when the other fellow is through and turned in.

He gets by with little sleep for a man of his age. He doesn't smoke. During the working day he'll catch lunch on the run. Even dinner is no longer a ritual with him, as it is with some of his senior officers, although he may relax for fifteen minutes, talk shop and tell a story—an art at which he excels. Then he goes back to work.

He'll sit through one conference, go to another, then work at his desk or fly to keep an appointment, writing his own memoranda on the way. Yet he hustles without hurrying and eschews clamor and agitation. In the midst of it all he'll remember a colleague's birthday.

The general's hobby is whittling and carving in wood, but he has had to lay it aside, along with his reading and personal letter writing until the war is over. He is a good writer and has authored several books, some of them in collaboration with his friend General Eaker.

He is also an able talker, and during press conferences talks without notes. Even those who work with him wonder how he knows so much, remembers so many details about the six commands of the Army Air Forces. The answer, of course, is that they are his brain children. He nurtured them and watched them grow up. His favorite topics are the heroism of his men and bombing, and he minces no words. Of bombing he once said:

"If you are going to put dollars on it—and I notice every one has a tendency to do that, to say that a B-17 costs $300,000—you'd better not go to war. Forget the dollars."

Nor does Arnold talk just to hear himself talk. "We have a secret weapon or two up our sleeves," he said in 1942. "The B-17 and the B-24 are the last of our small bombers. Our highly destructive 50-caliber machine guns will seem like peashooters compared with the firepower we are putting into our newest big ships."

That sounded more like prophecy than fact to come. But today the huge super-Fortress (B-29) is ready for action; the new jet-propelled fighter plane is being produced; a 75-mm. gun is being carried by the B-25 twin-engined bomber; and the Black Widow, the world's most destructive night fighter, is in production.

The general is slow to anger, but he has some pet dislikes that raise his hackles. He abhors red tape and is impatient with men who want time to pack. Flying is a quick business. When he wants to emphasize a point to people who are slow to understand, he thumps the table. He did so at Casablanca when he was fighting for more planes and for more men for Eaker and Spaatz.

He dislikes to have his orders questioned, but in Washington they say Hap is always sure before he speaks. Those who don't like him say he's cunning and dub him a politician. The rebuttal is that he comes through with the goods and won't be rushed into risky ventures. Further, he'll hear the other fellow through and welcome suggestions for the improvement of the A. A. F. As he tells his cadets:

"In a dictatorship brains are feared more than bullets, and that is a fatal weakness. In a democracy we welcome suggestions, discussions, and criticisms. As for criticisms, we can take them, and we must make use of them."

General Arnold looks on his Army Air Forces as one big team. "This team," he says, "has one goal—to sweep the skies clear of the Nazis and Jap vultures, so that free men can walk with their heads up."

And, like every other man at war, he has a personal goal. He is a family man himself. Mrs. Arnold was a childhood friend in Gladwyne, Pennsylvania, where he was born. They have four children, two sons in the Artillery, another son at school, and a daughter who is married to a Navy pilot. Being "Old Man" to his team of 2,300,000 men has given Arnold little time for home life.

"We want a short war," he told the people of Seattle. "You want it, I want it, everybody wants it." Then he added: "Our easiest entrance to Fortress Europe is through the roof."

And that's been General Hap Arnold's lifetime work: to prove that the shortest way home is through the roof.

THE END

Are Your . . .

GOWNS DESIGNED FOR

Charm

OR TO CONCEAL THE BLEMISHES OF

PSORIASIS

Often attractive women are unable to wear "glamor gowns" because such costumes would reveal their psoriasis lesions. If *you* suffer such dress handicaps—try *SIROIL*. It might mark a new day for you. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine.

Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. L-40, Detroit 26, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

LEAKS IN THE VEINS OF AMERICA

Continued from Page 17

dence, Woodstock, Pawtucket, and Cranston officers were joined by three top-notch OPA investigators. Special quarters were set up, with extra personnel. Each morning reports were studied and discussed, and a program for the day was mapped out. Within three days twenty men had been booked, and within a matter of weeks the entire ring had been smoked out and put on the shelf.

But OPA can't relax for a minute. Counterfeit stamps continue to circulate, continue to hamper rationing efforts, burglaries are still being reported and gas continues to flow into tanks where it doesn't belong. The chief difficulty seems to be that we, the public, aren't yet convinced that there *is* a shortage, that rationing is necessary, and that the dividing up is on as fair a basis as is attainable. Well, the shortage is serious. There's going to be less and less gasoline as the war goes on. Figures from the Petroleum Administration for War tell why.

Approximately one third of all gasoline being produced east of the Rockies is going to the armed forces. Forty per cent of all produced west of the Rockies is going to war. And these figures are expected to increase very soon. Yet production is actually decreasing. In 1941, 701,000,000 barrels were produced; in 1942, about 609,000,000 barrels; and in 1943 production dropped to 605,000,000 barrels. These figures include aviation gasoline. If figures for automobile gas alone could be published

"She says the coming attractions are a military secret!"

(they can't without revealing aviation gas output) they would show a much greater decline. It is expected that 1944 production will be slightly above 1943, but all or most of the increase will be in aviation gas.

Why is the gasoline output decreasing? America is not the land of plenty in crude-oil resources that most of us have thought. Demand has increased fivefold since 1920. The result is that we are rapidly draining our underground reserves and have just about reached the limit of annual rate of crude-oil production from known resources. There are approximately twenty billion barrels of crude oil in known underground reserves. Our present drain is about one and one half billion barrels a year. Theoretically, this underground supply should last us fourteen years. But there's a hitch. These wells will not produce one and a half billion barrels next year. An oil well, after reaching a peak output, goes into a steady decline. Nature just won't give it up that way, and we can't get all of that twenty billion barrels out in fourteen years. The last of it won't be perking up to the surface for another forty or fifty years.

This means that to maintain our one and a half billion barrels of crude oil per year we must find new fields—and we haven't found any of appreciable size since 1938. Ever since then we have been using our supply up faster than we found new sources. Result, a shortage is staring us in the face right now.

Nobody has yet found a solution for this dilemma. Increased imports from South America and other countries may help some. Increased use of other world reserves and refinery capacity for war purposes will ease the demand on United States supplies a bit. Increased discoveries of as yet hidden underground reserves will help—if we discover them.

Meanwhile, we at home have to get by on half a million barrels a day less than we did before the war. The available supply must be apportioned among essential transportation services, industrial and farm use—and passenger cars. The deficit, obviously, can come only out of passenger-car tanks. War production, public transportation, and farming must go on.

My barber knows women

"*You look* mighty glum," my barber said. "Son, if some girl gave you the air, maybe it's that stickum you use on your hair. Grease plasters hair down. But grease may also come off on sofas and chairs. And women don't like that."

How can you expect women to like your hair if it stands on end? Well, that's what happens when you use too much water as a daily dressing. Hair gets dry and wild as a wolf's, which women don't like, even if you are a lamb.

Thousands say Kreml is right for better-groomed hair—right because it's never sticky or greasy, never drying to scalp or hair. Try Kreml and see if you don't agree—Kreml is right for giving hair that keen and natural look that men approve and women praise.

KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

IMPORTANT: Kreml brings *all* these benefits—makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive daily use of water as a dressing. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label—begin today!

Where does the rest of the gas go? Here's an idea. It takes 25,000 gallons to move the tanks of a single armored division 100 miles. On a six-hour flight 1,000 four-motored Army bombers use an average of 1,850,000 gallons. It takes 12,500 gallons to train just one pilot. An average infantry division is equipped with 400,000 horsepower in motorized units, as against only 3,200 horsepower per division in the last war.

Gasoline means the difference between victory and defeat. Rommel's smashing advance across Libya into Egypt was possible because he could draw upon a huge accumulated stock of motor fuels. And his defeat at El Alamein was due in large part to the fact that General Montgomery was supplied with overwhelming quantities of gasoline—most of it from America—just when Rommel's supply began to trickle out.

So far, we've been able to supply the armed forces with all they need. And, in spite of these enormous military demands, we've managed to supply the demands of war production, farming, essential transportation, and essential civilian occupational driving. What is left has kept private cars at least on the roads, with enough for emergencies and some semi-essential driving.

These achievements would have been impossible without rationing. Granted rationing isn't fun. But who's having fun anyway? There have been inequalities. Some boards have been stricter than others; some have been shamefully lax. Enforcement of regulations hasn't been so effective in some areas. But without rationing we'd have been in an unholy muddle.

UP to now, severe rationing was necessary in the East because of transportation difficulties. Less stringent rationing in other parts of the country was necessary principally to save tires. A lot of Easterners beefed because they got less than the Westerners; a lot of Westerners beefed because they could see no sense in cutting gas, with crude oil spouting up all around them. But today rationing is necessary throughout the United States for the single purpose of conserving every last drop of gasoline possible.

And if we don't conserve it? Well, the way things are beginning to look now, we have our choice of riding on what gasoline we are honestly entitled to under rationing, or of walking from here on.

The whole business comes right down to the lap of the little guy with the passenger car—you and me. If every state in the Union emulated Rhode Island's model clean-up, the black market still wouldn't be stamped out for good. The heart of the whole unsavory racket isn't the counterfeiter, the occasional dishonest board volunteer, the thief, or the gang that distributes the illegal coupons. It's the car owner. If he didn't purchase gasoline without legitimate coupons, there would be no black market. Any ration stamp that doesn't come from the car owner's personal book is illegal.

It has become the smart thing to "buy" a little extra gas in the form of loose coupons occasionally, to drive down to the beach or into the country just for the hell of it. Or maybe to cheat a little on ration-book applications. Car sharing isn't so popular now, either. Statistics show that 50 per cent of all non-war-plant workers in cities now drive alone. Yet, to be eligible for B and C coupons, one has to furnish evidence that he shares his car. For all of these reasons the black market is still thriving.

Many a service-station operator says that not a day passes but that some customer tries to "pull a fast one." He tries to get by with an orphan B or C coupon and has only an A sticker. He offers loose stamps on the pretext of having left his book at home. He presents a book not registered to his own car.

Endorsement of ration coupons is not, as many think, just government red tape. It's one of the most important steps civilians can take toward outsmarting the black market. In fact, a consumer may have his book revoked for failing to endorse them.

Under rationing rules, the filling-station operator takes the coupons he receives and pastes them on gummed sheets. He endorses them with his name and address and turns them in to his distributor when he buys more gas. The distributor, in turn, endorses the sheets and turns them in to his ration bank. The bank credits him with the gallonage represented by the coupons he turns in. He then draws a check to OPA to account for his gallonage, and at the same time makes a report of the amount of gas he refined or bought.

Strictly enforced, these regulations make it possible to trace counterfeit stamps to their origin. In the next few months it will also be possible to trace stolen stamps, for the new issue will be printed with serial numbers. Any one, whether dealer or consumer, who goes in for illegal traffic in gas coupons is subject to a $10,000 fine plus a stiff jail sentence.

Colonel Houston, OPA rationing chief, says: "Bootlegging gangs are the toughest, dirtiest criminals in the country. When a dealer starts trafficking in phony federal paper—and a counterfeit ration stamp is just as serious as a counterfeit thousand-dollar bill—it's the easiest thing in the world for him to be blackmailed for the rest of his life."

IF the black-market specialists aren't to get rich at the expense of honest drivers, if crooked dealers aren't to get more than their fair share of business, individual drivers must be willing to carry out these simple instructions of the rationing officials: Don't buy gas without coupons. Don't buy coupons, or accept coupons not issued to you by your rationing board. Endorse the face of all coupons in your book, upon receiving them, with car license number and state.

That's a lot easier than walking, isn't it?

THE END

Or buy $1,500.00 or more of this Safe, Old Line, Legal Reserve Protection for 98c per $1,000! Men or women, all ages 21 to 55 at proportionately Low Rates!

Twice as Much Protection for the Next 4 Years!

Policy Provides:
Full Payment in case of death
Cash and Loan Values
Paid-up and Extended Insurance
Life Income from Proceeds
Current Dividends
9½%
of annual premium

This policy provides about twice the protection now you'd expect your money to buy and beginning the 5th year the rate will be less than you would pay if you applied to us for an Ordinary Whole Life Policy then!

Buy Old Line, Legal Reserve Life Insurance DIRECT!

For nearly 40 years, this Old Line Company, unique among leading Old Established Life Insurance Companies, has offered Standard Life Insurance direct to the policy-holder by mail and over the counter. Substantial Americans have applied for millions of dollars of Postal Insurance. We have paid out more than $55,000,000.00 to policy-holders and their beneficiaries! More and more people are buying insurance direct!

SAFE Life Insurance at LOW COST

Postal operates under the rigid New York State Insurance Laws. It owns and occupies its own 17-story building on New York's famous Fifth Avenue. It is the oldest Company in America devoted exclusively to insuring the lives of substantial men and women at low cost, by mail. We issue all Standard Policies for men and women from ages 1 to 60.

Act as Your Own Agent!

Mail the coupon for full information and rates at your age. Find out how simple and practical it is to buy Life Insurance direct! There is no obligation to buy but insurance is vital! Mail the coupon—find out why we say:—

Better Buy from POSTAL

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW!

Postal Life Insurance Company
511 Fifth Ave., Dept. M, 302
New York 17, N. Y.

POSTAL HAS NO AGENTS

Mail me without obligation complete information about your low-cost Modified "4" Policy at my age.

Date of Birth.....
Occupation .....
Name .....
Street .....
City .....State.....
Include P. O. District Number, if any

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Sullivan boys explore the river in their makeshift boat.

Al introduces his girl to the family—which beams approval.

The Sullivans join the Navy—headed for action and glory.

THE SULLIVANS

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle

THE Sullivan brothers grew up in a small town, doing much the same things as, say, Penrod or Huckleberry Finn. But the Sullivans were real boys. This movie wasn't dreamed up in Hollywood; it was "lived."

Nothing very exciting or startling ever happens to the Sullivans while they grow up. They never dream that some day they will be heroes to every person in the United States. They roughhouse in their own home, build a makeshift boat to sail on the river, go to church, and fight like pint-sized Trojans against the gang on the next block. But whatever they do, they do together.

They live simply, but their mother (Selena Royle), their father (Thomas Mitchell), and their kid sister (Trudy Marshall) surround them with love and understanding. In time the youngest brother, Al, falls in love with a girl named Katherine Mary (Anne Baxter) and marries her. When the news of Pearl Harbor rocks the nation, the five Sullivan boys put aside their personal lives—as did thousands of other American boys—and join the Navy. Even the youngest leaves his wife and baby to go off with his brothers.

Every one who has read the newspapers knows what happened to them. They insisted on being assigned to the same ship. During a bloody battle in the South Pacific, the ship was sunk—and the boys died as they had lived, together. The scene where the rest of the family is told of the tragedy will wring your heart.

Selena Royle and Thomas Mitchell couldn't be much better. They have a little bit of every American mother and father in them. And Anne Baxter turns in an extremely sensitive performance as the young wife who realizes that her husband must go to war with his brothers, just as he has always gone with them.

It would be easy to criticize The Sullivans. You could say it was contrived, forced, and repetitious. And because this *is* a true story, there is very little actual drama in it. The real drama lies in the sacrifice these boys made, and what that sacrifice stands for. The Sullivans is really more of a documentary film on the American way of living rather than straight movie fare. And because it is a true story—because you *know* it did happen—you'll be moved, you'll laugh and you'll cry.

Five unknown actors play the Sullivan lads. And because their faces are fresh and new, they seem amazingly convincing and real.

Although it's not a war picture—the actual battle scenes only appear at the end—it points up dramatically what this second great world conflict has done to one American family. And for that reason you'll remember it as one of the richest, finest war films ever made.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

IN OUR TIME (Columbia). Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid.

JANE EYRE (20th Cent.-Fox). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles.

LIFEBOAT (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead.

LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig.

MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson.

NONE SHALL ESCAPE (Columbia). Marsha Hunt.

SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones.

TENDER COMRADE (RKO). Ginger Rogers, Ruth Hussey.

THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter.

THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland.

PHANTOM LADY is a fast, slick mystery thriller—the story of a man hunt *and* a woman hunt. Alan Curtis, a young man on the town, meets up with an unhappy young woman in a bar. They spend a glum evening together at a show and part without even having exchanged names. When Curtis gets home he finds the police waiting for him. His wife has been strangled.

Unable to produce the woman who is his only alibi, Curtis is tried and found guilty. Then his secretary (Ella Raines) starts on a tireless search for the phantom lady—and for the real killer. The audience is let in on the killer's identity early in the game, but this only adds to the suspense—because he turns out to be the sympathetic gentleman who is helping Miss Raines in her search. Produced by Joan Harrison, a young woman who worked for about eight years as secretary and reader for Alfred Hitchcock (Rebecca, The Lady Vanishes, The 39 Steps, *et al.*,) Phantom Lady shows more than a trace of the old master's touch. But it doesn't take more than a trace to make it exciting. (Universal.)

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY has been lifted out of the moth balls, dusted off, and refurbished with a star-studded cast and elegant costumes. But it's still not very good entertainment. It's a story of Peru in the late eighteenth century. An old bridge spanning a deep gorge suddenly breaks and five persons hurtle to their death. A young priest (Donald Woods) tries to solve the riddle of man's destiny by looking into their pasts to find out why they died at precisely the same time. He never does find the reason. You meet the brilliant actress, Michaela (Lynn Bari), who is the favorite of the Viceroy (Louis Calhern); her lover (Francis Lederer), her teacher (Akim Tamiroff), and her worst enemy (Nazimova). Every one tries to instill life into the eighteenth century dialogue, but somehow it's hard to get excited about who goes down with the bridge and who survives. If you're "up to here" with war films, maybe The Bridge will take you out of this 1944 world for a while. (United Artists.)

They're virile and vital to Victory! Big, brave brawny lads whose might and muscle make them the supermen of the American Navy!

John Wayne
Susan Hayward
in
THE FIGHTING SEABEES

with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
William Frawley · Leonid Kinskey
J. M. Kerrigan · Grant Withers
Paul Fix · Director—Edward Ludwig

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

don't WORRY

ABOUT RUPTURE

Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan and proof of results. Correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY 210-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

DOES YOUR LAXATIVE Suit You?

It's easy to determine the exact amount of pleasant-tasting Innerclean Herbal Laxative you may need occasionally for pleasant yet *satisfying* thoroughness. Follow the simple directions on the package, for a single, natural-like movement without purging. No brewing, no fuss, no bother. Economical! A 50c package lasts months. Must satisfy 100% or money back. All druggists.

FREE
Generous trial supply.
Write Dept. 26B
INNERCLEAN CO.
Los Angeles 21, Calif.

INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE

HANDY WAY TO SUBSCRIBE

LIBERTY, Dept. 3-11
205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me Liberty for		Check which
1 year	$3.50	☐
2 years	6.00	☐

I enclose $——— ☐

Send me a Bill ..... ☐

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

(*Continued from page 50*)

have been telling their Argentine friends something like the following:

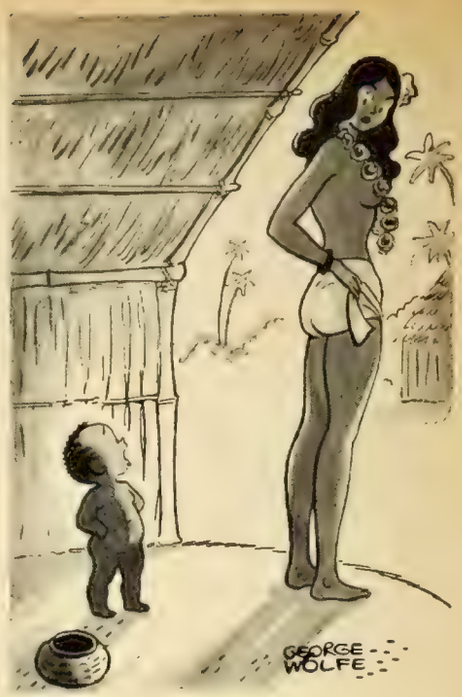
"The British Empire is bound to be destroyed. China, Russia, and the United States will be defeated. Two great powers will emerge from the war—Germany and Japan. Germany will dominate Europe and Japan will dominate Asia. Each will be fully occupied in its own sphere for several generations. Neither is especially interested in the American hemisphere, but both would like to have a silent partner there. Argentina is best qualified for this position. The defeat of the United States will leave her prostrate and sanctions enforced on her will keep her morally and economically bankrupt. Argentina, backed by her victorious friends, can step into the place of the United States and become the dominant power in the Western Hemisphere."

Fantastic as that may sound to us, it is just the sort of thing the Hitler diplomats might be expected to say, and the Japanese to echo. And it is just the sort of thing the Fascist-minded Argentine would have listened to eagerly. We should not forget that until quite recently it appeared to him that any such Axis prophecy would be fulfilled. A very short time ago those who rule Argentina were confident that the war could only result in an Axis victory. Were any understandings reached, any pledges made at that time?

THE cynical attitude toward world politics and the sympathy with Fascist and Nazi ideas do not necessarily represent the opinions held by the majority of Argentines. There is good reason to believe that they do not. But they do represent the attitude of the oligarchy of rich men who rule the country with the aid of their hangers-on and bootlickers. Argentina has a constitution modeled after that of the United States, with universal male suffrage. On paper the democratic machinery of government is perfect, but it has never been allowed to work. To the wealthy feudal-minded land and cattle owners it is unthinkable that the country's policies should be dictated or even influenced by the numerically great middle class. It is abhorrent to think of a Gaucho having any choice in the election of a President.

The middle class represents liberal ideas which make the feudal cattle barons quake with terror. To their way of thinking, any liberal trend is a trend toward Communism, and the one thing that sticks out in their minds about Communism is the fact that the big estates in Russia were confiscated. Also, nearer home, large estates in Mexico were divided by a revolutionary government.

If there is any place in the world where big landed estates should be broken up, it is in Argentina, where most of the land is owned by a few people and there is none for sale to the small farmer. One estate alone is larger than Rhode Island. These rich landowners are prone to persecute as a Communist any person with such revolutionary ideas as that peonage should be outlawed or that the Gauchos should be better paid. Argentina will never achieve her destiny until the *estancias* are broken up into smaller holdings and the small farmer given an opportunity to own a piece of land. This is an inevitable development, and it is estimated that, with a portion of the pampas devoted to farming instead of large-scale cattle- and wheat-raising, Argentina could easily support fifty million people, almost four times her present population.



"Hey, mom, that's my lend-lease diaper!"

The industrialization of the country would also provide support for more millions, but the barons fight this as they do the more equitable distribution of land. The dependence on imported merchandise provides a balance of trade which assures the cattlemen a sale for their beef.

A fair election in Argentina, with candidates who would carry out their election pledges, would undoubtedly mean the overthrow of the oligarchy, turn the attention of the government away from the game of power politics to the building of a new and greater Argentina. But there has never been a fair and free election. The cattle barons' primary political purpose is to keep the liberals out. They fear the middle-class vote just as in the United States the whites in some Southern communities fear the Negro vote, and they are just as ruthless in suppressing it or as adept in tricking it.

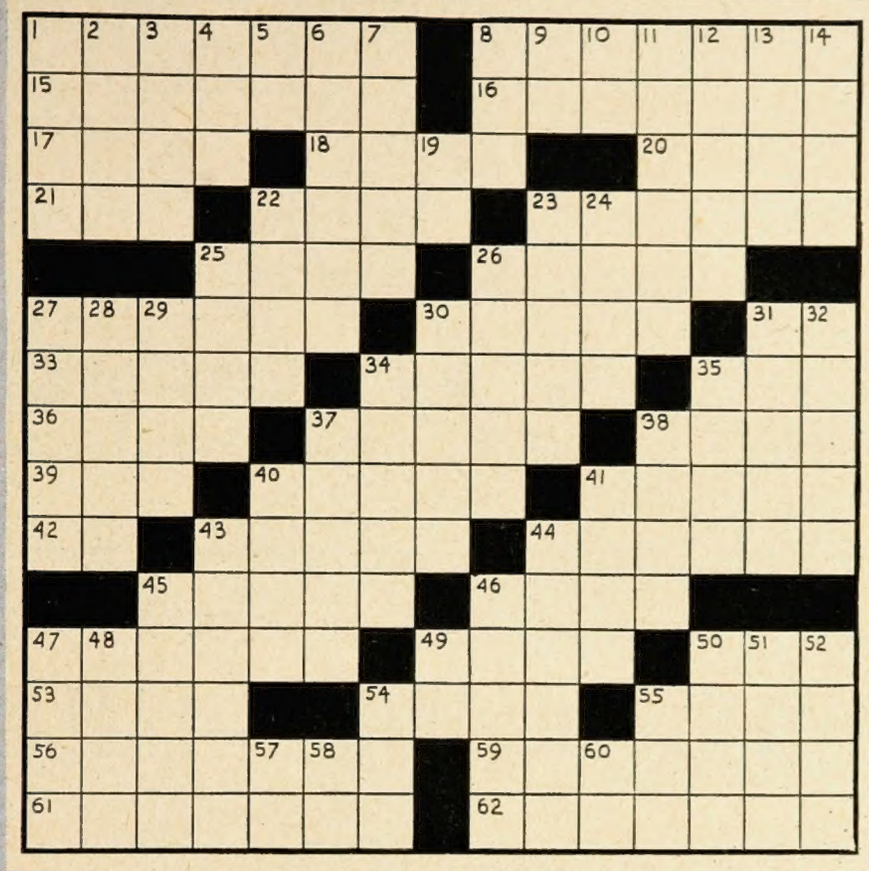
A good many times a change in the Argentinian government has been hailed as the long expected victory of the liberal middle class, but it has always been a false alarm. Discussion of Argentine politics leads through many bewildering ramifications of personalities and factions, but in the end there is only one issue—how to keep the old gang in power.

SO far, they have been very successful. But there is a rising tide of opposition. It is only a question of time before the liberals of the country will secure the power that rightfully belongs to them. There are many phases of liberal opinion, but the primary purpose of each is to encourage the farmer and the small manufacturer and raise the standard of living. Their conception of the great Argentina of the future is that of a country in which there will be greater individual prosperity and national prestige will take care of itself. The Argentine liberal thinks and speaks the American language. He has no time for power politics. When the liberals win, as they must eventually, their country will cease to be a problem child.

THE END

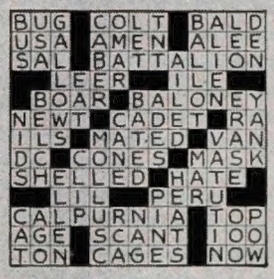
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Game guys
8 Only thing laundries won't do these days
15 Stretching string
16 Where the Allies have had to go back on de Gaulle standard
17 Nuts—about the Southwest
18 Lumber camp dinner chime
20 Flash the headlamp at the lovely number
21 Dum companion
22 Snort of the iron horse's iron lung
23 Sporting serges
25 A short roll on the green
26 This is vulgar
27 Netherlands daisies
30 Lung cabinet
31 Stuffed Shirtesses (abbr.)
33 Cup-lip hazards
34 Shuteye, pound ear and make the night hideous with nasal discord
35 Git along fast
36 These cause the downfall of the Mitsubishis
37 After one too many the optician's dotter made a spectacle of herself
38 A dog'd give all its fleas to get one these days
39 Color Tories now admit exists in spectrum
40 Watered stocks
41 What the Nazis must be before admittance into human society
42 The Old Man (abbr.)
43 Shifty, aren't they!
44 After a long pull, they were dispatched to send men to Valhalla
45 Hands on faces
46 No half wheat, this
47 Odors with fins
49 Peach skin
50 Something on her worth looking into deeply



Last week's answer

53 She goes down to the sea in slips
54 Apple with a goiter
55 Zipped around the ether on the aerial jallopy
56 This is most agreeable
59 This is a giveaway
61 This prime minister sure was an apple
62 They cause tieups in dep't stores

VERTICAL

1 Sew a seam in the modern manner
2 Nom de plum
3 Hotfoot it for a hunk of metal
4 Hardware for a British hero (abbr.)
5 Put it away in Brooklyn
6 Nature's blackouts
7 A detective at the Front
8 Swedish limb
9 Man in the Brown Derby
10 Underhanded glamourboys (abbr.)
11 Kind of thing moderns crave
12 What Sen. Gabblepuss never does up, dang it!
13 The AEF didn't want the bacon, they wanted only a slice of this
14 Tibetan taxis
19 I'm 4-this in the draft (abbr.)
22 You get wobbly if you get too deep in yours
23 Nuts that made good
24 A new one will soon sting the Japs
25 Glamorous eyefuls
26 This game'll get you in the end
27 They were rubbed out in Russia
28 Inner worry wart
29 Goebbeled up the truth
30 Pounds the flesh for the laud's sake
31 It's used for muscling-in
32 Explosive things in the Spring Victory offensive
34 Picklepuss comments
35 He can be sap or sapiens
37 They kick a lot about them at college
38 Lactic mansion
40 Personal parking place
41 One is advised to shut this in Brooklyn
43 This place was not balmed in the Bible
44 Landing place of the first barge
45 Underworld hotspot operator
46 Hitler no longer does this; he's too busy russian home
47 Manicure the deck
48 Pistol-packer
49 The People
50 This is the spirit!
51 Hardboiled member of the pistol-packing set
52 100% wool mamas
54 This yet will be mightier than the machine gun
55 Fearless Big Investigators (abbr.)
57 Bony Women (abbr.)
58 One eleventh of CII
60 The overworked Iron Horse (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

'INVISIBLE' LIQUID
proves great success for
SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

Promptly Relieves Itching—Aids Healing!

Here's a Doctor's formula—Zemo—a remarkable *liquid* which appears *invisible* on your skin—yet so highly medicated that first applications relieve itching, burning of Eczema, Psoriasis, and similar skin and scalp irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing.

Zemo positively won't show on skin all the time it is helping it. Apply any time. First trial convinces! 3 sizes. Buy Extra Strength Zemo for stubborn cases.

ZEMO

TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

Uncle Sam needs your money; give till it hurts — the AXIS

USE ASTHMADOR

The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic attacks — helps make breathing easier... ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform — its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore — try it today!

Women Who Suffer from SIMPLE ANEMIA

Here's One Of The Best Ways To Help Build Up Red Blood!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood iron—start *at once*—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS.

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy for home use to help build up red blood to give more strength—in such cases. Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

MARCH 11, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

CARTOON BY LOW © ALL COUNTRIES

WE'LL HAVE TIME TO ARGUE—LATER!

NOW that the armies of the United Nations are throwing the Nazis out of territory they pilfered, we find ourselves involved in touchy arguments concerning the future set-up of the countries so liberated.

These arguments come as a surprise to us. The average American is inclined to feel the countries overrun by Nazi Germany ought to be tickled to death to be liberated. Instead, we find our good faith and that of our allies called into question. Some of the so-called governments in exile look upon the liberators of their countries with suspicion and demand that their respective nations be restored to the full power and glory they enjoyed before the war. They get nasty about it, too. We are told we dare not set foot on the soil of their countries without first giving such guaranties.

The controversy of this nature raging with greatest heat is the Polish one. The Polish government in exile, largely self-appointed, has long been inimical to the Soviet Union. This feeling reached a height of idiocy when the Russians were forbidden to chase the Nazis into territory claimed as Polish until these claims were recognized.

These exiled governments have been valuable to the war effort of the United Nations. They have served to rally whatever force their countries could contribute to the joint effort, and have fostered morale and underground opposition within their respective nations. Nevertheless, many of them held office on very shadowy authority, to say the least. A true patriotic attitude on their part calls for a willingness to help in every way possible to make the task of European reconstruction easier for the nations on whose shoulders it will fall. Instead of questioning the good faith of their allies, it would be more fitting for them to do what they can to keep things going in their respective lands and forget the arguments until final settlements are possible.

The exiled government f Norway, for example, has promised to resign *en masse* as soon as Norway is liberated, and allow the people of the country to choose new leaders. If all governments in exile adopted this policy, much of the arguing which gives hope to our enemies would disappear.

Meanwhile, it would be most helpful if the governments in exile would have faith in the good faith of the nations bearing the main burden of liberating their countries. In fact, they'll have to acquire such faith. Neither we, the British, nor the Russians are pouring out blood and treasure to preserve the hazily conferred status of Europe's politicians. We fight to set up a stable world. To do so, it may be necessary to disallow many nationalistic claims. The overrun nations of Europe owe it to their allies to have faith that justice and common sense will prevail and that the new world will enable all people to attain peace and contentment.

Paul Hunter

Waterfront at Arch St., Philadelphia, from a print dated 1800*

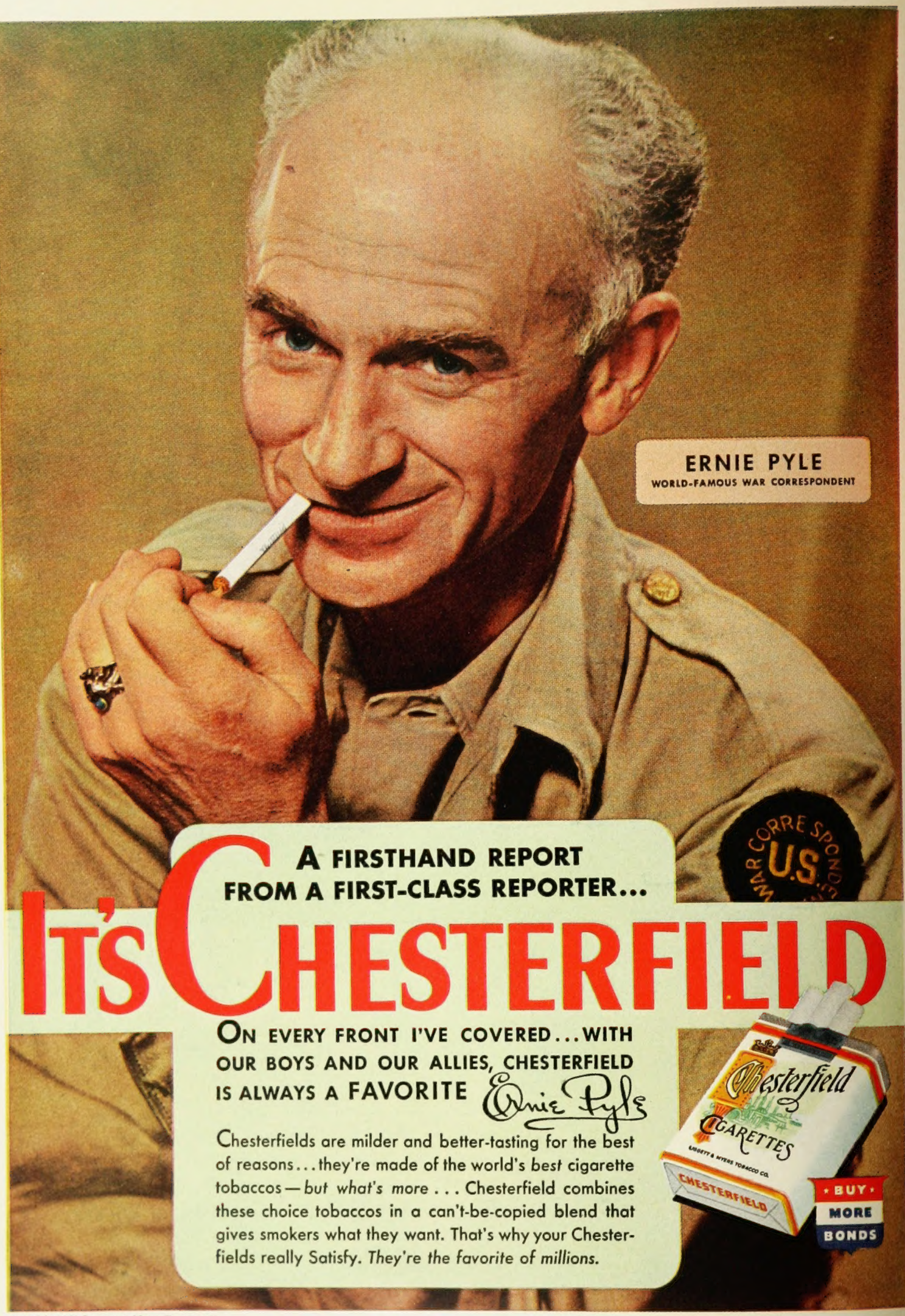
PHILADELPHIA
Port of Hospitality

"Imported in the good brig Pomona whereof William Baird is master, from Surinam and now lying in the Delaware; Three hogsheads rum; ten hogsheads sugar; twenty-seven bags coffee, Consigned to Jno. Wilcocks"...from a ship's manifest dated 5th December, 1796.

Launched from the shipyards of old Philadelphia, swift argosies plied the seven seas to build a vast commerce with the Indies and far Cathay. Little wonder that this seat of Colonial culture, should set a standard throughout the Colonies for hospitality and bounteous entertainment. Today this heritage is sustained by a superb whisky... Philadelphia Blend. A whisky worthy of its honored name... ordinarily reserved for special occasions... yet one you can afford to enjoy regularly and often.

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894


ERNIE PYLE
WORLD-FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT
WAR CORRESPONDENT U.S.
A FIRSTHAND REPORT
FROM A FIRST-CLASS REPORTER...
IT'S CHESTERFIELD
ON EVERY FRONT I'VE COVERED...WITH OUR BOYS AND OUR ALLIES, CHESTERFIELD IS ALWAYS A FAVORITE
Ernie Pyle
Chesterfields are milder and better-tasting for the best of reasons...they're made of the world's best cigarette tobaccos—but what's more . . . Chesterfield combines these choice tobaccos in a can't-be-copied blend that gives smokers what they want. That's why your Chesterfields really Satisfy. They're the favorite of millions.
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
BUY MORE BONDS

Copyright 1944, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.